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A WOLF HUNT IN OKLAHOMA

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LAMBERT, M.D., AND W. SLOAN SIMPSON

ON April eighth, nineteen hundred and five, we left the town of Frederick, Oklahoma, for a few days' coyote coursing in the Comanche Reserve. Lieut.-Gen. S. B. M. Young, U.S.A., retired, Lieutenant Fortescue, U.S.A., formerly of my regiment, Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York, Colonel Cecil Lyon, of Texas, and Sloan Simpson, also of Texas, and formerly of my regiment, were with me. We were the guests of two old-style Texas cattlemen, Messrs. Burnett and Wagner, who had leased great stretches of pasture from the Comanches and Kiowas; and I cannot sufficiently express my appreciation of the kindness of these my two hosts. Burnett's brand, the "four sixes," has been owned by him for forty years. Both of them had come to this country thirty years before, in the days of the buffalo, when all game was very plentiful and the Indians were still on the war-path. Several other ranchmen were along, including John Abernethy, of Tesca, Oklahoma, a professional wolf hunter. There were also a number of cow hands of both Burnett and Wagner; among them were two former riders for the "four sixes," Fi Taylor and Uncle Ed Gillis, who seemed to make it their special mission to see that everything went right with me. Furthermore there was Captain McDonald of the Texas Rangers, a game and true man, whose name was one of terror to outlaws and violent criminals of all kinds; and finally there was Quanah Parker, the Comanche chief, in his youth a bitter foe of the whites, now painfully teaching his people to travel the white man's stony road.

We drove out some twenty miles to where camp was pitched in a bend of Deep Red Creek, which empties into the Red River of the South. Cottonwood, elm, and pecans formed a belt of timber along the creek; we had good water, the tents were pitched on short, thick grass, and everything was in perfect order. The fare was delicious. Altogether it was an ideal camp, and the days we passed there were also ideal. Cardinals and mocking-birds—the most individual and delightful of all birds in voice and manner—sang in the woods; and the beautiful, many-tinted fork-tailed fly-catchers were to be seen now and then, perched in trees or soaring in curious zigzags, chattering loudly.

In chasing the coyote only greyhounds are used, and half a dozen different sets of these had been brought to camp. Those of Wagner, the "Big D" dogs, as his cow-punchers called them, were handled by Bony Moore, who, with Tom Burnett, the son of our host Burke Burnett, took the lead in feats of daring horsemanship, even in that field of daring horsemen. Bevins had brought both greyhounds and rough-haired staghounds from his Texas ranch. So had Cecil Lyon, and though his dogs had chiefly been used in coursing the black-tailed Texas jack-rabbit, they took naturally to the coyote chases. Finally there were Abernethy's dogs, which together with their master, performed the feats I shall hereafter relate. Abernethy has a homestead of his own not far from Frederick, and later I was introduced to his father, an old Confederate soldier, and to his sweet and pretty wife, and their five little children. He had run away with his wife when they were nineteen and

*** From the forthcoming book, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt.

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Starting toward the wolf grounds.

sixteen respectively; but the match had turned out a happy one. Both were particularly fond of music, including the piano, horn, and violin, and they played duets together. General Young, whom the Comanches called "War Bonnet," went in a buggy with Burke Burnett, and as Burnett invariably followed the hounds at full speed in his buggy, and usually succeeded in seeing most of the chase, I felt that the buggy men really encountered greater hazzards than anyone else. It was a thoroughly congenial company all through. The weather was good; we were in the saddle from morning until night; and our camp was in all respects all that a camp should be; so how could we help enjoying ourselves?

The coursing was done on the flats and great rolling prairies which stretched north from our camp toward the Wichita Mountains and south toward the Red River. There was a certain element of risk in the gallops, because the whole country was one huge prairie-dog town, the prairie-dogs being so numerous that the new towns and the abandoned towns were continuous with one another in every direction. Practically every run we had was through these prairie-dog towns, varied occasionally by creeks and washouts. But as we always ran scattered out, the wonderfully quick cow ponies, brought up in this country and spending all their time among the prairie-dog towns, were able, even while running at headlong speed, to avoid the holes with a cleverness that was simply marvellous. During our hunt but one horse stepped in a hole; he turned a complete somerset, though neither he nor his rider was hurt. Stunted mesquite bushes grew here and there in the grass, and there was cactus. As always in prairie-dog towns, there were burrowing owls and rattlesnakes. We had to be on our guard that the dogs did not attack the latter. Once we thought a greyhound was certainly bitten. It was a very fast blue bitch, which seized the rattler and literally shook it to pieces. The rattler struck twice at the bitch, but so quick were the bitch's movements that she was not hit either time, and in a second the snake was not merely dead, but in pieces. We usually killed the rattlers

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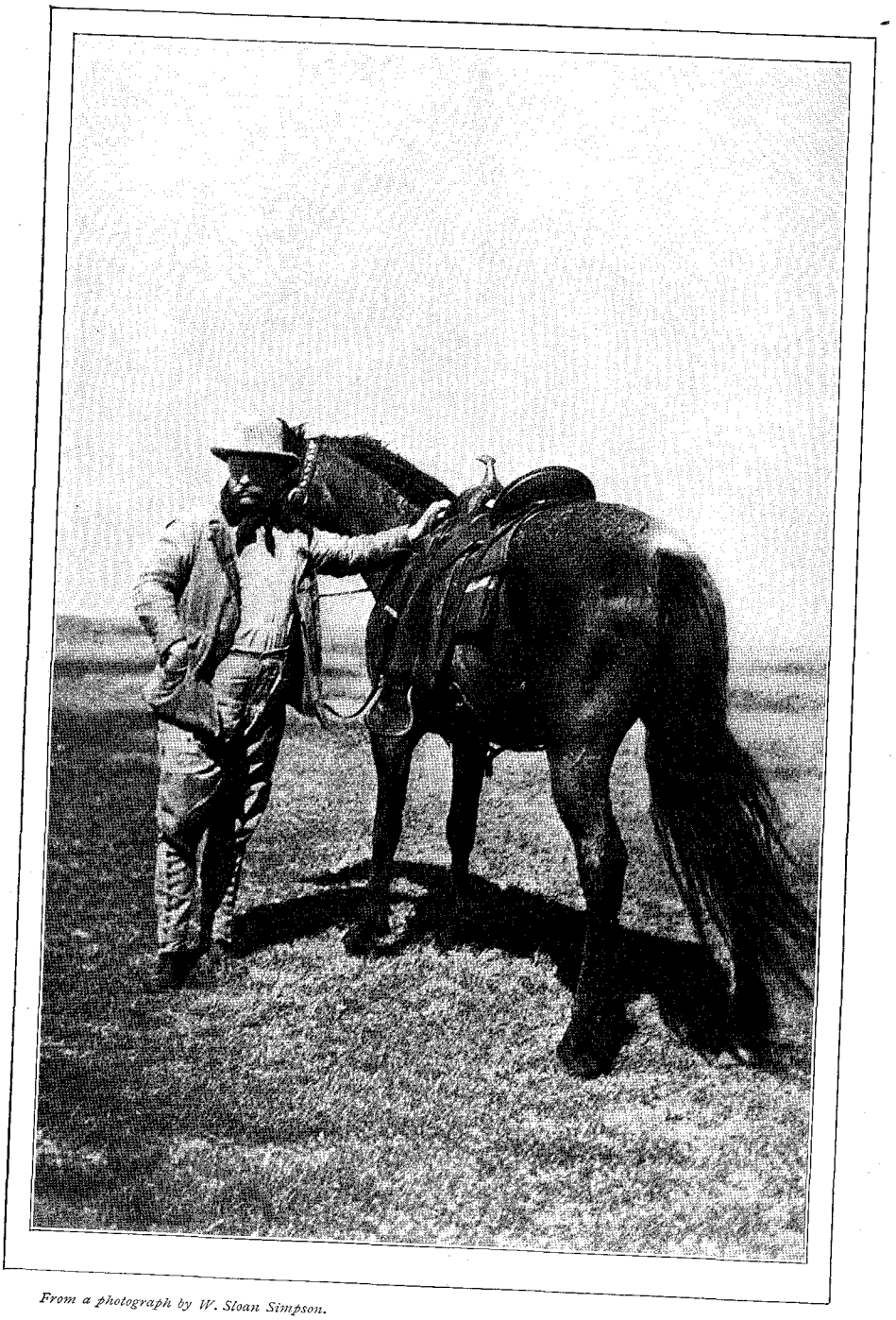

From a photograph by W. Sloan Simpson.

The Big D cow pony.

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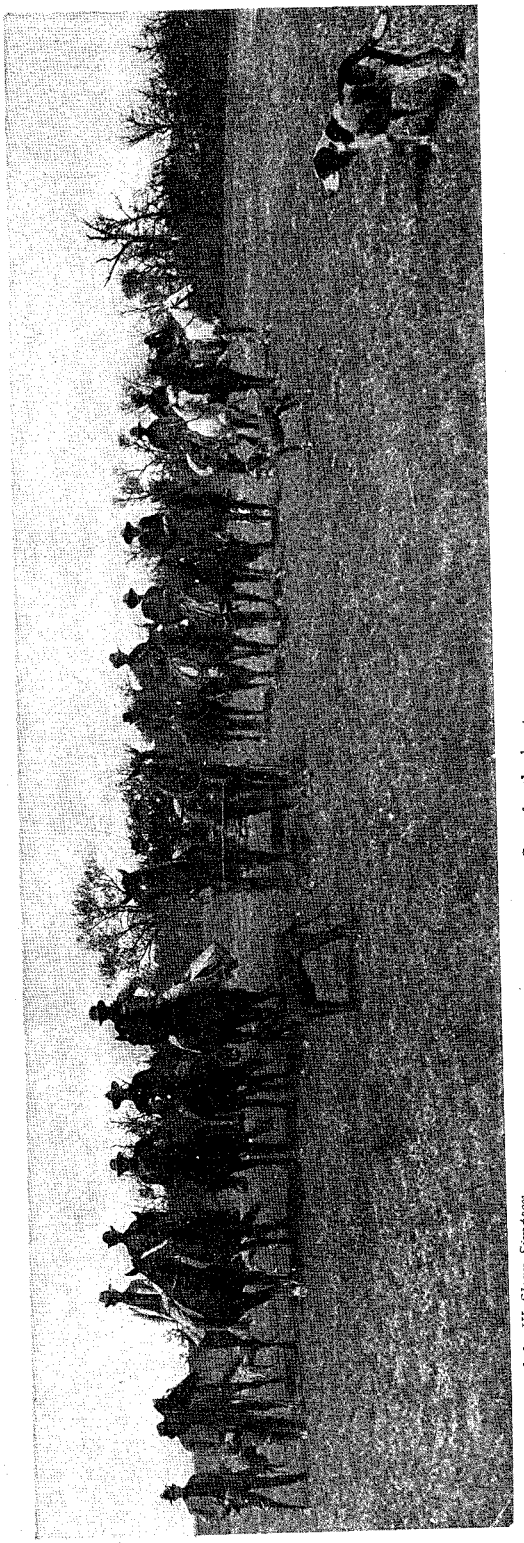

Start for the hunt.

From a photograph by W. Sloan Simpson.

with either our quirts or ropes. One which I thus killed was over five feet long.

By rights there ought to have been carts in which the greyhounds could be drawn until the coyotes were sighted, but there were none, and the greyhounds simply trotted along beside the horses. All of them were fine animals, and almost all of them of recorded pedigree. Coyotes have sharp teeth and bite hard, while greyhounds have thin skins, and many of them were cut in the worries. This was due to the fact that only two or three of them seized by the throat, the others taking hold behind, which of course exposed them to retaliation. Few of them would have been of much use in stopping a big wolf. Abernethy's hounds, however, though they could not kill a big wolf, would stop it, permitting their owner to seize it exactly as he seized coyotes, as hereafter described. He had killed but a few of the big gray wolves; one weighed ninety-seven pounds. He said that there were gradations from this down to the coyotes. A few days before our arrival, after a very long chase, he had captured a black wolf, weighing between fifty and sixty pounds.

These Southern coyotes or prairie wolves are only about one-third the size of the big gray timber wolves of the Northern Rockies. They are too small to meddle with full-grown horses and cattle, but pick up young calves and kill sheep as well as any small domesticated animal that they can get at. The big wolves flee from the neighborhood of anything like close settlements, but coyotes hang around the neighborhood of man much more persistently. They show a fox-like cunning in catching rabbits, prairie-dogs, gophers, and the like. After nightfall they are noisy, and their melancholy wailing and yelling are familiar sounds to all who pass over the plains. The young are brought forth in holes in cut banks or similar localities. Within my own experience I have

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known of the finding of but two families. In one there was but a single family of five cubs and one old animal, undoubtedly the mother; in the other case there were ten or eleven cubs and two old females which had apparently shared the burrow or cave, though living in separate pockets. In neither case was any full-grown male coyote found in the neighborhood; as regards these particular litters, the father seemingly had nothing to do with taking care of or supporting the family. I am not able to say whether this was accidental or whether it is a rule that only the mother lives with and takes care of the litter; I have heard contrary statements about the matter from hunters who should know. Unfortunately I have learned from long experience that it is only exceptional hunters who can be trusted to give accurate descriptions of the habits of any beast, save such as are connected with its chase.

Coyotes are sharp, wary, knowing creatures, and on most occasions take care to keep out of harm's way. But individuals among them have queer freaks. On one occasion while Sloan Simpson was on the roundup he waked at night to find something on the foot of his bed, its dark form indistinctly visible against the white tarpaulin. He aroused a friend to ask if it could be a dog. While they were cautiously endeavoring to find out what it was, it jumped up and ran off; they then saw that it was a coyote. In a short time it returned again, coming out of the darkness toward one of the cowboys who was awake, and the latter shot it, fearing it might have hydrophobia. But I doubt this, as in such case it would not have curled up and gone to sleep on Simpson's bedding. Coyotes are subject to hydrophobia, and when under the spell of the dreadful disease will fear-

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After a run.

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The trail hounds.

lessly attack men. In one case of which I know, a mad coyote coming into camp sprang on a sleeping man who was rolled in his bedding and bit and worried the bedding in the effort to get at him. Two other men hastened to his rescue, and the coyote first attacked them and then suddenly sprang aside and again worried the bedding, by which time one of them was able to get in a shot and killed it. All coyotes, like big wolves, die silently and fight to the last. I had never weighed any coyotes until on this trip. I weighed the twelve which I myself saw caught, and they ran as follows: male, thirty pounds; female, twenty-eight pounds; female, thirty-six pounds; male, thirty-two pounds; male, thirty-four pounds; female, thirty pounds; female, twenty-seven pounds; male, thirty-two pounds; male, twenty-nine pounds; young male, twenty-two pounds; male, twenty-nine pounds; female, twenty-seven pounds. Disregarding the young male, this makes an average of just over thirty pounds.* Except the heaviest female, they were all gaunt and in splendid running trim; but then I do not remember ever seeing a really fat coyote.

The morning of the first day of our hunt dawned bright and beautiful, the air just cool enough to be pleasant. Immediately after breakfast we jogged off on horseback, Tom Burnett and Bony Moore in front, with six or eight greyhounds slouching alongside, while Burke Burnett and "War Bonnet" drove behind us in the buggy. I was mounted on one of Tom Burnett's favorites, a beautiful Kiowa pony. The chuck-wagon, together with the relay of greyhounds to be used in the afternoon, was to join us about midday at an appointed place where there was a pool of water.

We shuffled along, strung out in an irreg-

* I sent the skins and skulls to Dr. Hart Merriam, the head of the Biological Survey. He wrote me about them: "All but one are the plains coyote, *Canis nebracensis*. They are not perfectly typical, but are near enough for all practical purposes. The exception is a yearling pup of a much larger species. Whether this is *frustor* I dare not say in the present state of knowledge of the group."

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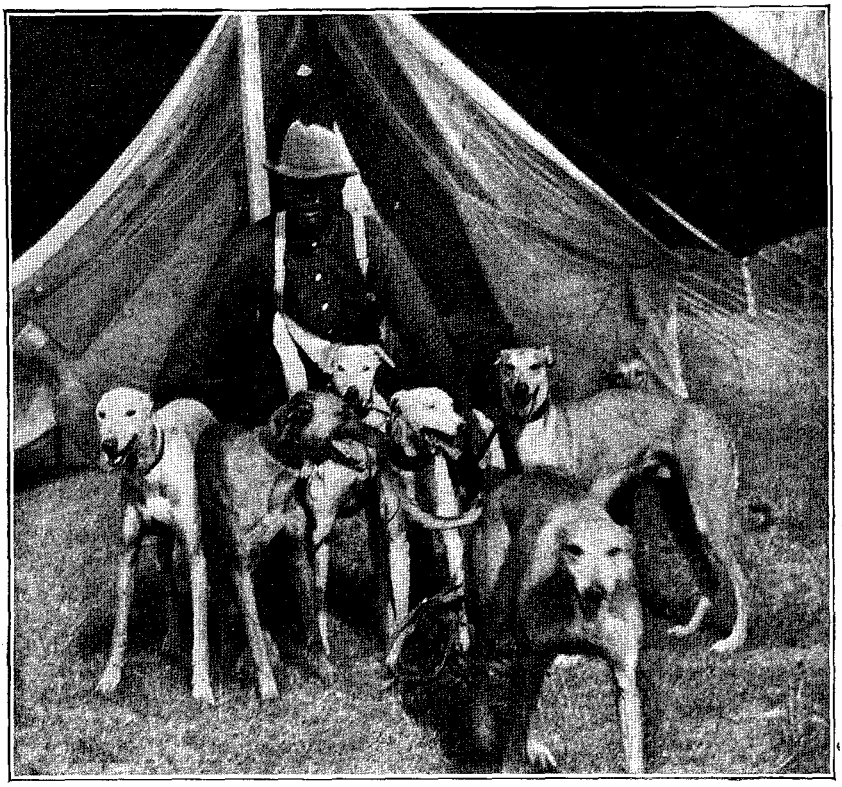

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

Lyon's greyhounds.

ular line, across a long flat, in places covered with bright-green wild onions; and then up a gentle slope where the stunted mesquite grew, while the prairie-dogs barked spasmodically as we passed their burrows. The low crest, if such it could be called, of the slope was reached only some twenty minutes after we left camp, and hardly had we started down the other side than two coyotes were spied three or four hundred yards in front. Immediately horses and dogs were after them at a headlong, break-neck run, the coyotes edging to the left where the creek bottom, with its deep banks and narrow fringes of timber, was about a mile distant. The little wolves knew their danger and ran their very fastest, while the long dogs stretched out after them, gaining steadily. It was evident the chase would be a short one, and there was no need to husband the horses, so every man let his pony go for all there was in him. At such a speed, and especially going downhill, there was not the slightest use in trying to steer clear of the prairie-dog holes; it was best to let the veteran cow ponies see to that for themselves. They were as eager as their riders and on we dashed at full speed, curving to the left toward the foot of the slope; we jumped into and out of a couple of broad, shallow washouts, as we tore after the hounds, now nearing their quarry. The rearmost coyote was overtaken just at the edge of the creek; the foremost, which was a few yards in advance, made good its escape, as all the dogs promptly tackled the rearmost, tumbling it over into a rather deep pool. The scuffling and splashing told us what was going on, and we reined our horses short up at the brink of the cut bank. The water had hampered the dogs in killing their quarry, only three or four of them being in the pool with him; and of those he had seized one by the nose and was hanging on hard. In a moment one of the cowboys got hold of him, dropped a noose over his head, and dragged him out on the bank, just as the buggy came rattling up at full gallop. Burnett and the

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general, taking advantage of the curve in our course, had driven across the chord of the arc, and keeping their horses at a run, had seen every detail of the chase and were in at the death.

In a few minutes the coyote was skinned, the dogs rested, and we were jogging on once more. Hour after hour passed by. We had a couple more runs, but in each case the coyote had altogether too long a start and got away; the dogs no longer being as fresh as they had been. As a rule, although there are exceptions, if the greyhounds cannot catch the coyote within two or three miles the chances favor the escape of the little wolf. We found that if the wolf had more than half a mile start he got away. As greyhounds hunt by sight, cut banks enable the coyote easily to throw off his pursuers unless they are fairly close up. The greyhounds see the wolf when he is far off, for they have good eyes; but in the chase, if the going is irregular, they tend to lose him, and they do not depend much on one another in recovering sight of him; on the contrary, the dog is apt to quit when he no longer has the quarry in view.

From a photograph by W. Sloan Simpson.

Tom Burnett's cutting horse.

(I was riding him at full gallop.)

At noon we joined the chuck-wagon where it stood drawn up on a slope of the treeless, bushless prairie; and the active roundup cook soon had the meal ready. It was the four-sixes wagon, the brand burned into the wood of the chuck-box. Where does a man take more frank enjoyment in his dinner than at the tail end of a chuck-wagon?

Soon after eating we started again, having changed horses and dogs. I was mounted on a Big D cow pony, while Lambert had a dun-colored horse, hard to hold, but very tough and swift. An hour or so after leaving camp we had a four-mile run after a coyote, which finally got away, for it had so long a start that the dogs were done out by the time they came within fair distance. They stopped at a little prairie pool, some of them lying or standing in it, panting violently; and thus we found them as we came stringing up at a gallop. After they had been well rested we started toward camp; but we were down in the creek bottom before we saw another coyote. This one again was a long distance ahead, and I did not suppose there was much chance of our catching him; but away all the dogs and all the riders went at the usual run, and catch him we did, because, as it turned out, the "morning" dogs, which were with the wagon, had spied him first and run him hard, until he was in sight of the "afternoon" dogs, which were with us. I got tangled in a washout, scrambled out, and was galloping along, watching the country in front, when Lambert passed me as hard as he could go; I saw him disappear into another washout, and then come out on the other side, while the dogs were driving the coyote at an angle down toward the creek. Pulling short to the right, I got through the creek, hoping the coyote would cross, and the result was that I galloped up to the worry almost as soon as the foremost riders from the other side—a piece of good fortune for which I had only luck to thank. The hounds caught the coyote as he was about crossing the creek. From this point it was but a short distance into camp.

Again next morning we were off before the sun had risen high enough to take away

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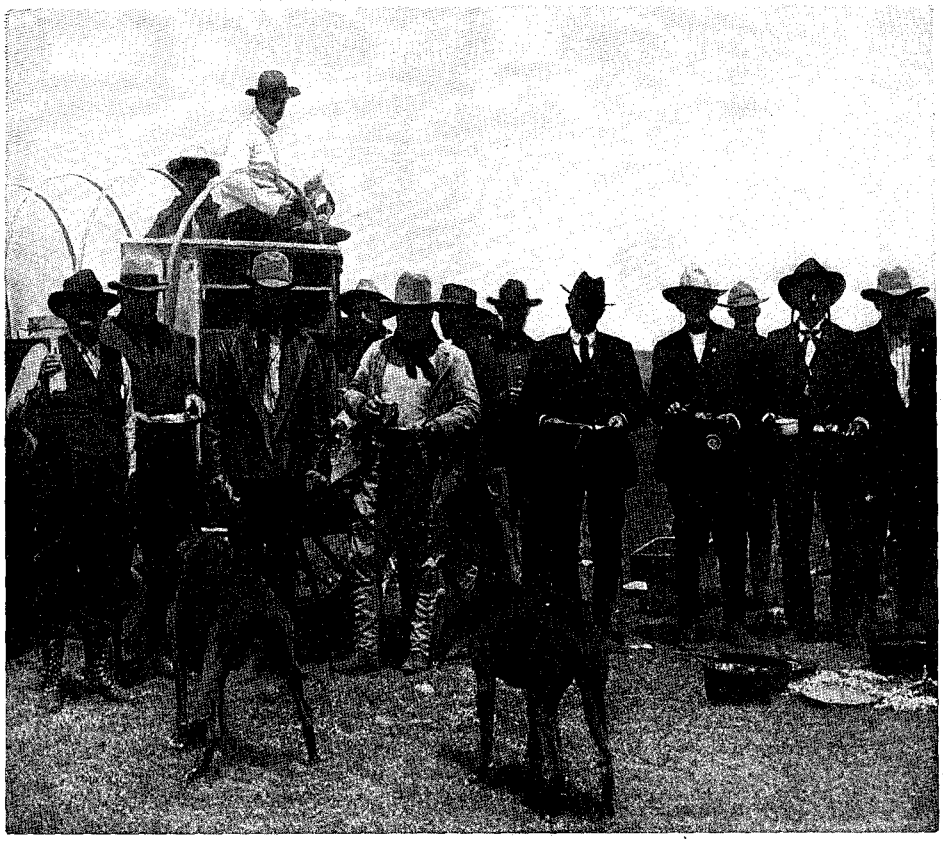

From a photograph by W. Sloan Simpson.

At the tail of the chuck-wagon.

the cool freshness from the air. This day we travelled several miles before we saw our first coyote. It was on a huge, gently sloping stretch of prairie, which ran down to the creek on our right. We were travelling across it strung out in line when the coyote sprang up a good distance ahead of the dogs. They ran straight away from us at first. Then I saw the coyote swinging to the right toward the creek and I half-wheeled, riding diagonally to the line of the chase. This gave me an excellent view of dogs and wolf, and also enabled me to keep nearly abreast of them. On this particular morning the dogs were Bevin's greyhounds and staghounds. From where the dogs started they ran about three miles, catching their quarry in the flat where the creek circled around in a bend, and when it was not fifty yards from the timber. By this time the puncher, Bony Moore, had passed me, most of the other riders having been so far to the left when the run began that they were unable to catch up. The little wolf ran well and the greyhounds had about reached their limit when they caught up with it. But they lasted just long enough to do the work. A fawn-colored greyhound and a black staghound were the first dogs up. The staghound tried to seize the coyote, which dodged a little to one side; the fawn-colored greyhound struck and threw it; and in another moment the other dogs were up and the worry began. I was able to see the run so well, because Tom Burnett had mounted me on his fine roan cutting horse. We sat around in a semicircle on the grass until the dogs had been breathed, and then started off again. After some time we struck another coyote, but rather far off, and this time the dogs were not fresh. After running two or three miles he pulled away and we lost him, the dogs refreshing themselves by standing and lying in a shallow prairie pool.

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Abernethy returns from the hunt.

In the afternoon we again rode off, and this time Abernethy, on his white horse, took the lead, his greyhounds trotting beside him. There was a good deal of rivalry among the various owners of the hounds as to which could do best, and a slight inclination among the cowboys to be jealous of Abernethy. No better riders could be imagined than these same cowboys, and their greyhounds were stanch and fast; but Abernethy, on his tough white horse, not only rode with great judgment, but showed a perfect knowledge of the coyote, and by his own exertions greatly assisted his hounds. He had found out in his long experience that while the greyhounds could outpace a coyote in a two or three mile run, they would then fall behind; but that after going eight or ten miles, a coyote in turn became exhausted, and if he had been able to keep his hounds going until that time they could, with his assistance, then stop the quarry.

We had been shogging along for an hour or more when we put up a coyote and started after it. I was riding the Big D pony I had ridden the afternoon before. It was a good and stout horse, but one which my weight was certain to distress if I tried to go too fast for too long a time. Moreover, the coyote had a long start, and I made up my mind that he would either get away or give us a hard run. Accordingly, as the cowboys started off at their usual headlong pace, I rode behind at a gallop, husbanding my

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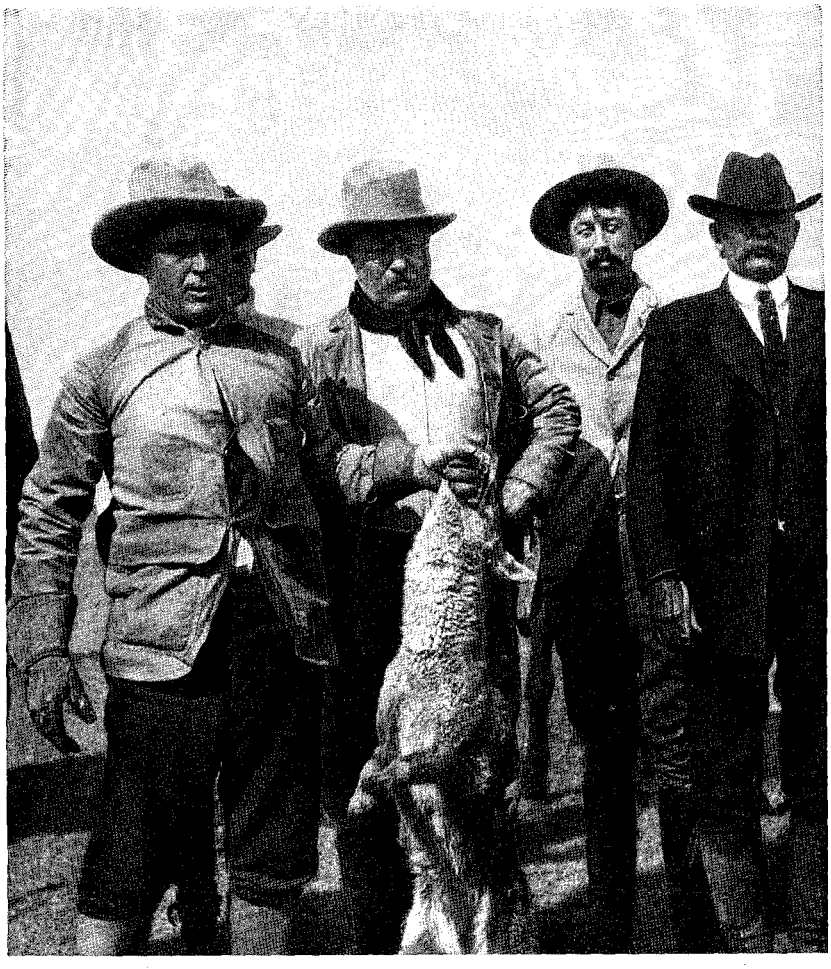

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Abernethy and the coyote.

horse. For a mile or so the going was very rough, up over and down stony hills and among washouts. Then we went over gently rolling country for another mile or two, and then came to a long broken incline which swept up to a divide some four miles ahead of us. Lambert had been riding alongside of Abernethy, at the front, but his horse began to play out, and needed to be nursed along, so that he dropped back level with me. By the time I had reached the foot of this incline the punchers, riding at full speed, had shot their bolts, and one by one I passed them, as well as most of the greyhounds. But Abernethy was far ahead, his white horse loping along without showing any signs of distress. Up the long slope I did not dare press my animal, and Abernethy must have been a mile ahead of me when we struck the divide, while where the others were I had no idea, except that they were behind me. When I reached the divide I was afraid I might have missed Abernethy, but to my delight he was still in sight, far ahead. As we began to go downhill I let the horse fairly race; for by Abernethy's motions I could tell that he was close to the wolf and that it was no longer running in a straight line, so that there was a chance of my overtaking them. In a couple of miles I was close enough to see what was going on. But one greyhound was left with Abernethy. The coyote was obviously tired, and Abernethy, with

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the aid of his perfectly trained horse, was helping the greyhound catch it. Twice he headed it, and this enabled me to gain rapidly. They had reached a small unwooded creek by the time I was within fifty yards; the little wolf tried to break back to the left; Abernethy headed it and rode almost over it; and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then he wheeled and came toward it; again it galloped back and just as it crossed the creek the greyhound made a rush, pinned it by the hind leg and threw it. There was a scuffle, then a yell from the greyhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did; that is, behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth; with his knees he kept the wolf from using its fore paws to break the hold, until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured this coyote it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it; and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not twenty yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the greyhound standing beside him, and his horse standing by as placid as he was. In a couple of minutes Fortescue and Lambert came up. It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen.

Through some oversight we had no straps with us, and Abernethy had lost the wire which he usually carried in order to tie up the wolves' muzzles—for he habitually captured his wolves in this fashion. However, Abernethy regarded the lack of straps as nothing more than a slight bother. Asking one of us to hold his horse, he threw the wolf across in front of the saddle, still keeping his grip on the lower jaw, then mounted and rode off with us on the back track. The wolf was not tied in any way. It was unhurt, and the only hold he had was on its lower jaw; I was surprised that it did not strive to fight with its legs, but after becoming satisfied that it could not bite, it seemed to resign itself to its fate, was fairly quiet, and looked about with its ears pricked forward. The wolves which I subsequently saw him capture, and, having tied up their muzzles, hold before him on the saddle, acted in precisely the same manner.

The run had been about ten miles in an almost straight line. At the finish no other riders were in sight, but soon after we crossed the divide on our return, and began to come down the long slope toward the creek, we were joined by Tom Burnett and Bony Moore; while some three or four miles ahead on a rise of the prairie we could see the wagon in which Burke Burnett was driving General Young. Other punchers and straggling greyhounds joined us, and as the wolf, after travelling some five miles, began to recover his wind and show a tendency to fight for his freedom, Abernethy tied up his jaws with his handkerchief and handed him over to Bony Moore, who packed him on the saddle with entire indifference, the wolf himself showing a curious philosophy. Our horses had recovered their wind and we struck into a gallop down the slope; then as we neared the wagon we broke into a run, Bony Moore brandishing aloft with one hand the live wolf, its jaws tied up with a handkerchief, but otherwise unbound. We stopped for a few minutes with Burnett and the general to tell particulars of the hunt. Then we loped off again toward camp, which was some half dozen miles off. I shall always remember this run and the really remarkable feat Abernethy performed. Colonel Lyon had seen him catch a big wolf in the same way that he caught this coyote. It was his usual method of catching both coyotes and wolves. Almost equally noteworthy were the way in which he handled and helped his greyhounds, and the judgment, resolution, and fine horsemanship he dipslayed. His horse showed extraordinary endurance.

The third day we started out as usual, the chuck-wagon driving straight to a pool far out on the prairie, where we were to meet it for lunch. Chief Quanah's three wives had joined him, together with a small boy and a baby, and they drove in a wagon

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From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

Bony Moore and the coyote.

of their own. Meanwhile the riders and hounds went south nearly to Red River. In the morning we caught four coyotes and had a three miles run after one which started too far ahead of the dogs, and finally got clean away. All the four that we got were started fairly close up, and the run was a breakneck scurry, horses and hounds going as hard as they could put feet to the ground. Twice the cowboys distanced me; and twice the accidents of the chase, the sudden twists and turns of the coyote in his efforts to take advantage of the ground, favored me and enabled me to be close up at the end, when Abernethy jumped off his horse and ran in to where the dogs had the coyote. He was even quicker with his hands than the wolf's snap, and in a moment he always had the coyote by the lower jaw.

Between the runs we shogged forward across the great reaches of rolling prairie in the bright sunlight. The air was wonderfully clear, and any object on the sky-line, no matter how small, stood out with startling distinctness. There were few flowers on these dry plains; in sharp contrast to the flower prairies of southern Texas, which we had left the week before, where many acres for a stretch would be covered by masses of red or white or blue or yellow blossoms—the most striking of all, perhaps, being the fields of the handsome buffalo clover. As we plodded over the prairie the sharp eyes of the punchers were scanning the ground

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far and near, and sooner or later one of them would spy the motionless form of a coyote, or all would have their attention attracted as it ran like a fleeting gray or brown shadow among the grays and browns of the desolate landscape. Immediately dogs and horses would stretch at full speed after it, and everything would be forgotten but the wild exhilaration of the run.

It was nearly noon when we struck the chuck-wagon. Immediately the handy round-up cook began to prepare a delicious dinner, and we ate as men have a right to eat, who have ridden all the morning and are going to ride fresh horses all the afternoon. Soon afterward the horse-wranglers drove up the saddle band, while some of the cow-punchers made a rope corral from the side of the wagon. Into this the horses were driven, one or two breaking back and being brought into the bunch again only after a gallop more exciting than most coyote chases. Fresh ponies were roped out and the saddle band again turned loose. The dogs that had been used during the morning then started campward with the chuck-wagon. One of the punchers was riding a young and partially broken horse; he had no bridle, simply a rope around the horse's neck. This man started to accompany the wagon to the camp.

From a photograph by W. Sloan Simpson.

The worry of the coyote.

The rest of us went off at the usual cow-pony trot or running walk. It was an hour or two before we saw anything; then a coyote appeared a long way ahead and the dogs raced after him. The first mile was up a gentle slope; then we turned, and after riding a couple of miles on the level the dogs had shot their bolt and the coyote drew away. When he got too far in front the dogs and foremost riders stopped and waited for the rest of us to overtake them, and shortly afterward Burke Burnett and the general appeared in their buggy. One of the greyhounds was completely done out and we took some time attending to it. Suddenly one of the men, either Tom Burnett or Bony Moore, called out that he saw the coyote coming back pursued by a horseman. Sure enough, the unfortunate little wolf had run in sight of the wagons and the puncher on the young unbridled horse immediately took after him, and, in spite of a fall, succeeded in heading him back and bringing him along in our direction, although some three-quarters of a mile away. Immediately everyone jumped into his saddle and away we all streamed down a long slope diagonally to the course the coyote was taking. He had a long start, but the dogs were rested, while he had been running steadily, and this fact proved fatal to him. Down the slope to the creek bottom at its end we rode at a run. Then there came a long slope upward, and the heavier among us fell gradually to the rear. When we topped the divide, however, we could see ahead of us the foremost men streaming after the hounds, and the latter running in a way which showed that they were well up on their game. Even a tired horse can go pretty well downhill, and by dint of hard running we who were behind got up in time to see the worry when the greyhounds caught the coyote, by some low ponds in a treeless creek-bed. We had gone about seven miles, the unlucky coyote at least ten. Our journey to camp was enlivened by catching another coyote after a short run.

Next day was the last of our hunt. We

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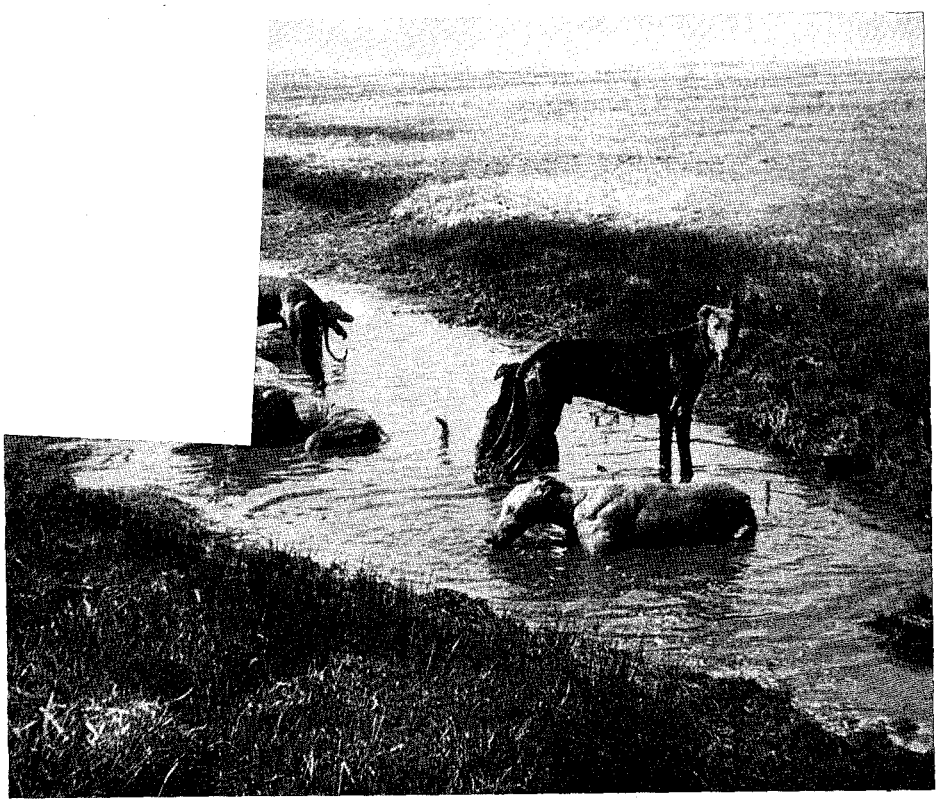

From a photograph by W. Sloan Simpson.

Greyhounds resting after a run.

started off in the morning as usual, but the buggy men on this occasion took with them some trail hounds, which were managed by a sergeant of the regular army, a game sportsman. They caught two coons in the timber of a creek two or three miles to the south of the camp. Meanwhile the rest of us, riding over the prairie, saw the greyhounds catch two coyotes, one after a rather long run and one after a short one. Then we turned our faces toward camp. I saw Abernethy, with three or four of his own hounds, riding off to one side, but unfortunately I did not pay any heed to him, as I supposed the hunting was at an end. But when we reached camp Abernethy was not there, nor did he turn up until we were finishing lunch. Then he suddenly appeared, his tired greyhounds trotting behind him, while he carried before him on the saddle a live coyote, with its muzzle tied up, and a dead coyote strapped behind his saddle. Soon after leaving us he had found a coyote, and after a good run the dogs had stopped it and he had jumped off and captured it in his usual fashion. Then while riding along, holding the coyote before him on the saddle, he put up another one. His dogs were tired and he himself was of course greatly hampered in such a full-speed run by having the live wolf on the saddle in front of him. One by one the dogs gave out, but his encouragement and assistance kept two of them to their work, and after a run of some seven miles the coyote was overtaken. It was completely done out and would probably have died by itself, even if the hounds had not taken part in the killing. Hampered as he was, Abernethy could not take it alive in his usual fashion. So when it was dead he packed it behind his horse and rode back in triumph. The live wolf, as in every other case where one was brought into camp, made curiously little effort to fight with its paws, seeming to acquiesce in its captivity, and looking around, with its ears thrust forward, as if more influenced by curiosity than by any other feeling.

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From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

Quanah Parker's family.

After lunch we rode toward town, stopping at nightfall to take supper by the bank of a creek. We entered the town after dark, some twenty of us on horseback. Wagner was riding with us, and he had set his heart upon coming into and through the town in true cowboy style; and it was he who set the pace. We broke into a lope a mile outside the limits and by the time we struck the main street the horses were on a run and we tore down like a whirlwind until we reached the train. Thus ended as pleasant a hunting trip as any one could imagine. The party got seventeen coyotes all told, for there were some runs which I did not see at all, as now and then both men and dogs would get split into groups.

On this hunt we did not see any of the big wolves, the so-called buffalo or timber wolves, which I hunted in the old days on the northern cattle plains. Big wolves are found in both Texas and Oklahoma, but they are rare compared to the coyotes; and they are great wanderers. Alone or in parties of three or four or half a dozen they travel to and fro across the country, often leaving a district at once if they are molested. Coyotes are more or less plentiful everywhere throughout the West in thinly settled districts, and they often hang about in the immediate neighborhood of towns. They do enough damage to make farmers and ranchers kill them whenever the chance offers. But this damage is not appreciable when compared with the ravages of their grim, big brother, the gray wolf, which, wherever it exists in numbers, is a veritable scourge to the stockmen.

Colonel Lyon's hounds were, as I have said, used chiefly after jack-rabbits. He had frequently killed coyotes with them, however, and on two or three occasions one of the big gray wolves. At the time when he did most of his wolf-hunting he had with the greyhounds a huge fighting dog, a Great Dane, weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds. In spite of its weight this dog could keep up well in a short chase, and its ferocious temper and enormous weight and strength made it invaluable at the bay. Whether the quarry were a gray wolf or coyote, mattered not in the least to it, and it

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made its assaults with such headlong fury that it generally escaped damage. On the two or three occasions when the animal bayed was a big wolf the greyhounds did not dare tackle it, jumping about in an irregular circle and threatening the wolf until the fighting dog came up. The latter at once rushed in, seizing its antagonist by the throat or neck and throwing it. Doubtless it would have killed the wolf unassisted, but the greyhounds always joined in the killing; and once thrown, the wolf could never get on his legs. In these encounters the dog was never seriously hurt. Rather curiously, the only bad wound it ever received was from a coyote; the little wolf, not one-third of its weight, managing to inflict a terrific gash down its huge antagonist's chest, nearly tearing it open. But of course a coyote against such a foe could not last much longer than a rat pitted against a terrier.

Big wolves and coyotes are found side by side throughout the Western United States, both varying so in size that if a sufficient number of specimens, from different localities, are examined it will be found that there is a complete intergradation in both stature and weight. To the northward the coyotes disappear and the big wolves grow larger and larger until in the arctic regions they become veritable giants. At Point Barrow Mr. E. A. McIlhenny had six of the eight "huskies" of his dog team killed and eaten by a huge white dog wolf. At last he shot it, and found that it weighed one hundred and sixty-one pounds.

Good trail hounds can run down a wolf. A year ago Jake Borah's pack in northwestern Colorado ran a big wolf weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds to bay in but little over an hour. He then stood with his back to a rock, and though the dogs formed a semicircle around him, they dared not tackle him. Jake got up and shot him. Unless well trained and with the natural fighting edge neither trail hounds (fox-hounds) nor greyhounds can or will kill a big wolf, and under ordinary circumstances, no matter how numerous, they make but a poor showing against one. But big ninety-pound or one hundred-pound greyhounds, specially bred and trained for the purpose, stand on an entirely different footing. Three or four of these dogs, rushing in together and seizing the wolf by the throat, will kill him, or worry him until he is helpless. On several occasions the Colorado Springs greyhounds have performed this feat. Johnny Goff owned a large, fierce dog, a cross between what he called a Siberian bloodhound (I suppose some animal like a Great Dane) and an ordinary hound, which, on one occasion when he had shot at and broken the hind leg of a big wolf, ran it down and killed it. On the other hand, wolves will often attack dogs. In March of the present year—nineteen hundred and five—Goff's dogs were scattered over a hillside hunting a bobcat, when he heard one of them yell, and looking up saw that two wolves were chasing it. The other dogs were so busy puzzling out the cat's trail that they never noticed what was happening. Goff called aloud, whereupon the wolves stopped. He shot one and the other escaped. He thinks that they would have overtaken and killed the hound in a minute or two if he had not interfered.

The big wolves shrink back before the growth of the thickly settled districts, and in the Eastern States they often tend to disappear even from districts that are uninhabited save by a few wilderness hunters. They have thus disappeared almost entirely from Maine, the Adirondacks, and the Alleghanies, although here and there they are said to be returning to their old haunts. Their disappearance is rather mysterious in some instances, for they are certainly not all killed off. The black bear is much easier killed, yet the black bear holds its own in many parts of the land from which the wolf has vanished. No animal is quite so difficult to kill as is the wolf, whether by poison or rifle or hound. Yet, after a comparatively few have been slain, the entire species will perhaps vanish from certain localities. In some localities even the cougar, the easiest of all game to kill with hounds, holds its own better. This, however, is not generally true.

But with all wild animals, it is a noticeable fact that a course of contact with man continuing over many generations of animal life causes a species so to adapt itself to its new surroundings that it can hold its own far better than formerly. When white men take up a new country, the game, and especially the big game, being entirely unused to contend with the new foe, succumb easily, and are almost completely killed out. If any individuals survive at all, however, the succeeding generations are far more difficult

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to exterminate than were their ancestors, and they cling much more tenaciously to their old homes. The game to be found in old and long-settled countries is of course much more wary and able to take care of itself than the game of an untrodden wilderness; it is the wilderness life, far more than the actual killing of the wilderness game, which tests the ability of the wilderness hunter.

After a time, game may even, for the time being, increase in certain districts where settlements are thin. This was true of the wolves throughout the northern cattle country, in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and the western ends of the Dakotas. In the old days wolves were very plentiful throughout this region, closely following the huge herds of buffaloes. The white men who followed these herds as professional buffalo-hunters were often accompanied by other men, known as wolfers, who poisoned these wolves for the sake of their fur. With the disappearance of the buffalo the wolves diminished in numbers so that they also seemed to disappear. Then in the late eighties or early nineties the wolves began again to increase in numbers until they became once more as numerous as ever and infinitely more wary and difficult to kill; though as they were nocturnal in their habits they were not often seen. Along the Little Missouri and in many parts of Montana and Wyoming this increase was very noticeable during the last decade of the nineteenth century. They were at that time the only big animals of the region which had increased in numbers. Such an increase following a previous decrease in the same region was both curious and interesting. I never knew the wolves to be so numerous or so daring in their assaults upon stock in the Little Missouri country as in the years 1894 to 1896 inclusive. I am unable wholly to account for these changes. The first great diminution in the numbers of the wolves is only partially to be explained by the poisoning; yet they seemed to disappear almost everywhere and for a number of years continued scarce. Then they again became plentiful, reappearing in districts from whence they had entirely vanished, and appearing in new districts where they had been hitherto unknown. Then they once more began to diminish in number. In northwestern Colorado, in the White River country, cougars fairly swarmed in the early nineties, while up to that time the big gray wolves were almost or entirely unknown. Then they began to come in, and increased steadily in numbers, while the cougars diminished, so that by the winter of 1902–3, they much outnumbered the big cats, and committed great ravages among the stock. The settlers were at their wits' ends how to deal with the pests. At last a trapper came in, a shiftless fellow, but extraordinarily proficient in his work. He had some kind of scent, the secret of which he would not reveal, which seemed to drive the wolves nearly crazy with desire. In one winter in the neighborhood of the Keystone Ranch he trapped forty-two big gray wolves; they still outnumber the cougars, which in that neighborhood have been nearly killed out, but they are no longer abundant.

At present wolves are decreasing in numbers all over Colorado, as they are in Montana, Wyoming, and the Dakotas. In some localities traps have been found most effective; in others, poison; and in yet others, hounds. I am inclined to think that where they have been pursued in one manner for a long time any new method will at first prove more efficacious. After a very few wolves have been poisoned or trapped, the survivors become so wary that only a master in the art can do anything with them, while there are always a few wolves which cannot be persuaded to touch a bait save under wholly exceptional circumstances. From association with the old she wolves the cubs learn as soon as they are able to walk to avoid man's traces in every way, and to look out for traps and poison. They are so shy and show such extraordinary cunning in hiding and slinking out of the way of the hunter that they are rarely killed with the rifle. Personally I never shot but one. A bold and good rider on a first-rate horse can, however, run down even a big gray wolf in fair chase, and either rope or shoot it. I have known a number of cow-punchers thus to rope wolves when they happened to run across them after they had gorged themselves on their quarry. A former Colorado ranchman, Mr. Henry N. Pancoast, who had done a good deal of wolf hunting, and had killed one which, judging by its skin, was a veritable monster, wrote me as follows about his experiences:

"I captured nearly all my wolves by run-

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ning them down and then either roped or shot them. I had one mount that had great endurance, and when riding him never failed to give chase to a wolf if I had the time to spare; and never failed to get my quarry but two or three times. I roped four full-grown and two cubs and shot five full-grown and three cubs—the large wolf in question being killed that way. And he was by far the hardest proposition I ever tried, and I candidly think I ran him twenty miles before overhauling and shooting him (he showed too much fight to use a rope). As it was almost dark concluded to put him on horse and skin at ranch, but had my hands full to get him on the saddle, was so very heavy. My plan in running wolves down was to get about three hundred yards from them, and then to keep that distance until the wolf showed signs of fatigue, when a little spurt would generally succeed in landing him. In the case of the large one, however, I reckoned without my host, as the wolf had as much go left as the horse, so I tried slowing down to a walk and let the wolf go, he . . . came down to a little trot and soon placed a half mile between us, and finally went out of sight over a high hill. I took my time and on reaching top of hill saw wolf about four hundred yards off, and as I now had a down grade managed to get my tired horse on a lope and was soon up to the wolf, which seemed all stiffened up, and one shot from my Winchester finished him. We always had poison out, as wolves and coyotes killed a great many calves. Never poisoned but two wolves and those were caught with fresh antelope liver and entrails (coyotes were easily poisoned)."

In the early nineties the ravages of the wolves along the Little Missouri became so serious as thoroughly to arouse the stockmen. Not only colts and calves, and young trail stock, but in mid-winter full-grown horses and steers, were continually slain. The county authorities put a bounty of three dollars each on wolf scalps, to which the ranchmen of the neighborhood added a further bounty of five dollars. This made eight dollars for every wolf, and as the skin was also worth something, the business of killing wolves became profitable. Quite a number of men tried poisoning or trapping, but the most successful wolf hunter on the Little Missouri at that time was a man who did not rely on poison at all, but on dogs. He was named Massingale, and he always had a pack of at least twenty hounds. The number varied, for a wolf at bay is a terrible fighter, with jaws like those of a steel trap, and teeth that cut like knives, so that the dogs were continually disabled and sometimes killed, and the hunter had always to be on the watch to add animals to his pack. It was not a good-looking pack, but it was thoroughly fit for its own work. Most of the dogs were greyhounds, whether rough or smooth haired, but many of them were big mongrels, part greyhound and part some other breed, such as bulldog, mastiff, Newfoundland, bloodhound, or collie. The only two requisites were that the dogs should run fast and fight gamely; and in consequence they formed as wicked, hard-biting a crew as ever ran down and throttled a wolf. They were usually taken out ten at a time, and by their aid Massingale killed over two hundred wolves, including cubs. Of course there was no pretence of giving the game fair play. The wolves were killed as vermin, not for sport. The greatest havoc was in the spring-time, when the she-wolves were followed to their dens. Some of the hounds were very fast, and they could usually overtake a young or weak wolf; but an old dog-wolf, with a good start, unless run into at once, would ordinarily get away if he was in running trim. Frequently, however, he was caught when he was not in running trim, for the hunter was apt to find him when he had killed a calf or taken part in dragging down a horse or steer, and was gorged with meat. Under these circumstances he could not run long before the pack. If possible, as with all such packs, the hunter himself got up in time to end the worry by a stab of his hunting-knife; but unless he was quick he had nothing to do, for the pack was thoroughly competent to do its own killing. Grim fighter though a great dog-wolf is, he stands no show before the onslaught of ten such hounds, agile and powerful, who rush on their antagonist in a body. Massingale's dogs possessed great power in their jaws, and unless he was up within two or three minutes after the wolf was overtaken, they tore him to death, though one or more of their number might be killed or crippled in the fight. The wolf might be throttled without having the hide on its neck torn; but when it was stretched out the dogs ripped open its belly. Dogs

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do not get their teeth through the skin of an old cougar; but they will tear up either a bobcat or coyote.

In 1894 and 1896 I saw a number of wolves on the Little Missouri, although I was not looking for them. I frequently came upon the remains of sheep and young stock which they had killed; and once, upon the top of a small plateau, I found the body of a large steer, while the torn and trodden ground showed that he had fought hard for his life before succumbing. There had been two wolves engaged in the work, and the cunning beasts had evidently acted in concert. Apparently, while one attracted the steer's attention in front, the other, according to the invariable wolf habit, attacked him from behind, hamstringing him and tearing out his flanks. His body was still warm when I came up, but the marauders had slunk off, either seeing or smelling me. There was no mistaking the criminals, however, for, unlike bears, which usually attack an animal at the withers, or cougars, which attack the throat or head, wolves almost invariably attack their victim at the hind quarters and begin first on the hams or flanks, if the animal is of any size. Owing to their often acting in couples or in packs, the big wolves do more damage to horned stock than cougars, but they are not as dangerous to colts, and they are not nearly as expert as the big cats in catching deer and mountain sheep. When food is plentiful, good observers say that they will not try to molest foxes; but, if hungry, they certainly snap them up as quickly as they would fawns. Ordinarily they show complete tolerance of the coyotes; yet one bitter winter I knew of a coyote being killed and eaten by a wolf.

Not only do the habits of wild beasts change under changing conditions as time goes on, but there seems to be some change even in their appearance. Thus the early observers of the game of the Little Missouri, those who wrote in the first half of the nineteenth century, spoke much of the white wolves which were then so common in the region. These white wolves represented in all probability only a color variety of the ordinary gray wolf; and it is difficult to say exactly why they disappeared. Yet when about the year 1890 wolves again grew common these white wolves were very, very rare; indeed I never personally heard of but one being seen. This was on the Upper Cannonball in 1892. A nearly black wolf was killed not far from this spot in the year 1893. At the present day black wolves are more common than white wolves, which are rare indeed. But all these big wolves are now decreasing in numbers, and in most places are decreasing rapidly.

It will be noticed that on some points my observations about wolves are in seeming conflict with those of other observers as competent as I am; but I think the conflict is more seeming than real, and I have concluded to let my words stand. The great book of nature contains many pages which are hard to read, and at times conscientious students may well draw different interpretations of the obscure and least known texts. It may not be that either observer is at fault, but what is true of an animal in one locality may not be true of the same animal in another, and even in the same locality two individuals of the same species may differ widely in their traits and habits.

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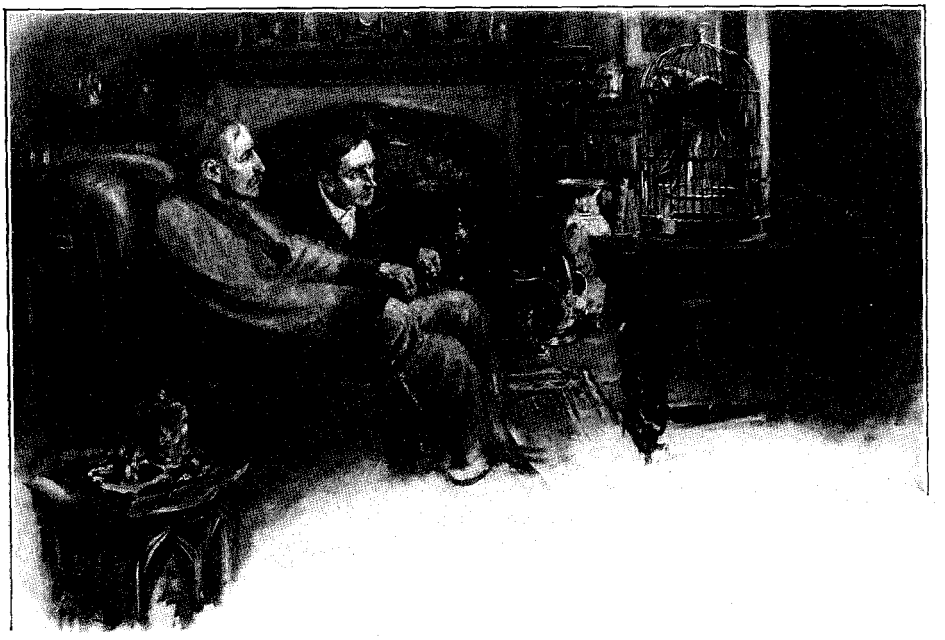

THE LIEUTENANT'S MESSENGER

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

"MISS ETHEL and Miss Coolidge, sir."

I looked up from my account-book with a sigh, thankful to be reading nothing of greater interest. "Let them come in," I said, snapping its covers together. I knew that peace was at an end. Ethel had been at odds with her governess for the last month and—as my whole heart and mind were concerned in the whereabouts and rescue of Wallace Weir—I was sometimes impatient of her vagaries and her governess' opinions. Wallace had named me her sole guardian.

She was a big, handsome child in that Christmas season of 1900; and, as she entered my littered London study, her likeness to Wallace smote me with keen remembrance. The feeble sun drew a gleam from her red-gold hair and the ruddy fairness of her skin seemed out of place in our city of murk and gloom. Miss Coolidge was ever a distressing person. Argumentative and ecclesiastical, she had been a sort of parochial scene-shifter and glossary of priestly appointment in our country vicinage. I could well understand that there was friction.

"Come in, Ethel," I cried; "I was expecting a visit. What's wrong now? Are sums too long, or skirts too short?"

"Both—and thank you for inquiring—but it's not those," she answered. There was a quiet wilfulness about her as she took up a strong position in the Lamu chair Wallace had sent me, carefully guarding her new muff from harmful contact. "It's money. I need three pounds most awfully."

"Are you in debt—at fourteen?" I demanded gravely. "And when I know that you had seventeen pounds given you, first and last, on Christmas day?"

"It's not the money I so much object to, Sir Patrick," Miss Coolidge interposed primly; "it's the man, and the bird itself. They are neither of them fit to be a companion to a gentlewoman."

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"The man," Ethel burst out, "is neither here nor there. I tell you frankly, Uncle Pat, if I could choose my creditors I wouldn't pick him. But he has the bird, and he's willing I should owe him three quid" (Miss Coolidge here ejaculated, "Don't say quid" just like a sentence from a Litany), "and I've paid him over the seventeen right enough, but the tax is twenty. I told him you were my uncle and he said he hoped you'd be as good an uncle as he is himself. You see he's a pawnbroker and that was a joke. And Miss Coolidge got the hump over it, and wouldn't let me even *look* at the heavenliest bird-cage—all copper wire and brass roses, and William the Silent (that's the bird's name) would look so splendid in it—and listen, Uncle Pat—" she put her muff down carefully and advanced upon me, whispering in my ear—"you see, dear, the bird comes from Uganda and I thought it might be a comfort to Lettice." I could do nothing for a moment but press the child's strong, large hand. Lettice Halling was engaged to Wallace, who had managed to lose himself somewhere in Uganda or south of it—to the unending grief of those who knew and loved him. I was a little shy of showing my emotion. I merely asked as calmly as I could, "Is it a parrot?"

Ethel nodded.

"I think Lettice would like it," I said, "and, in such a cause, I am good for three——" I was going to say "quid," but Miss Coolidge nailed me with her fishy eye of faith, so I changed and said "pounds" duly.

"I do hope, Sir Patrick," she began, "that you won't allow Ethel to conclude the bargain herself. The bird is profane and the broker familiar. I can, of course, understand——"

Believing myself about to be the victim of a long and highly cultivated harangue, I interrupted her: "Indeed, yes, Miss Coolidge, I know you realize our interest in everything African, and as I want to speak with Ethel on several matters, I think you may have a free day to-day. I will take up your charge."

This was a magician's touch. I felt that two suns had suddenly risen and flooded my life, one in the Lamu chair and the other on its way to the hall door. When Miss Coolidge had departed Ethel flung herself on me with distressing vigor: "*Dear* Uncle Patrick," she cried, "you certainly are!"

She has never yet said what I was, but I feel it was something nice.

II

I REMEMBER my elation at Ethel's approval of me and I recall how quickly despair supervened. Her implicit acceptance of my statement that her brother was quite safe filled me with envy of her childlike confidence, for he had not been heard of for twenty months, and I had been once to East Africa myself, but had heard nothing. It was misery to find my hope growing inevitably dimmer, despite every stimulus I could find for it. We were more like brothers than uncle and nephew, Wallace and I, and we had always taken care of Ethel together, ever since my sister's death, for my sister Ethel was their mother, and had died a widow.

Ethel and I spoke of Wallace quite naturally as we bowled along in our hansom, and we spoke lovingly of Lettice, too, whose mother did not encourage us very much. A dead love was too poor an investment for as worldly a mamma as Miss Halling's, but the girl was a leal creature.

When Wallace was seconded from the Solshires he rejoiced in the distinction, as he was to do special duty in East Africa, heading a punitive expedition against savages in the interior. He had left Lahassi Station on the morning of December 1, 1898, and but one letter had come from him since, dated February 4, 1899. He said he was on his way home then, having made war to the tune of seven men killed and thirty wounded, and peace to the better measure of any terms Britain demanded. The enemy's loss was heavy. Since then he and six of his men were missing, five Swahilis and an Eurasian called Dr. Niger, a man whose knowledge of medicine and negroid languages made him an influence up-country.

My cheerless review of Wallace's story was ended by our turning into a filthy little alley connecting an opulent mews with Sparhawk Street. We stopped at a little shop in whose window various birds and beasts disported themselves in their several stages of dirt and indisposition.

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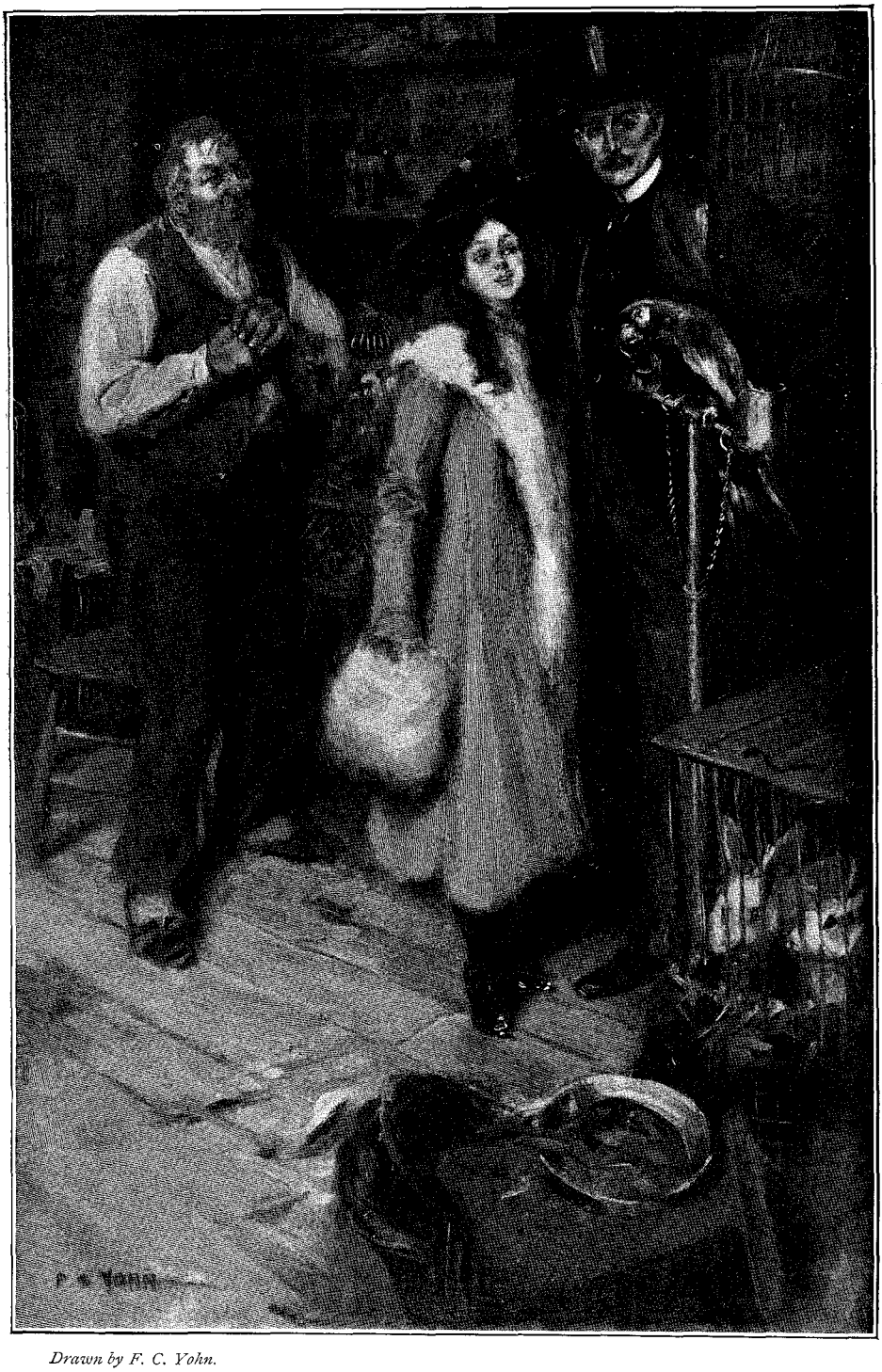

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Here it is, sir, loafing on its perch. They call him 'William the Silent'."—Page 536.

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"How did you hear of this place?" I inquired as Ethel stepped down, enthusiasm apparent in her every movement.

"I saw the Uganda parrot advertised in the *Be Kind to Animals Gazette.*

"If, Ethel," I said sternly, "you are going to answer advertisements, we shall have to lock you up."

When I opened the door a bell rang loudly and we found ourselves surrounded by unpleasant noises and enveloped in unspeakable smells. A frightful looking person sat at his marble-topped table, eating seed-cake and drinking gin. He rose as we entered.

"Hexcuse me, miss," he said, "I'm still breakfasting. When there's ferrets—we've four now—my appetite's very tricky and I'm a long time over the lightest food. Ferrets ain't exactly wiolets."

"I should think not," I assented. "What's this about a parrot?"

I observed a pawnshop to the left of his marble-topped table and the bestial array to the right.

"Oh, it's a lovely parrot, sir," he said, "Here it is, sir, loafing on its perch. They call him 'William the Silent,' sir, but a greater chatterer never spoke. He's as full of talk as Hyde Park on a Sunday, and he's a 'elthy bird, too."

"Where did you get him?" I inquired.

"One of them Seedy boys—a kind of nigger—working on the *British Hindia*, through direct from Hafrica, brought him here. Said a gentlemen passenger gave it to him as a present, and when I visited the steamer to make sure, they corubberated his statement."

"We'll take the parrot, won't we?" Ethel broke in joyously, "only you must take eighteen pounds for it," and to my surprise she out-haggled the bird's proprietor to the extent of getting William for £18 10*s*.

"A large debt would be such a burden to me just now," she explained, "and three pounds is a large sum to owe, isn't it? Besides—do you think you could run to the cage?" she whispered, pointing it out to me.

After the refusal of many offers for it we came to terms. William was put in his new home, and the cage lodged on the roof of the cab. I declined having it inside, although Ethel feared pneumonia, but the day was very mild. I told the cabman Miss Halling's imposing address and we gained her door with the dash befitting visitors at great houses, but when it was opened we elicited a number of startling facts from a laconic footman with large legs. "Mrs. Halling and Miss Halling were gone to Bournemouth and would return on 'The Thursday,' being gone one week."

"Never mind, Ethel," I said, "we can take William back to the gin-drinker till Lettice comes."

The child glanced at me with reproach, saying:

"*Dear* Uncle Pat, I think he would sell it all over again. We gave him his money, you see. I think——"

I saw what she thought. "Very well," I answered, "I'll keep it. The servants will leave, but meantime we'll hope it won't screech *too* much."

She looked at me triumphantly. "I have never heard it utter a word," she declared.

"Now, Ethel," I cried, "we *have* bought a pig in a poke if we've bought a parrot that can't speak! My child, we are sold, belittled, mortified, we are geese, we are idiots——"

I was here interrupted by William, who said.

"Go to blazes!"

I was relieved. "Civil bird, isn't he?" I inquired of Ethel.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered rapturously; "Wallace always said that when I called him in the morning."

III

When Ethel had joined forces with her granite governess in the late afternoon I felt an honorable fatigue stealing over me. Ethel and I had been in and out of tea-shops and a picture gallery, and I had eaten a large bit of cake which depressed me.

"I'd like a shilling, or maybe two, sir," Wright said to me. "I must buy Master William a black cloth to put about the cage. He's talking every instant."

"Oh, the parrot!" I was at loss for a moment to determine who "Master William" was, but a door opened somewhere—I was dressing upstairs—and I heard the bird shrieking, "Jambo, Jambo," which I remembered as the native East African greeting. I felt that in ravaging my private life with a talking-machine, I had all the

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The worst feature of our present position was that we had made no prisoners.—Page 542.

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disadvantages of a wife without any of the compensations. This reflection was far from soothing.

I returned from dinner in a mood of ungovernable depression. We had talked of Wallace, and ever as we had discussed him, he seemed further removed from the chances of rescue and return. I believed him dead for the first time. Sitting in the dark of my study, I realized that, for us at least, his life was over, and I prayed that it might indeed be over for him. I felt again his parting hand-clasp, I sorrowed again under the sweet eyes of Lettice—eyes reddened with her tears. When I could stand such thoughts no longer, I rose and turned on the light.

"Go to blazes!" William cried, from behind his black cloth.

This intonation was so like Wallace's that I was staggered. I went to bed, but not to sleep; noises in the street combined against me and sad thoughts of Wallace beset me until I heard the clock strike a quarter after four. It was a quarter after eight when Wright woke me with a cup of tea. He was very white, and as he put out my clothes I noticed his hands shook. He has been with me from boyhood and loves me as much as a valet can; as I knew he did not drink, I felt real pity for him.

"Ill?" I inquired.

"Not ill, but put about, sir." He approached me with a look of real terror on his face. "I do beg and beseech you, sir, not to give that there bird to Miss Lettice. She couldn't stand having it yell Mr. Wallace's name at her, odd whiles and all whiles, like he yells it at me. It is awful, sir, and has made an old man of me."

I sat up in bed to exclaim, "He yells Mr. Wallace's name at you?"

"Yes, sir. It was this way. I put a match to the fire. 'Go to blazes,' says William. I at the same time remarking to Hannah, 'That's what Mr. Wallace always says.' Out cries the beast, plucking the very thought from my brain 'Wallace Weir's not dead.' I dropped right down among the fire-irons, as one wounded like, and he yelled it at me so as I couldn't hear Hannah's voice a-screaming to know if I was hurt."

"We won't send the bird to Miss Lettice," I answered, but as I sat thinking it over I came to the conclusion that I must have said that sentence overnight as I thought of Wallace and his strange history. I feared the bird as a demon, for he caught whatever one said as easy as the measles. I flung on a dressing-gown and rushed to his cage. I wanted to hear for myself. "Wallace Weir's not dead," I declared to him.

"Yuko karibu Buldomo," William observed, hanging by one claw from the roof of his cage and eying me with an eye of malice.

I knew just enough Swahili to translate this speech; "He is near Buldomo" is what it means. As I wondered if there was such a place, William began a chant, "Yuko karibu Buldomo, Wallace Weir's not dead." He said it fifty times in every phase of flippancy, shrieking and whistling as well, until I was almost beside myself. Wright had forgotten propriety in the shock of the bird's babble, and we both sat limply on chairs, I shivering in dressing-gown and pyjamas, afraid to leave lest I miss some important utterance. "Wright," I announced, when the bird had been silent for a few moments, "I'll go to the Geographical Society's Rooms and see if there is such place as Buldomo."

"Very good, sir," he answered, rising to his feet and the occasion, for in twenty-five minutes I had bathed and breakfasted and was getting into the hansom *en route* for Wallack Street.

The smooth-faced clerk at the Geographical Rooms hurried me from the main office to a side corridor, where maps of Africa hung about in bewildering profusion. He displayed one of East Africa, but it gave the comparative heights of hills and depth of rivers, prevalence of winds, and nature of dialect. Seeing my despair, he unlocked a big drawer and took out a great typewritten book, "What name, please?" he asked civilly.

"Buldomo," I said boldly.

His skilled eye nailed the place among all the bs.

"'Little is known of this singular province. Captain Eastman (—— Regiment) touched its northern boundary in '92. It is mountainous and fertile. Rajabu bin Abu Bekr has usurped it, and grasps it in an iron hand. Since his defeat at Bontinu he is too inimical to the English to admit of private exploration in this region. His army is largely composed of Somalis.'" Before he had finished I had resolved to go there. "Is it near Uganda?" I demanded.

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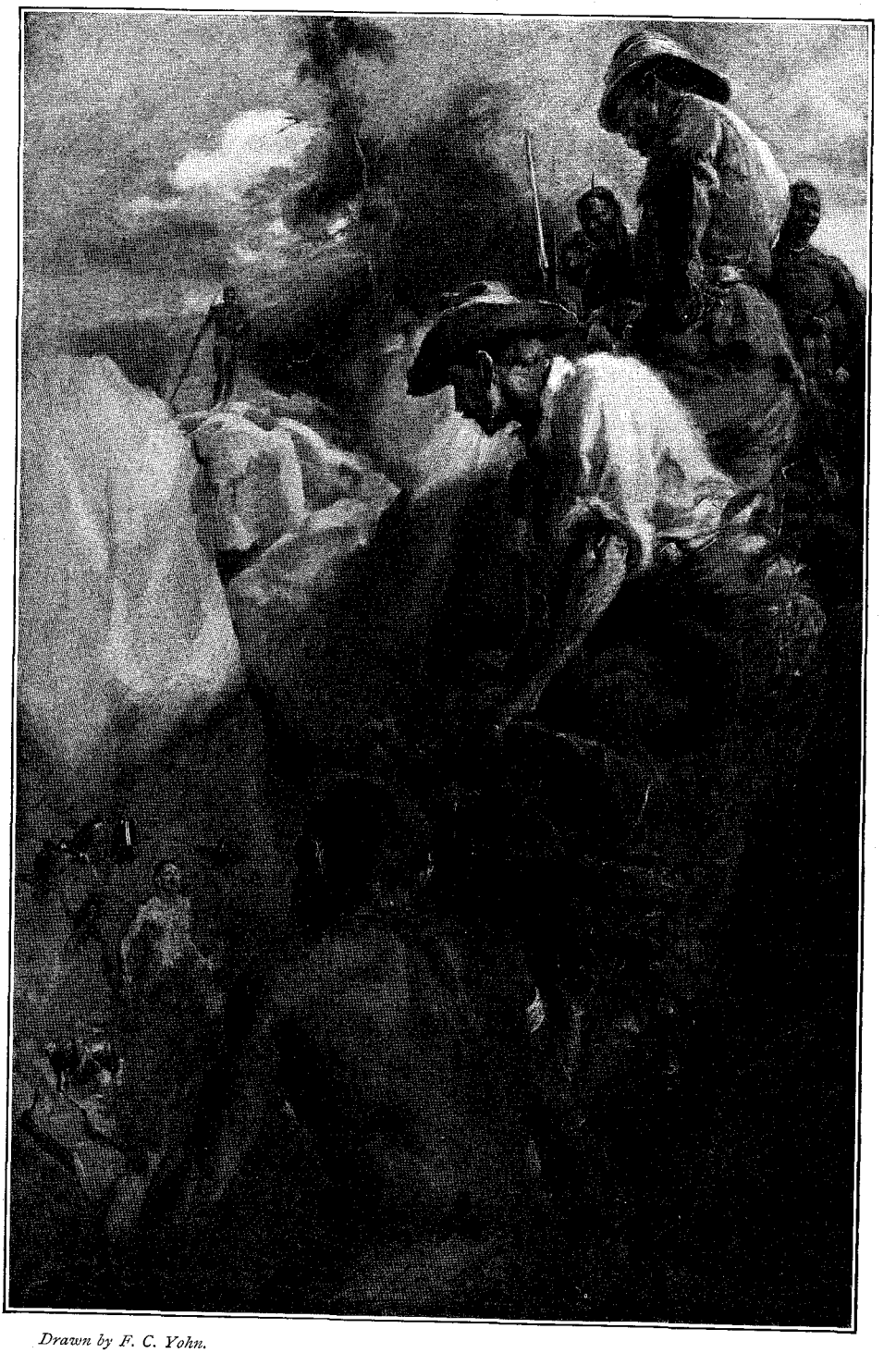

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It's I, Wallace," I called, "Uncle Pat."—Page 542.

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"Of course it is—look for yourself."

I looked and I hoped again.

"If only that wretched bird were a responsible being!" I cried aloud.

The clerk looked at me anxiously. I saw he was thinking me insane.

"Don't be worried about me," I said kindly, "I am not mad—only horribly annoyed by a parrot."

As this explanation did not seem to make things clearer, I took up my hat and escaped. I believed William knew about Wallace, but I was afraid of a lunacy commission if I said so.

IV

As I hurried home to find Wright, I was amazed at my ignorance. I had been to East Africa to search and yet I had never heard of Buldomo in all my quest, although it was a huge province and adjoining Uganda. I reflected upon my own helplessness and looked forward to Wright's sympathy. Hannah told me at the front door that he was gone out with the bird, looking for me; and I availed myself of his absence to write Lettice a note. After some thought I said:

"My Dear Lettice: Ethel has brought you an Uganda parrot, but as yet the bird would not be an amusing companion for you. I hope to bestow it upon you, fully accomplished, a little later, but if you will write and thank the child she will be enormously pleased. I would rather you did not say I had not delivered it yet; she will be in the country until my return.

"For I have received unofficial but—to me—rather convincing hints as to Wallace's whereabouts. I am getting up a search posse and looking my finances in the face with the fixed intent of getting off from Marseilles on February 10th. We shall go to Zanzibar first for porters, etc., and then to Mombasa, and so up-country. Don't come to say good-by, dear Lettice. When we next meet I want to see you quite happy and with him. If I should learn anything I will cable you instanter.

"Your Old Uncle Pat."

I couldn't help putting in "rather convincing." Dear, plucky little Lettice needed hope as a physical tonic. She was looking thin and racked when I saw her and told me she slept ill. I had hardly despatched this note when Wright came rushing in with the bird in his cage and the cage tied up in my fur coat. I didn't protest, because William was more than a map to us; I trembled to think how I had driven him home on the roof of the hansom without any wrappings. As for Wright, he had ceased being a valet, and had become a man.

"I went to the Geography Rooms after you," he said, "and when they seen the parrot they was for arresting me, but I slid away and cut back here."

"What did you want me for?"

"Master William has let fall more of his nigger language, and I, thinking you might wish to hear it, took the liberty of reporting him." He handed me a market order with directions as to cutting chops, but in one corner was written "Rawjobber bin Abow Baker."

"Rajabu bin Abu Bekr!" I cried. "The bird says this?"

"He says it, sir."

I seized Wright's hand, and before I realized it had been shaking it for five minutes. I was wreathed in smiles and nearly dancing.

"It's a clew!" I yelled.

"Ain't it wonderful that Master William knows geography?" Wright exclaimed, but I could not take time to join him in William's praise. I had to arrange some money matters and get all the cash I could find in twelve days.

I had my camping kit and soon procured the promise of sixty native soldiers and two white officers; I knew Zanzibari will always fight for you if you feed them well, and intended to take only Swahilis as porters in consequence of that fact. I told Ethel nothing practically, least of all that William was to revisit his native land under my chaperonage. The vessel had no passengers and the voyage no incidents as far as I was concerned, My mind was full of Wallace; I wanted him as a mother wants her child.

William furnished one moment of interest: he called "Dr. Niger" just before we made Zanzibar. No one knew or recognized the bird until we had him three days on our march. We were to pass the night at a fever-stricken mission enclosure, and the lady who met us on the trail told me she

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had entertained William as a guest about eight months before. He was brought down from up-country by Sir Andrew Donald, who bought him from a child who claimed to have caught him.

I shall never forget that horrible march—days and days of it through stinging sunshine, often without any hope at my heart, and always covered with prickly-heat; the world one wild tangle of irresponsible African undergrowth, slimy rivers sneaking to the sea under cover of jungled "spathodea," blood-red with many blooms, and the monsoon no stronger than one's own panting breath at the end of a day's tramp. And the people annoyed me; stark naked they were, and friendly, but smelling of their impossible food and talking of nothing but cocoanuts. I remembered it had seemed beautiful to me before, but now it was all too earnest an undertaking; suspense made the place a horror to me. "Now or never shall we get Wallace" was a rhythm I marched to—I loathed every breathless day and every wide-eyed, moon-filled night. Africa frightened me, as the dark frightens a child. I lay awake in the heart of its purple nights and thought and thought and—yes, scratched; I shall never forget that prickly-heat, and for enduring it with cheerfulness I expect a martyr's crown.

At length we came to the western boundary of the country I knew. We got into hills; the nights were cold, the prickly-heat departed in a day, a steady wind of new, sweet odor breathed on us at all hours, and the big game looked at us with just the same facial expressions as the savages. We had seen many Masai, but came on a new breed of blacks in these steep uplands—a less slender man with huge hands and ears without ornament. He moved more slowly, carried a shorter spear, and seemed quietly distrustful. We received stares in answer to all inquiries.

I remember travelling nine days in a perfect climate. We had not gone nine days' distance, however, as Wright had sickened with an infected foot and we lingered about his litter, for the poor chap was very cheerless at times. William sulked a good deal and said little. Our whole cause of depression was not knowing how near we were to our end and being soaked some time in every day by drenching downpours of rain. It was the first Sunday in May when we looked down on a village of huts, across a ravine, and wished we knew to whom the village belonged.

Capt. van Lammer Lewis had charge of the expedition, and a better sort never lived in the world. His cheerfulness was indomitable, and his decided manner was a boon in itself to us, who were so uncertain of every detail of our destination. He told me he had sent a Masai to find out the lay of the land and if the native town were occupied, for one town we had come upon had been depopulated by smallpox. We sat together in the grass smoking pipes and waiting for the Masai to return.

Presently we saw him toiling up the ravine, snatching at the blossoming frangipanni bushes growing on its steep flank. He moved as all wild creatures move, stealthily, without a thought of himself, and we admired him. The captain said to me, "Fine movers, those Masai; typical running form, eh?" And I was going to say "He wouldn't disgrace a 'varsity," when one of the short, thick men we had noticed in our advance sprang from a thicket and buried his stubby spear in the Masai's breast.

There wasn't any more to it than that. I was still gasping, burning my fingers unaccountably with my pipe, when the captain told ten men to go down the hill and bring in the Masai. He moved a few steps forward and a shot rang out, and presently he told us the short brown man who had brewed the mischief was on the same side of the wall as his victim. The ten men went out—Wright insisted on going with them—and presently they returned, the poor Masai drooping on his litter. He was not yet dead, and told us he had received a stormy greeting in the village. "They sent a man to kill me," he announced apathetically, "but I thought I had outrun him. This village is the principal maneatta of Rajabu bin Abu Bekr."

He died after an hour or more of unconsciousness. I was frantic to know if he had seen a white man in the maneatta, but I asked no questions lest I lift the blessed lethargy that enveloped the poor savage at his death. A deathbed without Christian symbols is a shocking sight; one does not need to be devout to realize this. When we buried him I raised a wooden cross at his head; it did not mean that he was a Christian, merely that we were—sometimes.

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There was tremendous confusion presently. We rushed into that ravine and out of it again. The captain was everywhere, and so was Wright. We killed men who interrupted our advance, but otherwise we did harm to no one. And when our fight was over and our slain—eighteen—were counted, and their slain—forty-three—buried, we sat down in the village they had deserted. I—weary, dirty, and disheartened, was almost tearful. This was the stronghold of Rajabu, but we had not seen a white face.

V

RAJABU and his men had run away, but they had left enough of their villainous associates strewn about to make the captain glad he had come. The worst feature of our present position was that we had made no prisoners—why I shall never learn—and therefore had no possible way of making inquiries as to Wallace's whereabouts. A runner, coming from the south to Rajabu, told us that Wallace's life had been spared that he might attend Dr. Niger in illness, as the Eurasian was highly respected in Buldomo circles and had lost his leg in a leopard trap. Otherwise—I remember the hasty gesture the savage made to signify that had circumstances been different Wallace would have been speared. We begged him to tell us where to find him, but the man didn't know. I went out that evening before the sun set to look for him. I had a guard of twelve men and four days' rations, but not one ray of hope as to bringing home whom I sought.

We walked through the blaze of sunset color, always to the south, for so ran that mysterious path one finds everywhere in that country, connecting flimsy town with water-course and well trodden by centuries of aimless feet. The moon rose, a disconsolate and gibbous moon, gilding the purple night as Africa's nights alone are gilded. The wind tossed the blood red branches of the spathodea's and the odd, dusty odor of the upland oppressed me as I walked. The men made our camp by the side of a cup-shaped abyss; we heard the water running through it and knew it would be useful in the morning. I lay down and slept.

The night was brighter when I woke, the water babbled below me in the dark abyss and I seemed conscious of a human voice—so conscious that I feared it was an alarm, and raised my head cautiously to listen with both ears. I heard someone stirring far below where the water was. Turning, I touched the guard beside me; he woke with a jerk, sat up in silence, his ears strained for sound, like mine. A voice floated up from below as a feather floats on an upward current of air. "Wallace Weir's not dead." This voice announced, "Yuko Karibu Buldomo." This statement was repeated eight times with noises as of someone moving from place to place. The savage at my side was choking with terror. "Watu wa zamani" he whispered, which means "people of old times, ghosts."

I had just sense enough to threaten him lest he stampede his fellows with some wild cry. I peered into the darkness, and then I said boldly, "What's this about Wallace Weir?" No one answered.

I said it again, "What's this about Wallace Weir?" and presently I heard the strangest sound imaginable as answer. I listened with all my soul. That sound below me was a great sob.

"It's I, Wallace," I called, "Uncle Pat. For God's sake, say you're well."

There was a long silence, and I knew the plucky chap was glad of darkness that I might not see his tears. I waited a long time for his voice. "I'm well," he answered faintly. "But I haven't had anything to eat but rice for four days, and it—it—makes me light-headed, you know—rice—does."

"Your captors were busy getting beaten at their own game. They ran away, and I'm going to take you home. How's Niger?"

"He's quite fit—asleep in a kind of cavern we have here." We were so shy and quiet with one another I could get no inkling of where he stood, but must lie on the edge of that queer cliff until daylight informed us. I leaned forward until I thought I could touch the edge.

"Have you suffered much?" I inquired.

It was the old Wallace who spoke to me now. "If you took all hell's torments," he said quietly, "and subjected one sinner to the lot, you might make a rough guess as to what it's been. How's Lettice?"

"Weary waiting—but well."

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The sun shot up and showed him to me, standing naked below me, his dusky head overgrown with matted locks, his beard straying over his chest in a reddish tangle. He was thin and tired, but such a glory of relief as shone on his face I shall not see again.

Eight parrots sat on perches; they woke presently and, after whistlings and inarticulate screeches, said each a part of the lesson he whispered by night. "Wallace Weir's not dead," they cried to one another in their ugly voices, but to me it was as if a gorgeous Easter hymn overwhelmed me in some solemn haunt of holiness.

"These creatures," Wallace explained, "kept me from going mad. I caught them. They come here to rest in high winds and to drink in all weathers"—he waved a hand toward the stream. "And I let 'em go after they've learned to tell whom I am, hoping they'll catch the ear of someone at Lahassi Station. If you whisper to a parrot at night, he'll usually say what you did in the morning."

I sat on a rock far above him and told my tale as it is set forth here. One leg, presumably Dr. Niger's, was visible in the little cavern opposite my cliff in a sheer wall of stone, as steep as that upon whose crest I sat. Pots and pans, on ground scarred with cooking fires and watered by a rushing brook, were inclosed on three sides by a sheer height of rock. Where the brook found its exit, a fourth wall had been built of great blocks of igneous rock—built by savage labor, but strong beyond any chance of escape.

"How did you get in here?" I asked.

"We came in where the brook goes out, and then these kindly blacks, cheered on by a blackguard called Rajabu, walled us up."

In four hours we had dug him out.

"How many graduates did you have from the parrot school?" I asked him that evening. He was bathed, and shaved, and dressed in my clothes; he had finished telling me of how Rajabu captured him, and killed his men. "Only Niger saved me, Pat," he said; "they fear old Niger, and he pretended I knew medicine, too."

I asked him once again. "How many birds were graduated from your parrot school?"

He thought it over carefully. "Three," he answered.

"God is good," the captain and I observed at the same moment. Wright kissed old William's head and the bird pecked affectionately at him.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Margaret Sherwood

FAINT blue the distant hills before,
  Yellow the harvest lands behind;
Wayfarers we upon the path
  The thistledown goes out to find.

On naked branch and empty nest,
  The woodland's blended gold and red,
Dim glory lies which autumn shares
  With faces of the newly dead.

Tender this moment of the year
  To eyes that seek and feet that roam;
It is the lifting of the latch,
  A footstep on the flags of home.

Now may the peace of withered grass
  And golden-rod abide with you;
Abide with me—for what is death?
  Fall of a leaf against the blue.

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AN IMPRESSIONIST'S NEW YORK

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

THERE is a flavor of the New World only to be tasted by coming from the Old. Not that a cisatlantic origin, by any means, is fatal to its perception. That, however, requires a familiarity with the bouquet of transatlantic life which the butterfly discursiveness of the modern tourist is little calculated to develop. And the enthusiasms and nostalgias to which he is subject do even less for him in the way of drawing out the potential connoisseur. But for exile or alien who happens to combine something of the critic's partiality to the comparative with something of the impressionist's indifference to the particular, the New World yields experiences of a highly distinctive savor.

It were no disparagement to other cities to say that more of these experiences are concentrated in New York than anywhere else. Certainly they strike the impressionist with more force if—as is oftenest the case—he approaches the Western Hemisphere by way of its capital. Is it a settlement of Cyclops, he asks himself, when first he enters the sea-gate of the town? Surely no race of men devised that colossus gliding toward him through the mist with torch upraised. Nor could they, the idle and inconsequent pygmies, have hung dream-bridges across that water-avenue. And as for the gigantic abodes that loom along the shore—their hands would too quickly tire of such work.

It might almost be a Cyclopean Venice, this place of island cities and mingling waterways. But how unlike the sad immortal little Venice of the Adriatic! Her gemlike rarity would be quite dissipated in this exaggeration of dimensions. There is something symbolic in the very difference between her still green tides of an inland sea and the terrific currents that scour these Grand Canals. A gondola were no craft for such highways. Hither come unimagined ships, Cyclopean as the city, that would cause a mediæval galleon to founder for amazement—ships bearing whole peoples upon their decks, and deep within them the plunder of the world. The very sailing vessels are on a magnified scale, piercing the sky with five and six masts—aye, with seven! But beside them, like toys, swim the little barks of other seas. They are earnest that the Cyclops dwell in amity with men.

Into their city, nevertheless, the impressionist steps with something of misgiving. The fellowship of giants is not lightly to be entered upon. Yet the shadow of their castles it is that most tempts him, darkening a cape of the isle they call Manhattan. Here are things absolutely without parallel. There are Rhines where castles hang, and blue Italian hills. There are cities famous for their towers. But where are there avenues so sunken between precipitous façades, one more fantastic than the next, that the wayfarer seems lost in some slit of a *Gasse* or *calle* in a narrow town? To the comer from oversea these curious citadels that are half of glass wear a hundred aspects of wonder. The fading perspective of them in an endless street, the silhouette of them against the sky, the play of cloud and star among their pinnacles, make a constant marvel for the eye.

Darkness, however, is their true element. It is the time, too, which seems to confirm the mysterious character of their occupancy. One of the most spectacular things in nature is to see, from bridges or ferries on late winter afternoons, their thousand windows burst suddenly aflame. Then if the air be sharp they embroider the night with a golden filigree. Or if mist hang low upon them they become pillars of fire, smouldering luridly under Vesuvian clouds. Or sometimes—and a hidden gas-house will kindly help out the illusion!—sometimes they loom above the water like mountains, through whose volcanic fissures the blaze flares out and dies away of subterranean forges at which the giants toil.

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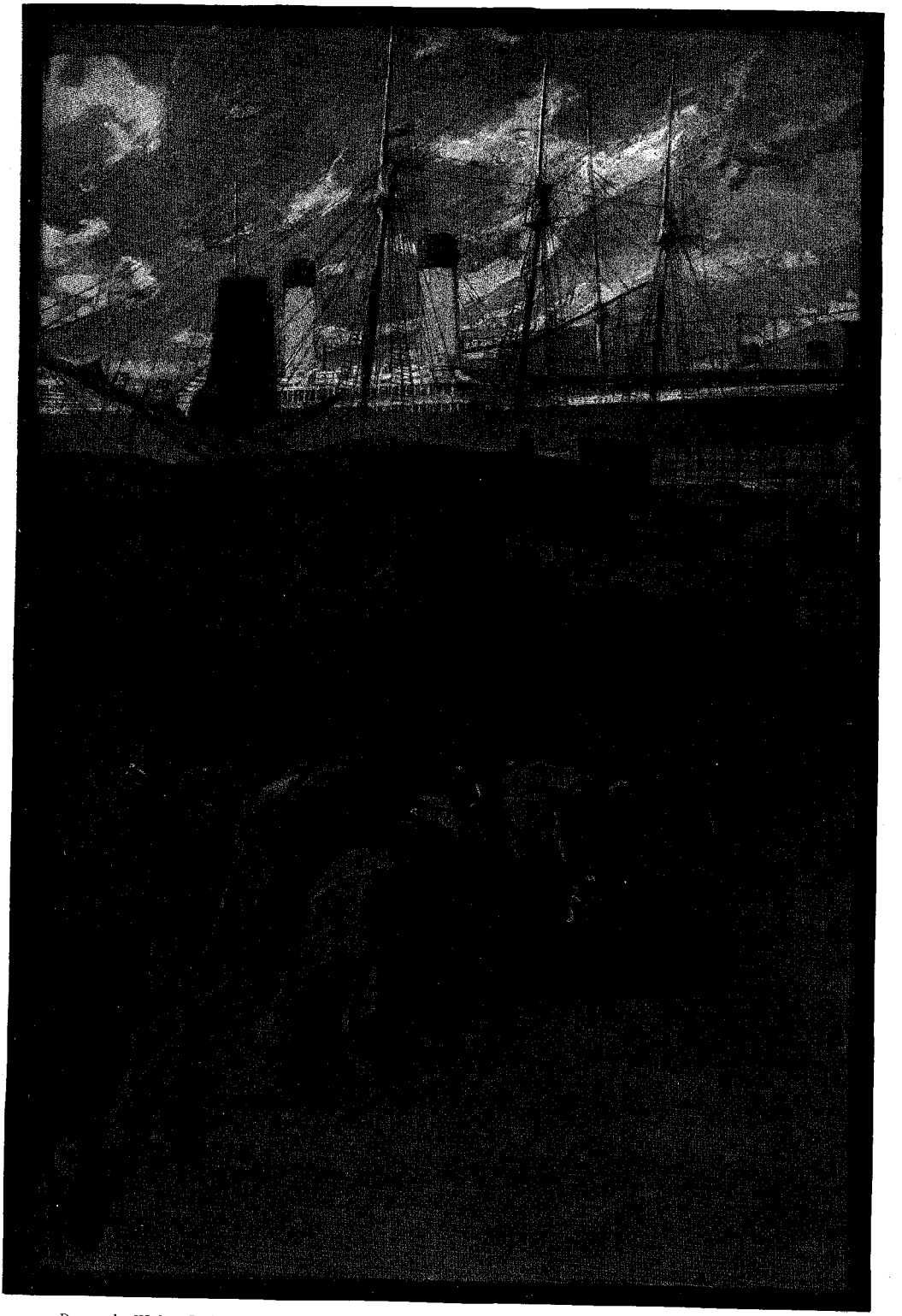

Drawn by Walter Jack Duncan.

Hither come unimagined ships, Cyclopean as the city.—Page 544.

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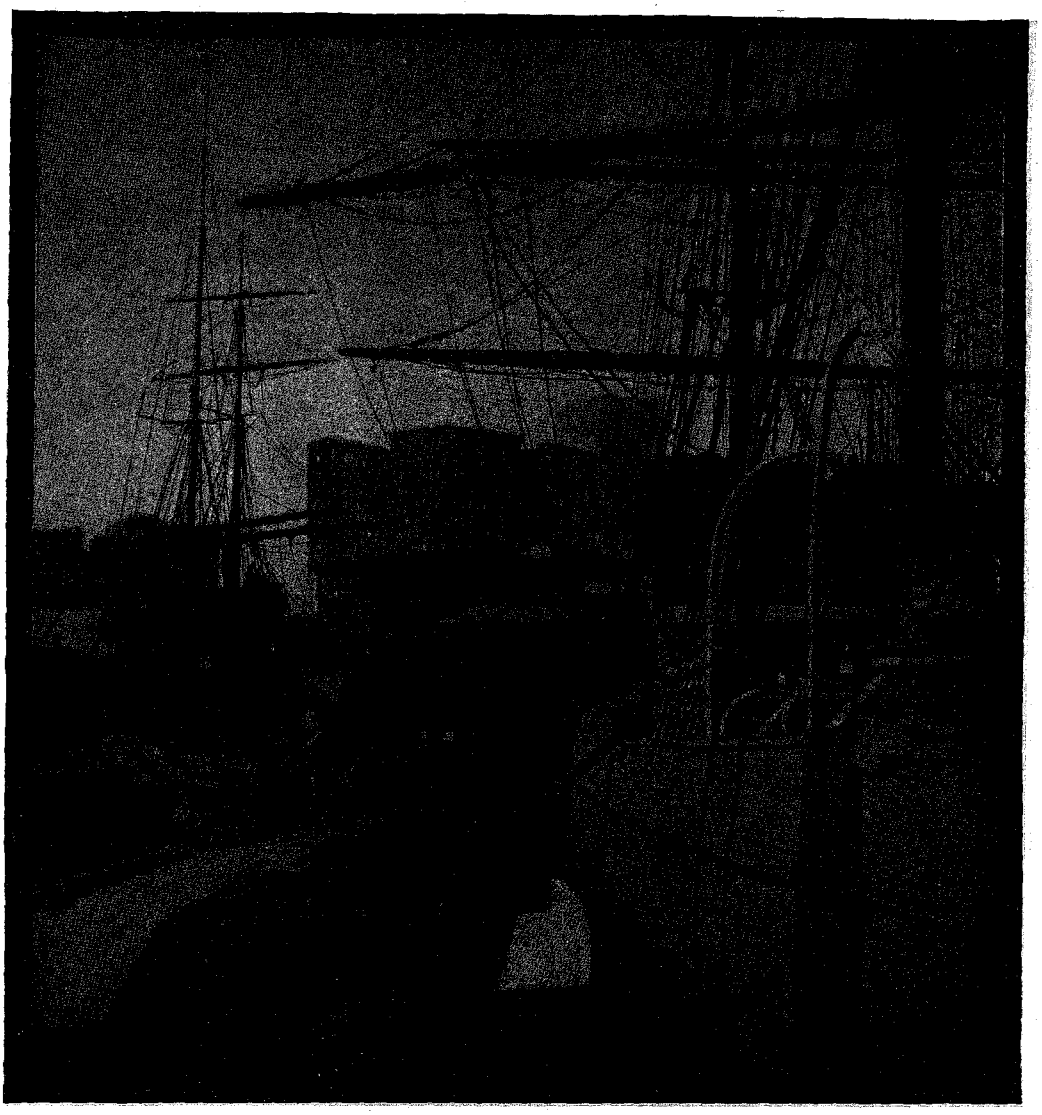

One of the most spectacular things in nature is to see . . . their thousand windows burst suddenly aflame.—Page 544.

New York nights, indeed, are as yet to be celebrated. They have a quality quite their own. It is not that of nights wherein ghosts walk. There are no ghosts in the New World, and they are the one cargo which can never cross the Atlantic. But genii of a more objective character are abroad. They work the most incredible enchantments with the most unpromising material. The city's salience of outline, the inequalities of surface which do much to save it from the gridiron upon which its pitiless progenitors sought to martyrize it, and its expanses of mirroring water peculiarly lend themselves, perhaps, to the play of lamplight and shadow. At all events, it becomes for the impressionist at night a kind of troll-garden in which, unaccountably, strange flowers of beauty break out of the darkness. The elevated railway, for instance: who would imagine that it could ever be anything but a kind of monstrous octopus, fastened upon the city and destroying wherever its tentacles reach? Yet there is a magic against which it does not prevail. To watch its chariots of fire sweep at night across an open vista or

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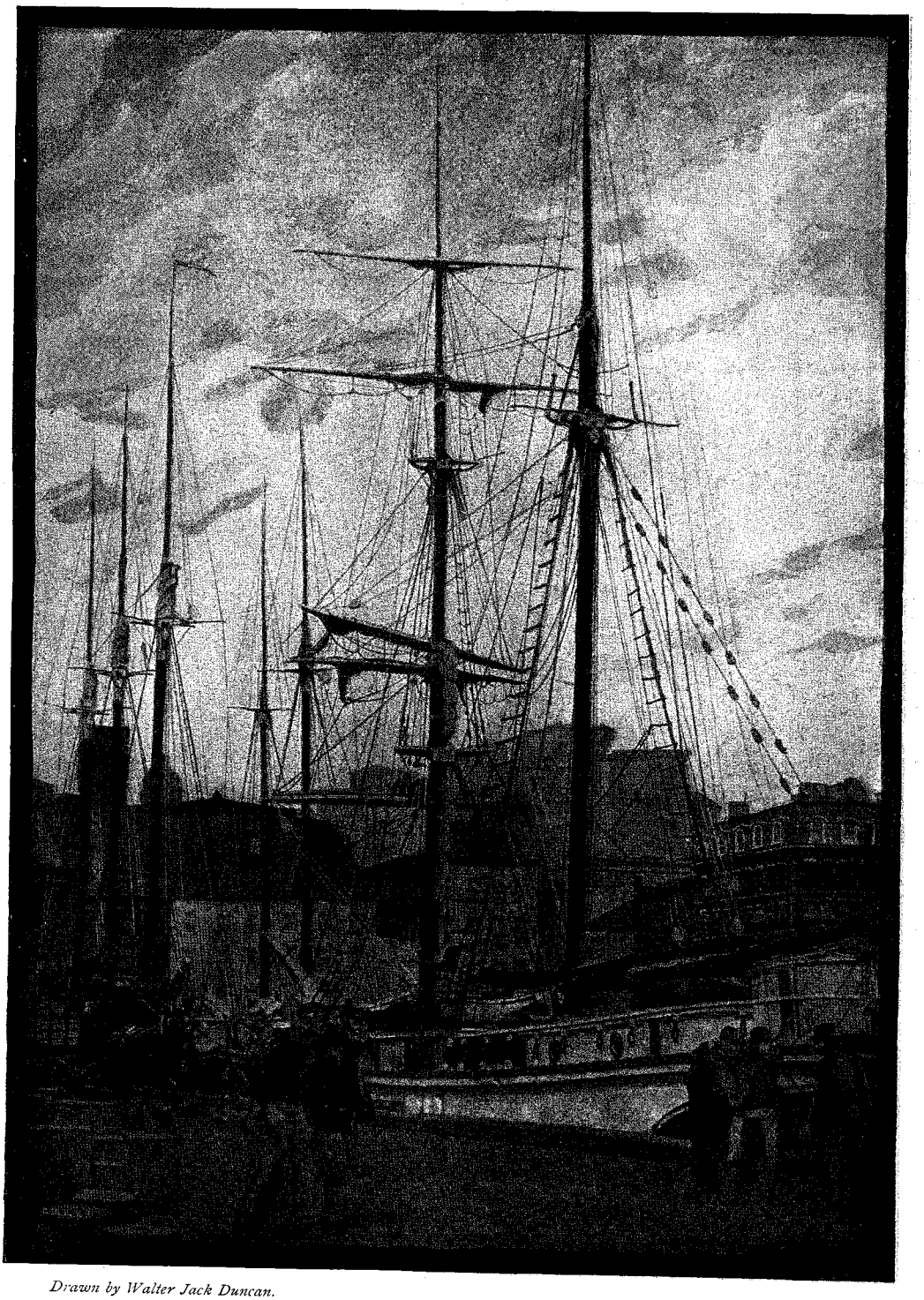

Drawn by Walter Jack Duncan.

A sailing vessel brings back all the old romance of the sea.—Page 550.

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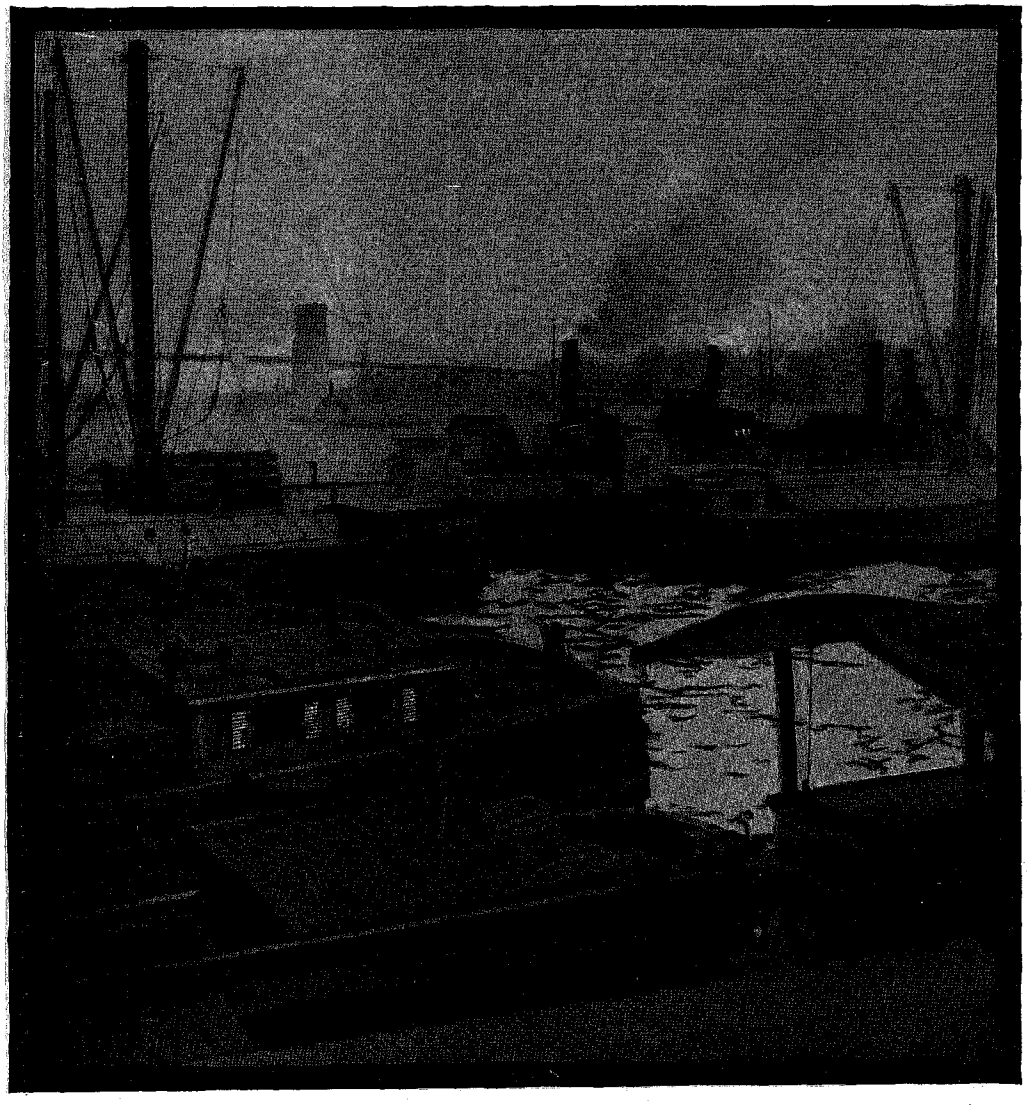

Surely no race of men . . . hung dream-bridges across that water-avenue.—Page 544.

slowly round a curve is almost worth its hours of infamy. Then there is an evening charm of the parks which has nothing to do with their daytime trimness—a charm to which the metallic tremor of the air, the fiery glow above the treetops, only seem to contribute a poignancy. And of those glimpses into fairyland which are in the metamorphosis of dingy Broadway, or the view from Washington Bridge upon the lights of Harlem, or the hanging gardens of Riverside Drive and Bay Ridge and Staten Island, one could never say enough.

But it is not always night in New York. Even if it were there would be times when the impressionist would give a thousand wonder-working genii for one dark unhappy Old-World ghost. If once he begins to analyze effects into their elements, indeed, he wonders that he ever thought of giants and genii at all, in a place so inhospitable to the superstitions of the fancy. And then, for him, is the critical moment. Then does he most need his impressionism. For if he be too impressionable the ugliness of a new and half-built town will combine

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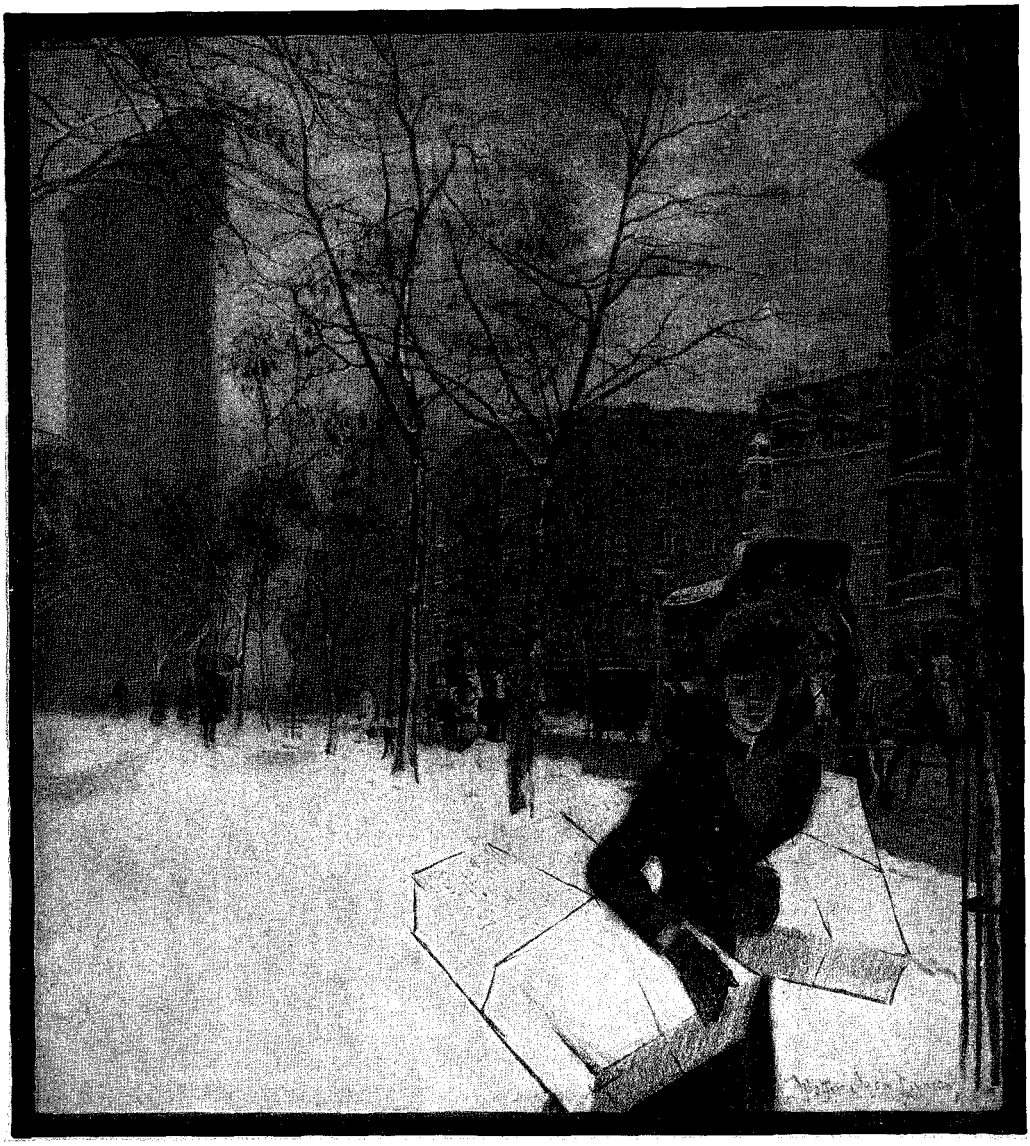

A Winter picture.

with its emptiness of tradition to frighten him away. There are only too many days when the clear atmosphere—or that famous lack of it—does nothing for details which need all the courtesy they can get. A sky-scraper considered by itself, as a mere piece of architecture, turns out to be a very different affair from the mysterious tower of dusk and storm. And recurrence to the comparative mood will reveal the capital of the New World in a light which, to put it mildly, has but a feeble glamour.

If he have a grain of humor, however, the impressionist will find pleasure in taking account of *bizzarreries* of architecture which certainly have never been equalled upon this planet. And if he be true to his name he will not be long in isolating many an aspect of the picturesque. He will snatch material out of the very jaws of destruction and discover etchings in the checkering of the street when the sun shines through the trestles of the "L." He will find matter for the brush in so unpromising a place as a railroad yard, where the delicate intricacies of track, the cloud-like play of smoke and

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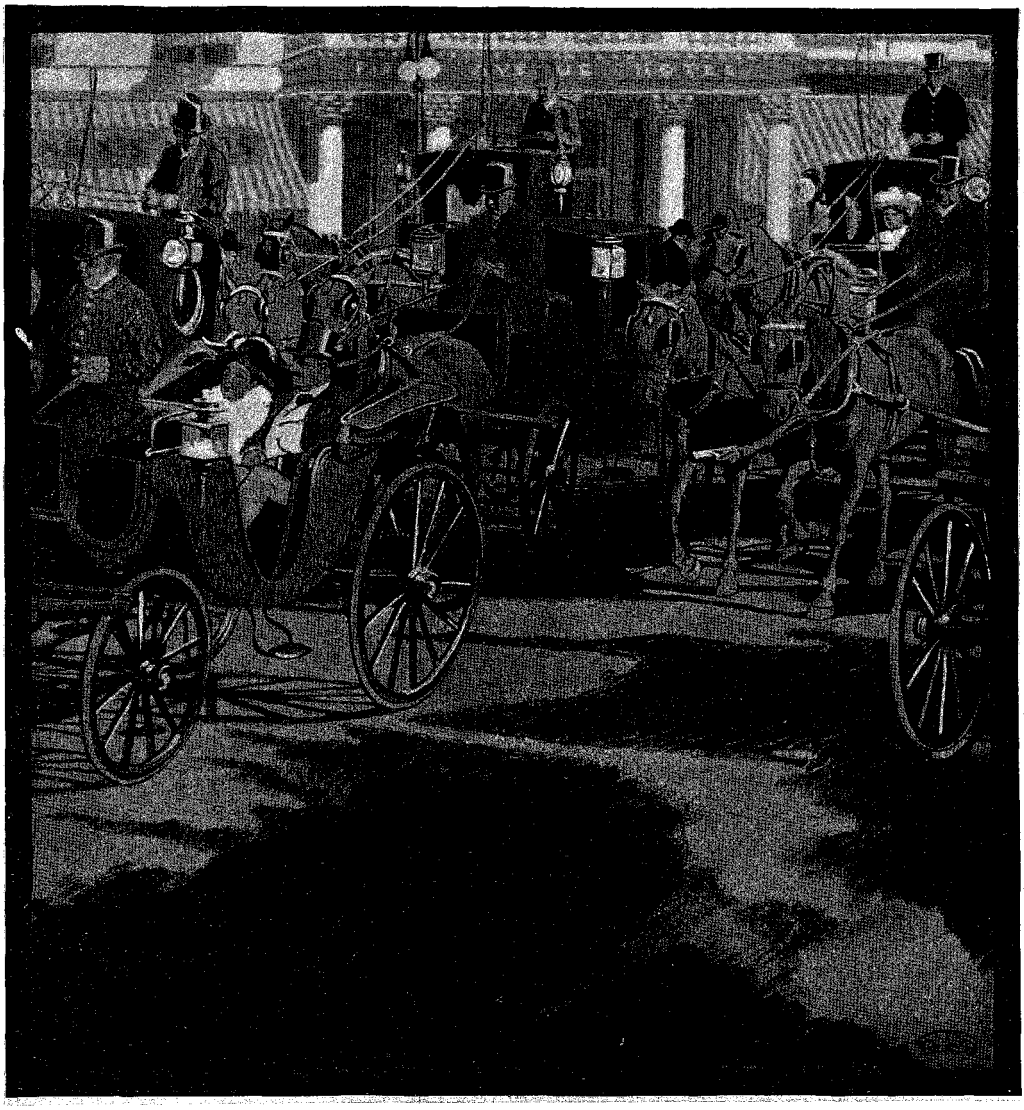

Afternoon.

steam, the night-time jewelry of switches, have a strange charm for the eye. He will perhaps linger longest in places where a sailing vessel brings back all the old romance of the sea, and where the mammoth liners that creep gingerly between their pasteboard piers have a marvellous trick of touching the imagination. He will even come to appreciate in houses as destitute of expression as so many hard-boiled eggs their value in the mass as a satisfying splash of color; or in a solitary sky-scraper, nondescript and abnormal though it be, a certain barbaric dignity of its own. Indeed in proportion as it once filled him with fury, he will probably learn to entertain for it an extravagant admiration which has nothing to do with legitimate standards of beauty.

This is no attempt, however, to gloze the fact that New York has nothing of the charm of older cities. On the contrary, in recognizing as frankly as possible that conscious æsthetic effects are so rare as hardly to count, and that the subtle work of time is completely lacking, the impressionist brings out the special quality of the place.

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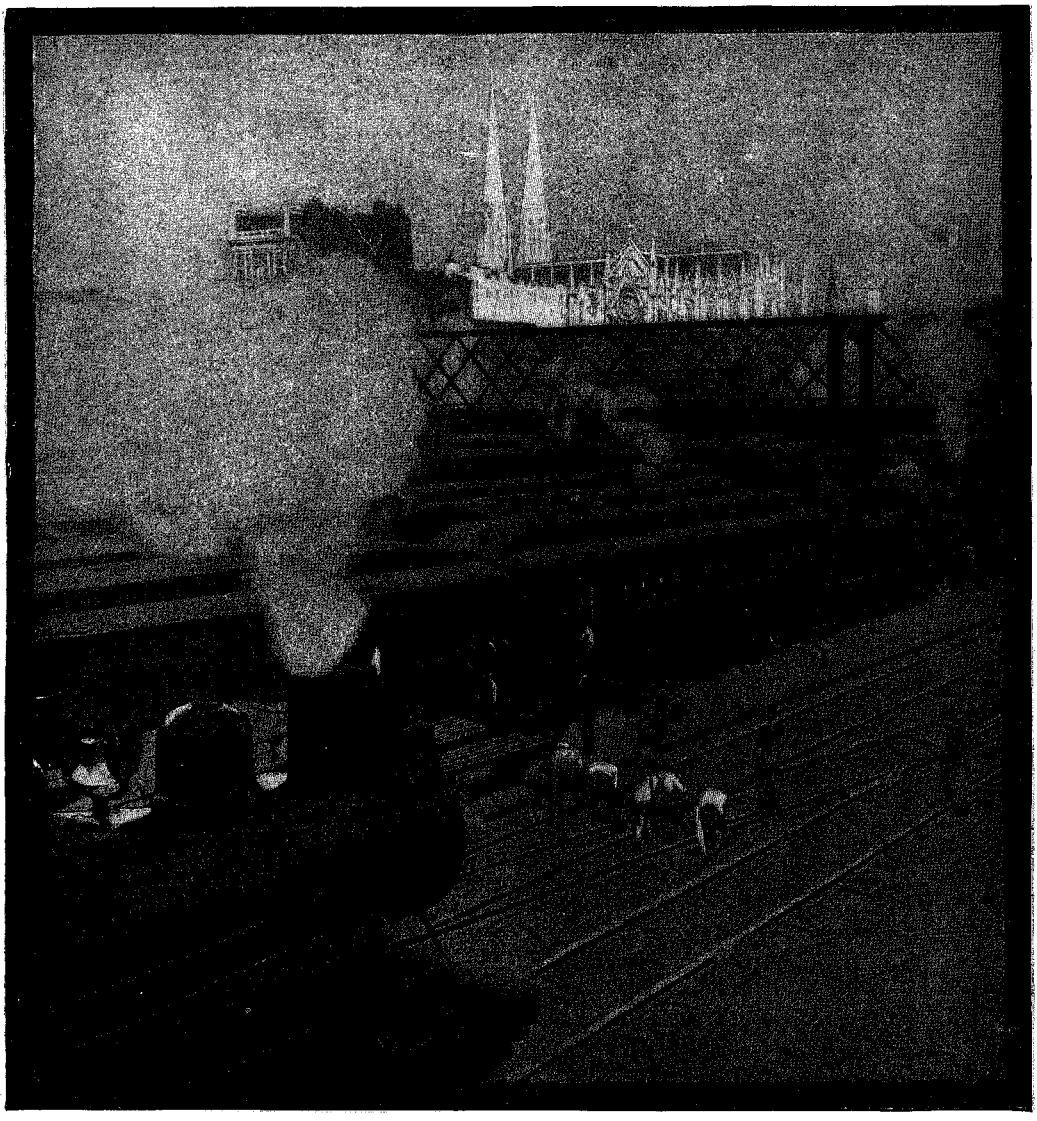

He will find matter for the brush in so unpromising a place as a railroad yard.—Page 549.

For exactly here is the real triumph of New York—that without beauty or tradition it is to an extraordinary degree picturesque and interesting. It compels one to discover in what protean forms may hide the picturesque, and how out of details negligible in themselves may be composed an *ensemble* of remarkable effect. It somehow forces upon one the sense that although the appeal of the past can never lose its sway there are still other appeals.

This is, indeed, the particular field of the impressionist. Yet nowhere does the principle lead him so far as in New York. And not only to the fantastic scroll which the roofs cut out upon the blue does the principle apply. It makes the prosaically straight streets as *bizarre* to him as might be the labyrinths of Cairo or Pekin. For he hears on passing tongues the speech of cities the most distant, the most unrelated. And what strange things do they tell him—these speakers from afar! They become for him, as he makes out behind the mask of modernity the extraordinary contrasts that it hides, a study more engrossing than any other.

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These . . . quick-witted, . . . naïve people of every color and language under the sun.

These are the *razze imbastardite* of D'Annunzio—these breathless, quick-witted, good-natured, naïve people of every color and language under the sun, too busy to enjoy themselves, enjoying themselves too much to stop being busy, working out for their sons a work to which no man holds the clew. Rome herself, swarming with slaves and barbarians, can scarcely have contained so many races. What is to come out of this melting-pot of nations? It may seem for the moment that the work is far along. As a matter of fact, it has scarcely begun. A thousand years hence how little will it matter that this element once had a social superiority to that, that one immigration arrived a century or two before another! Although the die, in all probability, will yet be that of the Anglo-Saxon, the metal will be an alloy which no one now can name.

The phenomenon is by no means new. By its operation were produced the elements which we see going once more into the crucible. It is merely the contemporary version of those nomadic migrations which populated Europe. But what makes

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it so peculiarly interesting is that it has never been recorded. It never before took place at a period of so much consciousness, of so many resources for keeping account of its various phases. Our documents on the making of the English, the French, the Germans, the Italians, are meagre enough. Of the formative period of earlier races scarcely a word has come down to us. But on the making of the Americans every man can keep his own note-book.

In the light of this realization the city itself becomes more interesting and more comprehensible. The impressionist may watch not only the making of a people but what is almost as novel, the making of a metropolis. The process reflects with curious fidelity the nature and the temper of the elements at work. Architecturally the place is a chaos. The most catholic eclecticism vies with the wildest individuality. Whims sweep through it like an epidemic—whims of red brick, whims of brown stone, whims of white marble. You may mark where the tides of life beat least fiercely by the wreckage of an earlier period not yet borne under by the onslaught of the new. But these relics have nothing of that indefinable touch which is of time. They have, rather, the air of a last year's hat. And they are discarded just as easily. It is as if the builders, in spite of their perpetual astonishment at the growth of the city, somehow knew that their work was experimental, and wrought accordingly. They apologized for their inadequacy to a *rôle* too suddenly thrust upon them by offering the least possible resistance to their successors.

To an observer tender of tradition, the wholesale obliteration of landmarks which is so significant a feature of the present period would seem wanton if—to ignore other possibilities—it did not seem so engaging. An Old World landlord would think twice, if he thought at all, about pulling down a house that served its purpose. Here, on the contrary, great companies exist to no other end. As architects sometimes make models to see how their ideas will look, these people build houses to see how they will look. And if the houses do not look well, the people sooner or later pull them down. Among all men of the earth these most completely enjoy the luxury of putting their *bêtises* into execution. Which, as disposing of troublesome obsessions, and as giving free play to the law of natural selection, is perhaps not a bad road to better things. At all events, there is less caprice in it than might appear. It is the plasticity of youth—an unlimited susceptibility to the new idea, a juvenile scorn of merely practical difficulties.

Such extravagances, of course, hint portentously of lacks and inadequacies. But even so, it is hardly a matter for reproach or resentment. For they hint, the extravagances, of things far more significant. They seem to say that in spite of a perverse lack of imagination, a perverse blindness to its own possibilities as a whole, the town has at last begun to settle into a site for which it is even yet too small. They hint, furthermore, of a stage in the building of a capital which the spectator will do well to take in while he may. He will never have another chance. In the erection of structures of a far more permanent character than have before existed here he may witness for himself that fixing of certain centres, half strategic and half accidental, which affects all the subsequent growth of a city. He may also recognize in the perpetual destruction which goes on about him, in the gradual appearance of buildings which deserve notice, that insatiability of the spirit which nothing can ever quite appease or subdue—the need of beauty, the desire of the unattained. Slowly, half unconsciously, as it were the resultant of an incomparable site and a unique opportunity, there emerges from this chaos of blasting and rivetting, of bridging and tunnelling, of razing and rebuilding, a rude design of greatness.

It all constitutes for the impressionist the very type and picture of modernity. For not only is New York a centre of those ingenuities with which, chiefly, we associate modern life; but it actually is, in so far as such a prodigy be possible, without a past. There are places where Time, that prince of connoisseurs, bequeathing to his children of to-day the treasures of other generations, has even known how to dignify with his kindly dust what was once too ugly or too fatuous for dignity of its own. This, however, is a place to which Time has not yet come. In size the second city of the world, it is in age the very last. Berlin and St. Petersburg are in a way as modern, but not so their soil. London, Paris, Vienna,

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Rome, Athens, sum up the history of Europe. The hoary cities of the east carry back our thought as far as it can go. But New York——! He for whom the greater charm of cities is to distinguish behind the voice of to-day the voices of yesterday and the day before here listens in vain. New York has no yesterday. The men who throng her streets are wanderers from over-sea. Their roots are not here. Their yesterdays are of the Thames and the Rhine and the Danube, the fiords of the North, the bays of the South, the mystic rivers of the East. These islands and Palisades to them are dumb. In this land of a secret past there is no answer to their human desire for a human response.

This situation, and the way in which it is carried, make for the impressionist the singular interest of New York. The place represents a mingling of traditions so complex as to constitute in itself an absence of tradition, as to make its builders the creators of tradition. And it forces the observer to see in modernity—poor noisy, untoned, inchoate, incoherent modernity—its own value as the factory of the future and the past in embryo. The situation is one that must have proved fatal to many a hungry spirit, starving for those things which are the birthright of ancient communities. For one who knows the charm of antiquity there is a pathos in the case of those absolutely cut off from it—which is not quite the pathos of those who toil in order that others may enjoy. It requires a peculiar eagerness combined with a peculiar indifference to be completely delighted by the promiscuous present. And the facts of modernity, many of them, are so novel that they add a further element of distraction. It is a pioneering eye, even now, that can see the picturesqueness of steel and steam.

But that has nothing to do with the singularity of the situation. Nor, in truth, have the facts of modernity themselves. It is not that they are more interesting in New York than elsewhere. It is that in their setting, and in the unprecedented scale of them, there is something epic. They bring one face to face with that protean quality of things which always so disconcerts us by changing values and approximating extremes. This newest of cities carries one back in thought to the oldest. It is almost as if one could return to some prehistoric time when men first woke from the silence of the earth. For what is taking place here is what took place in the other great cities of the world so long ago that none can remember. Here is a people at that rare moment which can only occur a few times in a history—the moment of creation. And it is one of the earliest moments of creation. It is the moment of those natural, necessary everyday things which for all their simplicity, for all their obviousness, somehow lie so near the immortal restlessness in the heart of man. These men are dreaming dreams of steel and gold; but such are the dreams which Time has often invested with his subtlest romance. These are truly the modern Cyclops. Their work is that of the myths, translated into contemporary terms. At a sudden command of destiny they are compelled to do in years what others have accomplished in centuries. And if now the confusion of their islands seem the prosaic consequence of a mixed blood, a keen and inconstant air, and the very primal necessity of creating in the wilderness a place for civilized men, a day may come when their descendants will remember the old sigh of the Frenchman: "*Si jeunesse savait! Si vieillesse pouvait!*"

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I

THE DOCTOR'S GIG

ONE lovely spring morning—and this story begins on a spring morning some fifty years or more ago—a joy of a morning that made one glad to be alive, when the radiant sunshine had turned the ribbon of a road that ran from Warehold village to Barnegat Light and the sea to satin, the wide marshes to velvet, and the belts of stunted pines to bands of purple, Martha Sands, the Cobdens' nurse, was out with her dog Meg. She had taken the little beast to the inner beach for a bath,—a custom of hers when the weather was fine and the water not too cold—and was returning to Warehold by way of the road, when, calling the dog to her side, she stopped to feast her eyes on the picture unrolled at her feet.

To the left of where she stood curved the coast, glistening like a scimitar, and the strip of yellow beach which divided the narrow bay from the open sea; to the right, thrust out into the sheen of silver, lay the spit of sand narrowing the inlet, its edges scalloped with lace foam, its extreme point dominated by the grim tower of Barnegat Light; aloft soared the gulls, flashing like jewels as they lifted their breasts to the sun, high into the blue, while away and beyond the sails of the fishing-boats, gray or silver in their shifting tacks, crawled over the wrinkled sea.

The glory of the landscape fixed in her mind, Martha gathered her shawl about her shoulders, tightened the strings of her white cap, smoothed out her apron, and with the remark to Meg that he'd "never see nothin' so beautiful nor so restful," resumed her walk.

They were inseparable, these two, and had been ever since the day she had picked him up outside the tavern, half starved and with a sore patch on his back where some kitchen-maid had scalded him. Somehow the poor outcast brought home to her a sad page in her own history, when she herself was homeless and miserable, and no hand was stretched out to her. So she had coddled and fondled him, gaining his confidence day by day and talking to him by the hour of whatever was uppermost in her mind.

Few friendships presented stranger contrasts: She stout and motherly-looking—too stout for any waist-line—with kindly blue eyes, smooth gray hair—gray, not white—her round, rosy face, framed in a cotton cap, aglow with the freshness of the morning—a comforting, coddling-up kind of woman of fifty, with a low, crooning voice, gentle fingers, and soft, restful hollows about her shoulders and bosom for the heads of tired babies. He thin, rickety, and sneak-eyed, with a broken tail that hung at an angle, and but one ear (a black-and-tan had breakfasted on the other)—a sandy-colored, rough-haired, good-for-nothing cur of multifarious lineage, who was either crouching at her feet or in full cry for some hole in a fence or rift in a wood-pile where he could flatten out and sulk in safety.

Martha continued her talk to Meg. While she had been studying the landscape he had taken the opportunity to wallow in whatever came first, and his wet hair was bristling with sand and matted with burs.

"Come here, Meg—you measly rascal! she cried, stamping her foot. "Come here, I tell ye!"

The dog crouched close to the ground, waited until Martha was near enough to lay her hand upon him, and then, with a backward spring, darted under a bush in full blossom.

"Look at ye now!" she shouted in a commanding tone. "'Tain't no use o' my washin' ye. Ye're full o' thistles and jest as dirty as when I throwed ye in the water. Come out o' that, I tell ye! Now, Meg, darlin' "—this came in a coaxing tone—"come out like a good dog—sure I'm not goin' in them brambles to hunt ye!"

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A clatter of hoofs rang out on the morning air. A two-wheeled gig drawn by a well-groomed sorrel horse and followed by a brown-haired Irish setter was approaching. In it sat a man of thirty, dressed in a long, mouse-colored surtout with a wide cape falling to the shoulders. On his head was a soft gray hat and about his neck a white scarf showing above the lapels of his coat. He had thin, shapely legs, a flat waist, and square shoulders, above which rose a clean-shaven face of singular sweetness and refinement.

At the sound of the wheels the tattered cur poked his head from between the blossoms, twisted his one ear to catch the sound, and with a side-spring bounded up the road toward the setter.

"Well, I declare, if it ain't Dr. John Cavendish and Rex!" Martha exclaimed, raising both hands in welcome as the horse stopped beside her. "Good-mornin' to ye, Doctor John. I thought it was you, but the sun blinded me, and I couldn't see. And ye never saw a better nor a brighter mornin'. These spring days is all blossoms, and they ought to be. Where ye goin', anyway, that ye're in such a hurry? Ain't nobody sick up to Cap'n Holt's, be there?" she added, a shade of anxiety crossing her face.

"No, Martha; it's the dressmaker," answered the doctor, tightening the reins on the restless sorrel as he spoke. The voice was low and kindly and had a ring of sincerity through it.

"What dressmaker?"

"Why, Miss Gossaway!" His hand was extended now—that fine, delicately wrought, sympathetic hand that had soothed so many aching heads.

"You've said it," laughed Martha, leaning over the wheel so as to press his fingers in her warm palm. "There ain't no doubt 'bout that skinny fright being 'Miss,' and there ain't no doubt 'bout her stayin' so. Ann Gossaway she is, and Ann Gossaway she'll die. Is she took bad?" she continued, a merry, questioning look lighting up her kindly face, her lips pursed knowingly.

"No, only a sore throat," the doctor replied, loosening his coat.

"Throat!" she rejoined, with a wry look on her face. "Too bad 'twarn't her tongue. If ye could snip off a bit o' that some day it would help folks considerable 'round here."

The doctor laughed in answer, dropped the lines over the dashboard and leaned forward in his seat, the sun lighting up his clean-cut face. Busy as he was—and there were few busier men in town, as every hitching-post along the main street of Warehold village from Billy Tatham's, the driver of the country stage, to Captain Holt's, could prove—he always had time for a word with the old nurse.

"And where have *you* been, Mistress Martha?" he asked, with a smile, dropping his whip into the socket, a sure sign that he had a few more minutes to give her.

"Oh, down to the beach to git some o' the dirt off Meg. Look at him—did ye ever see such a rapscallion! Every time I throw him in he's into the sand ag'in wallowin' before I kin git to him."

The doctor bent his head, and for an instant watched the two dogs; Meg circling about Rex, all four legs taut, his head jerking from side to side in his eagerness to be agreeable to his roadside acquaintance, the agate-eyed setter returning Meg's attentions with the stony gaze of a club swell ignoring a shabby relative. The doctor smiled thoughtfully. There was nothing he loved to study so much as dogs—they had a peculiar humor of their own, he often said, more enjoyable sometimes than that of men—then he turned to Martha again.

"And why are you away from home this morning of all others," he asked. "I thought Miss Lucy was expected from school to-day?"

"And so she is, God bless her! And that's why I'm here. I was that restless I couldn't keep still, and so I says to Miss Jane, 'I'm goin' to the beach with Meg and watch the ships go by; that's the only thing that'll quiet my nerves. They're never in a hurry with everybody punchin' and haulin' them.' Not that there's anybody doin' that to me, 'cept like it is to-day when I'm waitin' for my blessed baby to come back to me. Two years, doctor—two whole years since I had my arms round her. Wouldn't ye think I'd be nigh crazy?"

"She's too big for your arms now, Martha," laughed the doctor, gathering up his reins. "She's a woman—seventeen, isn't she?"

"Seventeen and three months, come the fourteenth of next July. But she's not a woman to me, and she never will be. She's my wee bairn that I took from her mother's

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dyin' arms and nursed at my own breast, and she'll be that wee bairn to me as long as I live. Ye'll be up to see her, won't ye, doctor?"

"Yes, to-night. How's Miss Jane?" As he made the inquiry his eyes kindled and a slight color suffused his cheeks.

"She'll be better for seein' ye," the nurse answered with a knowing look. Then in a louder and more positive tone, "Oh, ye needn't stare so with them big brown eyes o' yourn. Ye can't fool old Martha, none o' you young people kin. Ye think I go round with my eyelids sewed up. Miss Jane knows what she wants—she's proud, and so are you; I never knew a Cobden nor a Cavendish that warn't. I haven't a word to say—it'll be a good match when it comes off. Where's that Meg? Good-by, doctor. I won't keep ye a minute longer from *Miss* Gossaway. I'm sorry it ain't her tongue, but if it's only her throat she may get over it. Go long, Meg!"

Dr. Cavendish laughed one of his quiet laughs—a laugh that wrinkled the lines about his eyes, with only a low gurgle in his throat for accompaniment, picked up his whip, lifted his hat in mock courtesy to the old nurse, and calling to Rex, who, bored by Meg's attentions, had at last retreated under the gig, chirruped to his horse, and drove on.

Martha watched the doctor and Rex until they were out of sight, walked on to the top of the low hill, and finding a seat by the roadside—her breath came short these warm spring days—sat down to rest, the dog stretched out in her lap. The little outcast had come to her the day Lucy left Warehold for school, and the old nurse had always regarded him with a certain superstitious feeling, persuading herself that nothing would happen to her bairn as long as this miserable dog was well cared for.

"Ye heard what Doctor John said about her bein' a woman, Meg?" she crooned, when she had caught her breath. "And she with her petticoats up to her knees! That's all he knows about her. Ye'd know better than that, Meg, wouldn't ye—if ye'd seen her grow up like he's done? But grown up or not, Meg"—here she lifted the dog's nose to get a clearer view of his sleepy eyes—"she's my blessed baby and she's comin' home this very day, Meg, darlin'; d'ye hear that, ye little ruffian? And she's not goin' away ag'in, never, never. There'll be nobody drivin' round in a gig lookin' after her—nor nobody else as long as I kin help it. Now git up and come along; I'm that restless I can't sit still," and sliding the dog from her lap, she again resumed her walk toward Warehold.

Soon the village loomed in sight, and later on the open gateway of "Yardley," the old Cobden Manor, with its two high brick posts topped with white balls and shaded by two tall hemlocks, through which could be seen a level path leading to an old colonial house with portico, white pillars supporting a balcony, and a sloping roof with huge chimneys and dormer windows.

Martha quickened her steps, and halting at the gate-posts, paused for a moment with her eyes up the road. It was yet an hour of the time of her bairn's arrival by the country stage, but her impatience was such that she could not enter the path without this backward glance. Meg, who had followed behind his mistress at a snail's pace, also came to a halt and, as was his custom, picked out a soft spot in the road and sat down on his haunches.

Suddenly the dog sprang up with a quick yelp and darted inside the gate. The next instant a young girl in white, with a wide hat shading her joyous face, jumped from behind one of the big hemlocks and with a cry pinioned Martha's arms to her side.

"Oh, you dear old thing, you! where have you been? Didn't you know I was coming by the early stage?" she exclaimed in a half-querulous tone.

The old nurse disengaged one of her arms from the tight clasp of the girl, reached up her hand until she found the soft cheek, patted it gently for an instant as a blind person might have done, and then reassured, hid her face on Lucy's shoulder and burst into tears. The joy of the surprise had almost stopped her breath.

"No, baby, no," she murmured. "No, darlin', I didn't. I was on the beach with Meg. No, no— Oh, let me cry, darlin'. To think I've got you at last! I wouldn't have gone away, darlin', but they told me you wouldn't be here till dinner-time. Oh, darlin', is it you? And it's all true, isn't it? and ye've come back to me for good? Hug me close. Oh, my baby bairn, my little one! Oh, you precious!" and she nestled the girl's head on her bosom, smoothing her

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cheek as she crooned on, the tears running down her cheeks.

Before the girl could reply there came a voice calling from the house: "Isn't she fine, Martha?" A woman above the middle height, young and of slender figure, dressed in a simple gray gown and without her hat, was stepping from the front porch to meet them.

"Too fine, Miss Jane, for her old Martha," the nurse shouted back. "I've got to love her all over again. Oh, but I'm that happy I could burst meself with joy! Give me hold of your hand, darlin'—I'm afraid I'll lose ye ag'in if ye get out of reach of me."

The two strolled slowly up the path to meet Jane, Martha patting the girl's arm and laying her cheek against it as she walked. Meg had ceased barking and was now sniffing at Lucy's skirts, his bent tail wagging slowly, his sneaky eyes looking up into Lucy's face.

"Will he bite, Martha?" she asked, shrinking to one side. She had an aversion to anything physically imperfect, no matter how lovable it might be to others. This tattered example struck her as particularly objectionable.

"No, darlin'—nothin' 'cept his food," and Martha laughed.

"What a horrid little beast!" Lucy said half aloud to herself, clinging all the closer to the nurse. "This isn't the dog sister Jane wrote me about, is it? She said you loved him dearly—you don't, do you?"

"Yes, that's the same dog. You don't like him, do you, darlin'?"

"No, I think he's awful," retorted Lucy in a positive tone.

"It's all I had to pet since you went away," Martha answered apologetically.

"Well, now I'm home, give him away, please. Go away, you dreadful dog!" she cried, stamping her foot as Meg, now reassured, tried to jump upon her.

The dog fell back, and crouching close to Martha's side raised his eyes appealingly, his ear and tail dragging.

Jane now joined them. She had stopped to pick some blossoms for the house.

"Why, Lucy, what's poor Meg done?" she asked, stooping over the dog. "Poor old doggie—we all love you, don't we?" and she patted the crestfallen beast on the head.

"Well, just please love him all to yourselves, then," retorted Lucy with a toss of her head. "I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs. I never saw anything so ugly. Get away, you little brute!"

"Oh Lucy, dear, don't talk so," replied the older sister in a pitying tone. "He was half starved when Martha found him and brought him home—and look at his poor back——"

"No, thank you; I don't want to look at his poor back, nor his poor tail, nor anything else poor about him. And you will send him away, won't you, like a dear good old Martha?" she added, patting Martha's shoulder in a coaxing way. Then encircling Jane's waist with her arm, the two sisters sauntered slowly back to the house.

Martha followed behind with Meg.

Somehow, and for the first time where Lucy was concerned, she felt a tightening of her heart-strings, all the more painful because it had followed so closely upon the joy of their meeting. What had come over her bairn, she said to herself with a sigh, that she should talk so to Meg—to anything that her old nurse loved, for that matter? Jane interrupted her reveries.

"Did you give Meg a bath, Martha?" she asked over her shoulder. She had seen the look of disappointment in the old nurse's face and, knowing the cause, tried to lighten the effect.

"Yes—half water and half sand. Doctor John came along with Rex shinin' like a new muff, and I was ashamed to let him see Meg. He's comin' up to see you to-night, Lucy, darlin'," and she bent forward and tapped the girl's shoulder to accentuate the importance of the information.

Lucy cut her eye in a roguish way and twisted her pretty head around until she could look into Jane's eyes.

"Who do you think he's coming to see, sister?"

"Why, you, you little goose. They're all coming—Uncle Ephraim has sent over every day to find out when you would be home, and Bart Holt was here early this morning, and will be back to-night."

"What does Bart Holt look like?"—she had stopped in her walk to pluck a spray of lilac blossoms. "I haven't seen him for years; I hear he's another one of your beaux," she added, tucking the flowers into Jane's belt. "There, sister, that's just your color; that's what that gray dress needs. Tell me, what's Bart like?"

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"A little like Captain Nat, his father," answered Jane, ignoring Lucy's last inference, "not so stout and——"

"What's he doing?"

"Nothin', darlin', that's any good," broke in Martha from behind the two. "He's sailin' a boat when he ain't playin' cards or scarin' everybody down to the beach with his gun, or shyin' things at Meg."

"Don't you mind anything Martha says, Lucy," interrupted Jane in a defensive tone. "He's got a great many very good qualities; he has no mother and the captain has never looked after him. It's a great wonder that he is not worse than he is."

She knew Martha had spoken the truth, but she still hoped that her influence might help him, and then again, she never liked to hear even her acquaintances criticised.

"Playing cards! That all?" exclaimed Lucy, arching her eyebrows; her sister's excuses for the delinquent evidently made no impression on her. "I don't think playing cards is very bad; and I don't blame him for throwing anything he could lay his hands on at this little wretch of Martha's. We all played cards up in our rooms at school. Miss Sarah never knew anything about it —she thought we were in bed, and it was just lovely to fool her. And what does the immaculate and don't-touch-me Dr. John Cavendish look like? Has he changed any?" she added with a laugh.

"No," answered Jane simply.

"Does he come often?" She had turned her head now and was looking from under her lids at Martha. "Just as he used to and sit around, or has he——" and she lifted her eyebrows in inquiry, as a laugh bubbled out from between her lips.

"Yes, that's just what he does do," cried Martha in a triumphant tone; "every minute he kin git. And he can't come too often to suit me. I jest love him, and I'm not the only one, neither, darlin'," and she nodded her head meaningly toward Jane.

"And Barton Holt as well?" persisted Lucy. "Why, sister, I didn't suppose there would be a man for me to look at when I came home, and you've got two already! Which one are you going to take?" Here her rosy face was drawn into solemn lines.

Jane colored. "You've got to be a great tease, Lucy," she answered as she leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "I'm not in the back of the doctor's head, nor he in mine—he's too busy nursing the sick—and Bart's a boy!"

"Why, he's twenty-five years old, isn't he?" exclaimed Lucy in some surprise.

"Twenty-five years young, dearie—there's a difference, you know. That's why I do what I can to help him. If he'd had the right influences in his life and could be thrown a little more with nice women it would help make him a better man. Be very good to him, please, even if you do find him a little rough."

They had mounted the steps of the porch and were now entering the wide colonial hall—a bare white hall, with a staircase protected by spindling mahogany banisters and a handrail. Jane passed into the library and seated herself at her desk. Lucy ran on upstairs, followed by Martha to help unpack her boxes and trunks.

When they reached the room in which Martha had nursed her for so many years —the little crib still occupied one corner— the old woman took the wide hat from the girl's head and looked long and searchingly into her eyes.

"Let me look at ye, my baby," she said, as she pushed Lucy's hair back from her forehead; "same blue eyes, darlin', same pretty mouth I kissed so often, same little dimples ye had when ye lay in my arms, but ye've changed—how I can't tell. Somehow, the face is different."

Her hands now swept over the full rounded shoulders and plump arms of the beautiful girl, and over the full hips.

"The doctor's right, child," she said with a sigh, stepping back a pace and looking her over critically; "my baby's gone—you've filled out to be a woman."

II

SPRING BLOSSOMS

FOR days the neighbors in and about the village had been looking forward to the occasion of Lucy's home-coming as one of the important epochs in the history of the manor house; quite as they would have done had Lucy been a boy and the expected function one given in honor of the youthful heir's majority. Most of them had known the father and mother of these girls, and all of

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them loved Jane, the gentle mistress of the home—a type of woman eminently qualified to maintain its prestige.

It had been a great house in its day. Built in early Revolutionary times by Archibald Cobden, who had thrown up his office under the Crown and openly espoused the cause of the colonists, it had often been the scene of many of the festivities and social events following the conclusion of peace and for many years thereafter. The rooms were still pointed out in which Washington and Lafayette had slept, as well as the small alcove where the dashing Bart de Klyn always passed the night whenever he drove over in his coach with outriders from Bow Hill to Barnegat and the sea.

With the death of Colonel Creighton Cobden, who held a commission in the War of 1812, all this magnificence of living changed, and when Morton Cobden, the father of Jane and Lucy, inherited the estate, but little was left except the Manor House, greatly out of repair, and some invested property which brought in but a modest income. On his death-bed Morton Cobden's last words were a prayer to Jane, then eighteen, that she would watch over and protect her younger sister, a fair-haired child of eight, taking his own and her dead mother's place. This trust had so dominated Jane's life that it had become a part of her religion.

Since then Jane had been the one strong hand in the home, looking after its affairs, managing their income, and watching over every step of her sister's girlhood and womanhood. Two years before she had placed Lucy in one of the fashionable boarding-schools of Philadelphia, there to study "music and French," and to perfect herself in that "grace of manner and charm of conversation," which the two maiden ladies who presided over its fortunes claimed in their modest advertisements they were so competent to teach. Part of the curriculum was an enforced absence from home of two years, during which time none of her home people were to visit her except in case of emergency.

To-night, in honor of Lucy's arrival, the once famous house shone with something of its old-time color. The candles were lighted in the big bronze candelabra—the ones which came from Paris; the best glass and china and all the old plate were brought out and placed on the side-board and serving-tables; a wood fire was started, its cheery blaze (the nights were yet cold) lighting up the brass fender and andirons before which many of Colonel Cobden's cronies had toasted their shins as they sipped their toddies in the old days; easy-chairs and hair-cloth sofas were drawn from the walls; the big lamps lighted, and many minor details perfected for the comfort of the expected guests.

Jane entered the drawing-room in advance of Lucy and was busying herself putting the final touches to the apartment, when the door opened softly and Martha—the old nurse had for years been treated as a member of the family—stepped in, bowing and curtsying as would an old woman in a play, the skirt of her new black silk gown that Ann Gossaway had made for her held out between her plump fingers, her mob-cap with its long lace strings bobbing with every gesture. With her rosy cheeks, silver-rimmed spectacles, self-satisfied smile, and big puffy sleeves, she looked as if she might have stepped out of one of the old frames lining the walls.

"What do ye think of me, Miss Jane? I'm as proud as a peacock—that I am!" she cried, twisting herself about. "Do ye know, I never thought that skinny dress-maker could do half as well. Is it long enough?" and she craned her head in the attempt to see the edge of the skirt.

"Fits you beautifully, Martha. You look fine," answered Jane in all sincerity, as she made a survey of the costume. "How does Lucy like it?"

"The darlin' don't like it at all; she says I look like a pall-bearer, and ye ought to hear her laughin' at the cap. Is there anything the matter with it? The pastor's wife's got one, anyhow, and she's a year younger'n me."

"Don't mind her, Martha—she laughs at everything; and how good it is to hear her! She never saw you look so well," replied Jane, as she moved a jar from a table and placed it on the mantel to hold the blossoms she had picked in the garden. "What's she doing upstairs so long?"

"Prinkin'—and lookin' that beautiful ye wouldn't know her. But the width and the thickness of her"—here the wrinkled fingers measured the increase with a half circle in the air—"and the way she's plumped out—not in one place, but all

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over—well, I tell ye, ye'd be astonished! She knows it, too, bless her heart! I don't blame her. Let her git all the comfort she kin when she's young—that's the time for laughin'—the cryin' always comes later."

The two had now crossed the room and were engaged in arranging the sprays of blossoms over the clock, around the stems of the candelabra, and under the portrait of Morton Cobden, which looked calmly down on the room from its place on the walls.

Martha's rhapsody over Lucy would never have described Jane: not in her best moments could she have been called beautiful—not even to-night when Lucy's home-coming had given a glow to her cheeks and a lustre to her eyes that nothing else had done for months. Her figure was too slender—almost angular in its outlines; the throat and neck too spare, the arms too straight, the wrists and hands too thin—transparent even, although beautifully wrought, as were the hands of all her race; the waist, hips, and back rather those of a woman who worked than of a woman who idled. The contour of the head, moreover, even when softened by her smooth chestnut hair, worn close to her ears and caught up in a coil behind, was too severe for accepted standards, while her features, wonderfully expressive as they were, lacked the finer modelling required in the perfect types of female loveliness, the eyebrows being almost straight, the cheeks sunken, with little shadows under the cheekbones, and the lips narrow and often drawn.

And yet with all these discrepancies and, to some minds, blemishes there was a light in her deep gray eyes, a melody in her voice, a charm in her manner, a sureness of her being exactly the sort of woman one hoped she would be, a quick responsiveness to any confidence, all so captivating and so satisfying that those who knew her forgot her physical shortcomings and carried away only the remembrance of one so much out of the common and of so distinguished a personality that she ever after became a standard by which they judged all good women.

There were times, too—especially whenever Lucy entered the room or her name was mentioned—that there would shine through Jane's eyes a certain instantaneous kindling of the spirit which would irradiate her whole being as a candle does a lantern—a light betokening not only uncontrollable tenderness but unspeakable pride, dimmed only when some word or act of her charge brought her face to face with the weight of the responsibility resting upon her—a responsibility outweighing that which most mothers would have felt. This so dominated Jane's every emotion that it often robbed her of the full enjoyment of the companionship of a sister so young and so beautiful.

If Jane, to quote Doctor John, looked like a lily swaying on a slender stem, Lucy, when she entered the room, was a full-blown rose tossed by a summer breeze. She came in with throat and neck bare; a woman all curves and dimples, her skin as pink as a shell; plump as a baby, and as fair, and yet with the form of a wood-nymph; dressed in a clinging, soft gown, the sleeves caught up at the shoulders revealing her beautiful arms, a spray of blossoms on her bosom, her blue eyes dancing with health, looking twenty rather than eighteen; glad of her freedom, glad of her home and Jane and Martha, and of the lights and blossoms and the glint on silver and glass, and of all that made life breathable and livable.

"Oh, but isn't it just too lovely to be at home!" she cried as she bounded in. "No lights out at nine, no prayers, no getting up at six o'clock and turning your mattress and washing in a sloppy little washroom. Oh, I'm so happy! I can't realize it's all true." As she spoke she raised herself on her toes so that she could see her face in the mirror over the mantle. "Why, do you know, sister," she rattled on, her eyes studying her own face, "that Miss Sarah used to make us learn a page of dictionary if we talked after the silence bell!"

"You must know the whole book by heart, then, dearie," replied Jane with a smile, as she bent over a table and pushed back some books to make room for a bowl of arbutus she held in her hand.

"Ah, but she didn't catch us very often. We used to chink up the cracks in the doors so she couldn't hear us talk and smother our heads in the pillows. Jonesy, the English teacher, was the worst." She was still looking in the glass, her fingers busy with the spray of blossoms on her bosom. "She always wore felt slippers and crept around like a cat. She'd tell on anybody. We had a play one night in my room after lights were out and Maria Collins was Claude Melnotte and I was Pauline. Maria had a

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mustache blackened on her lips with a piece of burnt cork and I was all fixed up in a dressing-gown and sash. We never heard Jonesy till she put her hand on the knob; then we blew out the candle and popped into bed. She smelled the candle-wick and leaned over and kissed Maria good-night, and the black all came off on her lips, and next day we got three pages apiece—the mean old thing! How do I look, Martha? Is my hair all right?" and she turned her head for the old woman's inspection.

"Beautiful, darlin'. There won't one o' them know ye; they'll think ye're a real livin' princess stepped out of a picture-book." Martha had not taken her eyes from Lucy since she entered the room.

"See my little beau-catchers," and she twisted her head so that Martha could see the tiny Spanish curls she had flattened against her temples. "They are for Bart Holt, and I'm going to cut sister out. Do you think he'll remember me?" she prattled on, arching her neck.

"It won't make any difference if he don't," Martha retorted in a positive tone. "But Cap'n Nat will, and so will the doctor and Uncle Ephraim and—who's that comin' this early?" and the old nurse paused and listened to a heavy step on the porch. "It must be the cap'n himself; there ain't nobody but him's got a tread like that; ye'd think he was trampin' the deck o' one of his ships."

The door of the drawing-room opened and a bluff, hearty, round-faced man of fifty, his iron-gray hair standing straight up on his head like a shoe-brush, dressed in a short pea-jacket surmounted by a low sailor collar and loose necktie, stepped cheerily into the room.

"Ah, Miss Jane!" Somehow all the neighbors, even the most intimate, remembered to prefix "Miss" when speaking to Jane. "So you've got this fly-away back again? Where are ye? By jingo! let me look at you. Why! why! why! Did you ever! What have you been doing to yourself, lassie, that you should shed your shell like a bug and come out with wings like a butterfly? Why you're the prettiest thing I've seen since I got home from my last voyage."

He had Lucy by both hands now, and was turning her about as if she had been one of Ann Gossaway's models.

"Have I changed, Captain Holt?"

"No—not a mite. You've got a new suit of flesh and blood on your bones, that's all. And it's the best in the locker. Well! *Well!* WELL!" and he turned her around again. "She does ye proud, Martha," he called to the old nurse, who was just leaving the room to take charge of the pantry, now that the guests had begun to arrive. "And so ye're home for good and all, lassie?"

"Yes—isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely? That's no name for it. You'll be settin' the young fellers crazy 'bout here before they're a week older. Here come two of 'em now."

Lucy turned her head quickly, just as the doctor and Barton Holt reached the door of the drawing-room. The elder of the two, Doctor John, greeted Jane as if she had been a duchess, bowing low as he approached her, his eyes drinking in her every movement; then, after a few words, remembering the occasion as being one in honor of Lucy, he walked slowly toward the young girl.

"Why, Lucy, it's so delightful to get you back!" he cried, shaking her hand warmly. "And you are looking so well. Poor Martha has been on pins and needles waiting for you. I told her just how it would be—that she'd lose her little girl—and she has," and he glanced at her admiringly. "What did she say when she saw you?"

"Oh, the silly old thing began to cry, just as they all do. Have you seen her dog?"

The answer jarred on the doctor, although he excused her in his heart on the ground of her youth and her desire to appear at ease in talking to him.

"Do you mean Meg?" he asked, scanning her face the closer.

"I don't know what she calls him—but he's the ugliest little beast I ever saw."

"Yes—but so amusing. I never get tired of watching him. What is left of him is the funniest thing alive. He's better than he looks, though. He and Rex have great times together."

"I wish you would take him, then. I told Martha this morning that he mustn't poke his nose into my room, and he won't. He's a perfect fright."

"But the dear old woman loves him," he protested with a tender tone in his voice, his eyes fixed on Lucy.

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Drawn by George Wright.

Bart's last whisper to Lucy was in explanation of the little wife's manner.—Page 564.

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He had looked into the faces of too many young girls in his professional career not to know something of what lay at the bottom of their natures. What he saw now came as a distinct surprise.

"I don't care if she does," she retorted; "I don't," and she knit her brow and shook her pretty head as she laughed.

While they stood talking Bart Holt, who had lingered at the threshold, his eyes searching for the fair *débutante*, was advancing toward the centre of the room. Suddenly he stood still, his gaze fixed on the vision of the girl in the clinging dress, with the blossoms resting on her breast. The curve of her back and the round of the hip; the way her moulded shoulders rose above the lace of her bodice; the bare, full arms tapering to the wrists;—the color, the movement, the grace of it all had taken away his breath. With only a side nod of recognition toward Jane, he walked straight to Lucy and with an "Excuse me," elbowed the doctor out of the way in his eagerness to reach the girl's side. The doctor smiled at the young man's impetuosity, bent his head to Lucy, and turned to where Jane was standing awaiting the arrival of her other guests.

The young man extended his hand. "I'm Bart Holt," he exclaimed; "you haven't forgotten me, Miss Lucy, have you? We used to play together. Mighty glad to see you—been expecting you for a week."

Lucy colored slightly and arched her head in a coquettish way. His frankness pleased her; so did the look of unfeigned admiration in his eyes.

"Why, of course I haven't forgotten you, Mr. Holt. It was so nice of you to come," and she gave him the tips of her fingers—her own eyes meanwhile, in one comprehensive glance, taking in his round head with its closely cropped curls, searching brown eyes, wavering mouth, broad shoulders, and shapely body, down to his small, well-turned feet. The young fellow lacked the polish and well-bred grace of the doctor, just as he lacked his well-cut clothes and distinguished air, but there was a sort of easy effrontery and *bon-camarade* manner about him that some of his women admirers encouraged and others shrank from. Strange to say, it had appealed to Lucy before he had spoken a word.

"And you've come home for good now, haven't you?" His eyes were still drinking in the beauty of the girl, his mind neither on his questions nor her answers.

"Yes, forever and ever," she replied, with a laugh that showed her white teeth.

"Did you like it at school?" It was her lips now that held his attention and the little curves under her dimpled chin. He thought he had never seen so pretty a mouth and chin.

"Not always; but we used to have lots of fun," answered the girl, studying him in return—the way his cravat was tied and the part of his hair. She thought he had well-shaped ears and that his nose and eyebrows looked like a picture she had in her room upstairs.

"Come and tell me about it. Let's sit down here," he continued as he drew her to a sofa and stood waiting until she took her seat.

"Well, I will for a moment, until they begin to come in," she answered, her face all smiles. She liked the way he behaved towards her—not asking her permission, but taking the responsibility and by his manner compelling a sort of obedience. "But I can't stay," she added. "Sister won't like it if I'm not with her to shake hands with everybody."

"Oh, she won't mind me; I'm a great friend of Miss Jane's. Please go on; what kind of fun did you have? I like to hear about girls' scrapes. We had plenty of them at college, but I couldn't tell you half of them." He had settled himself beside her now, his appropriating eyes still taking in her beauty.

"Oh, all kinds," she replied as she bent her head and glanced at the blossoms on her breast to be assured of their protective covering.

"But I shouldn't think you could have much fun with the teachers watching you every minute," said Bart, moving nearer to her and turning his body so he could look squarely into her eyes.

"Yes, but they didn't find out half that was going on." Then she added coyly, "I don't know whether you can keep a secret—do you tell everything you hear?"

"Never tell anything."

"How do I know?"

"I'll swear it." In proof he held up one hand and closed both eyes in mock reverence as if he were taking an oath. He was

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getting more interested now in her talk; up to this time her beauty had dazzled him. "Never! So help me——" he mumbled impressively.

"Well, one day we were walking out to the park— Now you're sure you won't tell sister, she's so easily shocked?" The tone was the same, but the inflection was shaded to closer intimacy.

Again Bart cast up his eyes.

"And all the girls were in a string with Miss Griggs, the Latin teacher, in front, and we all went in a cake shop and got a big piece of gingerbread apiece. We were all eating away hard as we could when we saw Miss Sarah coming. Every girl let her cake go, and when Miss Sarah got to us the whole ten pieces were scattered along the sidewalk."

Bart looked disappointed over the mild character of the scrape. From what he had seen of her he had supposed her adventures would be seasoned with a certain spice of deviltry.

"I wouldn't have done that, I'd have hidden it in my pocket," he replied, sliding down on the sofa until his head rested on the cushion next her own.

"We tried, but she was too close. Poor old Griggsey got a dreadful scolding. She wasn't like Miss Jones—she wouldn't tell on the girls."

"And did they let any of the fellows come to see you?" Bart asked.

"No; only brothers and cousins once in a long while. Maria Collins tried to pass one of her beaux, Max Feilding, off as a cousin, but Miss Sarah went down to see him and poor Maria had to stay upstairs.

"I'd have got in," said Bart with some emphasis, rousing himself from his position and twisting his body so he could again look squarely in her face. This escapade was more to his liking.

"How?" asked Lucy in a tone that showed she not only quite believed it, but rather liked him the better for saying so.

"Oh, I don't know. I'd have cooked up some story," and he leaned over and began toying with the lace that clung to Lucy's bare arms. "Did you ever have any one of your own friends treated in that way?"

Jane's voice cut short her answer. She had seen the two completely absorbed in each other, to the exclusion of the other guests who were now coming in, and wanted Lucy beside her.

The young girl waved her fan gayly in answer, rose to her feet, turned her head close to Bart's, whispered something in his ear that made him laugh, listened while he whispered to her in return, and in obedience to the summons crossed the room to greet a group of the neighbors, among them old Judge Woolworthy, in a snuff-colored coat, high black stock, and bald head, who had entered the room with his bustling little wife, all bows and smiles, beside him. Bart's last whisper to Lucy as she was leaving the sofa was in explanation of the little wife's manner: "She does the laughing for both of them—the judge's face would crack if he tried it," was the way he put it.

Uncle Ephraim Tipple followed, and close beside him his spouse, Ann, in a camel's-hair shawl and poke-bonnet, the two preceded by Uncle Ephraim's stentorian laugh, which had been heard before their feet had touched the porch outside. Mrs. Cromartin arrived a few moments later, accompanied by her two daughters—slim, awkward girls, both dressed alike in high waists and short frocks; and after them the Bunsbys, father, mother, and son—all smiles, the last a painfully thin young lawyer, in a low collar and a shock of whitey-brown hair, "looking like a patent window-mop resting against a wall," so Lucy described him afterward to Martha when she was putting her to bed; and finally the Colfords and Bronsons, young and old, three or four of them, together with Pastor Dellenbaugh, the white-haired clergyman who preached in the only church in Warehold.

When Lucy had performed her duty and the several greetings were over, and Uncle Ephraim had shaken the hand of the young hostess in true pump-handle fashion, the old man roaring with laughter all the time, as if it were the funniest thing in the world to find her alive; and the good clergyman in his mildest and most impressive manner had said she grew more and more like her mother every day—which was a flight of the imagination on the part of the dear man, for she didn't resemble her in the least; and the two thin girls had remarked that it must be so "perfectly blissful" to get home; and the young lawyer had complimented her on her wonderful, almost life-like resemblance to her grandfather, whose portrait hung in the court-house—and which was nearer the truth—to all of which

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the young girl replied in her most gracious tones, thanking them for their kindness in coming to see her and for welcoming her so cordially—the whole of Lucy's mind once more reverted to Bart.

Indeed, the several lobes of that young woman's brain had been working in opposition for the past half hour. While one-half of her mind was concocting polite speeches for her guests the other was absorbed in the fear that Bart would either get tired of waiting for her return and leave the sofa, or that some other girl friend of his would claim him and her delightful *tête-è-tête* be at an end.

Even Jane must have excused her had she considered the cause. To the young girl fresh from school Bart represented the only thing in the room that was entirely alive, with new thoughts and suggestions opening up with every departure in their talk. The others had talked platitudes and of themselves. He had encouraged her to talk of herself and of the things *she* liked. He had, too, about him an assurance and dominating personality which, although it made her a little afraid of him, only added to his attractiveness.

While she stood wondering how many times the white-haired young lawyer would tell her it was so nice to have her back, she felt a slight pressure on her arm and turned to face Bart.

"You are wanted, please, Miss Lucy; may I offer you my arm? Excuse me, Bunsby—I'll give her to you again in a minute."

Lucy slipped her arm into Bart's, and asked simply, "What for?"

"To finish our talk, of course. Do you suppose I'm going to let that tow-head monopolize you?" he answered, pressing her arm closer to his side with his own.

Lucy laughed and tapped Bart with her fan in rebuke, and then there followed a bit of coquetry in which the young girl declared that he was "too mean for anything, and that she'd never seen anybody so conceited, and if he only knew, she might really prefer the 'tow-head' to his own;" to which Bart answered that his only excuse was that he was so lonely he was nearly dead, and that he had only come to save his life—the whole affair culminating in his conducting her back to the sofa with a great flourish and again seating himself beside her.

"I've been watching you," he began when he had made her comfortable with a small cushion behind her shoulders and another for her pretty feet. "You don't look a bit like Miss Jane." As he spoke he leaned forward and flicked an imaginary something from her bare wrist with that air which always characterized his early approaches to most women.

"Why?" Lucy asked, pleased at his attentions and thanking him with a more direct look.

"Oh, I don't know. You're more jolly, I think. I don't like girls who turn out to be solemn after you know them a while; I was afraid you might. You know it's a long time since I saw you."

"Why, then, sister can't be solemn, for everybody says you and she are great friends," she replied with a light laugh, readjusting the lace of her bodice.

"So we are; nobody about here I think as much of as I do of your sister. She's been mighty good to me. But you know what I mean: I mean those don't-touch-me kind of girls who are always thinking you mean a lot of things when you're only trying to be nice and friendly to them. I like to be a brother to a girl and to go sailing with her, and fishing, and not have her bother me about her feet getting a little bit wet, and not scream bloody murder when the boat gives a lurch. That's the kind of girl that's worth having."

"And you don't find them?" laughed Lucy, looking at him out of the corner of her eyes.

"Well, not many. Do you mind little things like that?"

As he spoke his eyes wandered over her bare shoulders until they rested on the blossoms, the sort of roaming, critical eyes that often cause a woman to wonder whether some part of her toilet has not been carelessly put together. Then he added, with a sudden lowering of his voice: "That's a nice posy you've got. Who sent it?" and he bent his head as if to smell the cluster on her bosom.

Lucy drew back and a slight flush suffused her cheek; his audacity frightened her. She was fond of admiration, but this way of expressing it was new to her. The young man caught the movement and recovered himself. He had ventured on a thin spot, as was his custom, and the sound of the cracking ice had warned him in time.

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"Oh, I see, they're apple blossoms," he added carelessly as he straightened up. "We've got a lot in our orchard. You like flowers, I see." The even tone and perfect self-possession of the young man reassured her.

"Oh, I adore them; don't you?" Lucy answered in a relieved, almost apologetic voice. She was sorry she had misjudged him. She liked him rather the better now for her mistake.

"Well, that depends. Apple blossoms never looked pretty to me before; but then it makes a good deal of difference where they are," answered Bart with a low chuckle.

Jane had been watching the two and had noticed Bart's position and manner. His easy familiarity of pose offended her. Instinctively she glanced about the room, wondering if any of her guests had seen it. That Lucy did not resent it surprised her. She supposed her sister's recent training would have made her a little more fastidious.

"Come, Lucy," she called gently, moving toward her, "bring Bart over here and join the other girls."

"All right, Miss Jane, we'll be there in a minute," Bart answered in Lucy's stead. Then he bent his head and said in a low voice:

"Won't you give me half those blossoms?"

"No; it would spoil the bunch."

"Please——"

"No, not a single one. You wouldn't care for them, anyway."

"Yes, I would," and he stretched out his hand and touched the blossoms on her neck.

Lucy sprang up, ducked her head in merry glee and with a triumphant curtsy and a "No, you don't, sir—not this time," joined her sister, followed by Bart.

The guests were now separated into big and little groups. Uncle Ephraim and the judge were hobnobbing around the fireplace, listening to Uncle Ephraim's stories and joining in the laughter which every now and then filled the room. Captain Nat was deep in a discussion with Doctor John over some seafaring matter and Jane and Mrs. Benson were discussing a local charity with Pastor Dellenbaugh.

The younger people being left to themselves, soon began to pair off, the white-haired young lawyer disappearing with the older Miss Cromartin and Bart soon following with Lucy. The outer porch and the long walk down the garden path among the trees, despite the chilliness of the night, seemed to be the only place in which they could be comfortable.

During a lull in the discussion of Captain Nat's maritime news and while Mrs. Benson was talking to the pastor, Doctor John seized the opportunity to seat himself again by Jane.

"Don't you think Lucy improved?" she asked, motioning the doctor to a place beside her.

"She's much more beautiful than I thought she would be," he answered in a hesitating way, looking toward Lucy, and seating himself in his favorite attitude, hands in his lap, one leg crossed over the other and hanging straight beside its fellow; only a man like the doctor, of more than usual repose and of a certain elegance of form, Jane always said, could sit this way any length of time and be comfortable and unconscious of his posture. Then he added slowly, and as if he had given the subject some consideration, "You won't keep her long, I'm afraid."

"Oh, don't say that," Jane cried with a nervous start. "I don't know what I would do if she should marry."

"That doesn't sound like you, Miss Jane. You would be the first to deny yourself. You are too good to do otherwise." He spoke with a slight quiver in his voice, and yet with an emphasis that showed he believed it.

"No; it is you who are good to think so," she replied in a softer tone, bending her head as she spoke, her eyes intent on her fan. "And now tell me," she added quickly, raising her eyes to his as if to bar any further tribute he might be on the point of paying to her—"I hear your mother takes greatly to heart your having refused the hospital appointment."

"Yes, I'm afraid she does. Mother has a good many new-fashioned notions nowadays," and he laughed—a mellow, genial laugh; more in the spirit of apology than of criticism.

"And you don't want to go?" she asked, her eyes fixed on his.

"Want to go? No, why should I? There would be nobody to look after the people here if I went away. You don't want me to leave, do you?" he added suddenly in an anxious tone.

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"Nobody does, doctor," she replied, parrying the question, her face flushing with pleasure.

Here Martha entered the room hurriedly and bending over Jane's shoulder, whispered something in her ear. The doctor straightened himself and leaned back out of hearing.

"Well, but I don't think she will take cold," Jane whispered in return, looking up into Martha's face. "Has she anything round her?"

"Yes, your big red cloak; but the child's head is bare and there's mighty little on her neck, and she ought to come in. The wind's begun to blow and it's gettin' cold."

"Where is she?" Jane continued, her face showing her surprise at Martha's statement.

"Out by the gate with that dare-devil. He don't care who he gives cold. I told her she'd get her death, but she won't mind me."

"Why, Martha, how can you talk so!" Jane retorted, with a disapproving frown. Then raising her voice so that the doctor could be brought into the conversation, she added in her natural tone, "Whom did you say she was with?"

"Bart Holt," cried Martha aloud, nodding to the doctor as if to get his assistance in saving her bairn from possible danger.

Jane colored slightly and turned to Doctor John.

"You go please, doctor, and bring them all in, or you may have some new patients on your hands."

The doctor looked from one to the other in doubt as to the cause of his selection, but Jane's face showed none of the anxiety in Martha's.

"Yes, certainly," he answered simply; "but I'll get myself into a hornet's nest. These young people don't like to be told what's good for them," he added with a laugh, rising from his seat. "And after that you'll permit me to slip away without telling anybody, won't you? My last minute has come," and he glanced at his watch.

"Going so soon? Why, I wanted you to stay for supper. It will be ready in a few minutes." Her voice had lost its buoyancy now. She never wanted him to go. She never let him know it, but it pained her all the same.

"I would like to, but I cannot." All his heart was in his eyes as he spoke.

"Some one ill?" she asked.

"Yes, Fogarty's child. The little fellow may develop croup before morning. I saw him to-day, and his pulse was not right. He's a sturdy little chap with a thick neck. and that kind always suffers most. If he's worse Fogarty is to send word to my office," he added, holding out his hand in parting.

"Can I help?" Jane asked, retaining the doctor's hand in hers as if to get the answer.

"No, I'll watch him closely. Good-night," and with a smile he bent his head and withdrew.

Martha followed the doctor to the outer door, and then grumbling her satisfaction, went back to the pantry to direct the servants in arranging upon the small tables in the supper-room the simple refreshments which always characterized the Cobdens' entertainments.

Soon the girls and their beaux came trooping in to join their elders on the way to the supper-room. Lucy hung back until the last (she had not liked the doctor's interference), Jane's long red cloak draped from her shoulders, the hood hanging down her back, her cheeks radiant, her beautiful blonde hair, ruffled with the night wind, an aureole of gold framing her face. Bart followed close behind, a pleased, almost triumphant smile playing about his lips.

He had carried his point. The cluster of blossoms which had rested upon Lucy's bosom was pinned to the lapel of his coat.

(To be continued.)

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IN THE DISTRICT

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Edwin B. Child

THE association was marching by. It was the P. J. Mulligans or the Thomas Q. Raffertys, it matters little which, for seeing either you have seen both. Two policemen led to give official sanction to the procession and shoo away the laggard trucks and the invading armies of youth. Then came the band, a wheezy German band, that made a great deal of noise, as was its first duty, and aroused the whole district, bringing to the fire-escapes and the stoops of the closely packed tenements and to the curb of the narrow street a horde such as only our crowded East Side can assemble at a moment's notice. For strange, indeed, is the fascination of a parade! If we cannot be one of the marching thousands, marching with heads high and pride fired, though weighed down by a heavy rifle, though footsore and weary as we keep step to the martial music, we will stand for hours on the curb to watch them and envy. In the varied color, in the life and light of it all there is that which makes the blood run quicker and causes us for the moment to forget the humdrum of existence. Even in those straggling ranks, white hatted, bearing canes, shuffling along all out of time with the wheezy German band, we might find some of that same spirit. Where runs the small boy there it is, for if he cannot trot in the gutter beside the soldiers, he finds solace in an "outin'," and moves in the rear guard with manly stride pretending nobler days.

I stood on the curb with a friend of mine, a man high in the councils of one of the city's dozen Gibraltars of Democracy, and watched the garrison go by. Now in these piping times of peace and arbitration troops departing for the front are not an uncommon sight. In fact, most of us have felt the thrill that comes with a fanfare of bugles, as we look upon the stolid ranks of blue or brown swinging along through the cheering throngs. Understanding this, we can measure the mingled pride and fear with which the District watched her sons move on Pumperschnitzel's Grove. Picked men these were! Manahan, a clerk in the Tombs, strode alone, leading all, and after him the sturdy column, out of step and line, the first ranks keeping some semblance of military order, for Manahan was watching and Manahan was in the Sixty-ninth; but down the street where neither the martinet's eye nor the band's strains could pierce, the white hats rose and fell with less rhythmic cadence, the fours became fives and threes and twos, then a limping mob, straggling almost under the very feet of the horses that drew the flag-decked coaches of the great, the royalty of the ward. So, last of all, the leader came, riding in state, crowned with a flawless topper that shone in the summer sun, and about him the greatest of his ministers, the assemblyman, perhaps, with a Commissioner of Something and a captain of police.

What an inspiration those coaches were to the District—incontrovertible evidence that all men were created equal and with a chance to rise! There in the first rank walked Tallafiero, yesterday a bootblack, today a building inspector, while in the third carriage, Grogan, who had had his place, rode with a State Senator, for he had gone higher. There, trying to whip the last fours into some semblance of order, was Gallagher of the police, the man with the square-toed shoes, who to-morrow may be whispering in the leader's ear as he makes his progress. The District cheered, for it knew them all, every mother's son, from the fat German who led the band to the small boy who toddled last in the great rear-guard of youth. The District envied. When the carriages had rattled by it settled down to its humdrum life, to think wistfully of those revelling in the shade of Pumperschnitzel's Grove. Perhaps the District feared, remembering former years—that time when the outing was lost in the fog and the home-watchers lined the river-front all night till tidings came that the revellers were coming back by rail; that time when some rapa-

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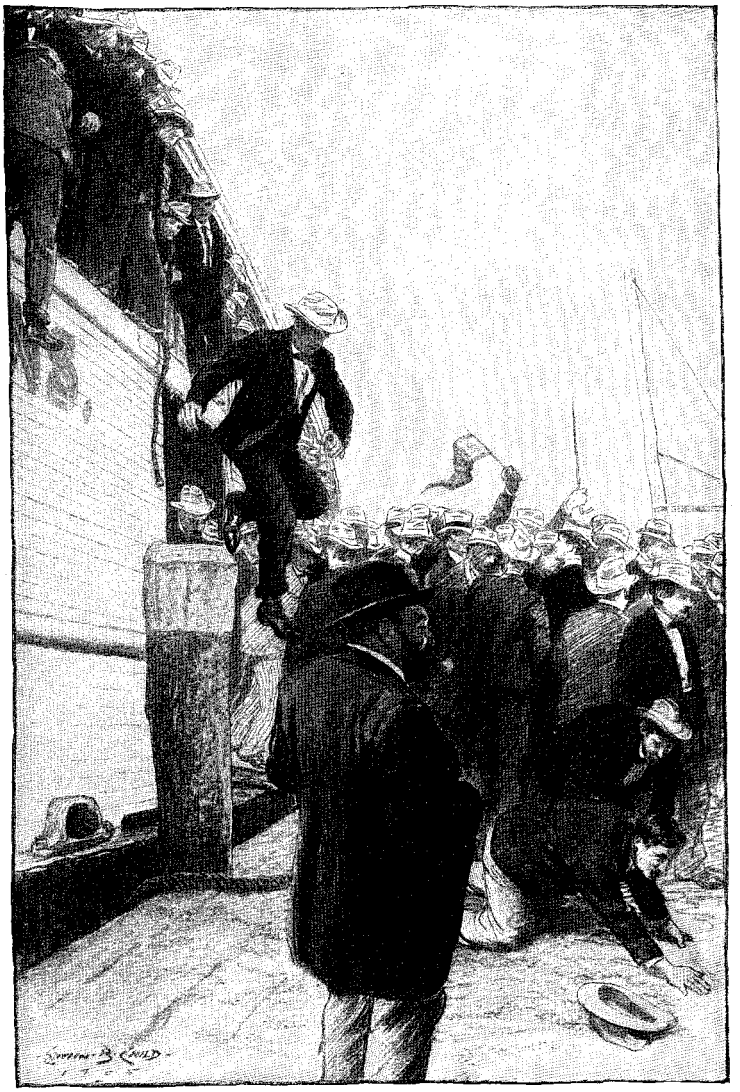

Half the association landed ahead of the boat.—Page 570.

cious wolves got among the lambs and took their very fleeces; that time when the boys from the Hook tried to settle old scores with the respectable element, and the clang of ambulance bells made night hideous after the barges had come slinking back to the pier.

This was a fat year for the District. Our boys were in, an important fact in such a Gibraltar of Democracy, where the political life is the great whole of which the social life is only a part. The size of the outing is always a fair indication of the trend of political thought. The leader ruled. The captain of police rode with him; the building department had representatives marching in the ranks; the association was a potent part of the government. So it took a large steamboat to carry the outing where in summers past an ancient barge would have sufficed, and when the last jovial farewells were shouted to the watchers on the pier, when the band had struck up again some wheezy but triumphant strains, the gay craft with its load of white hats splashed away up the river, her bow set on the straightest course for Pumperschnitzel's Grove. She seemed

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The fat men puffing around the cinder-track amid their comrades' jeers.

in truth a ship of state, for of such stuff majorities are made, and in our republic he who controls the majority rules. They paid her homage in the harbor, a hundred craft saluting with boisterous good-humor, as she threaded her way among the maze of craft on business bent, up the windings of the river, through the Hell Gate, along the green shores of Long Island to the grove.

Those of us who are country-bred would look with pity if not scorn on this sylvan retreat. A small park, bounded by a high fence crowned with broken bottles to keep out the uninvited, a great dingy pavilion, a down-trodden lawn dotted with rickety benches, offer little to us even though the trees be green and the shade refreshing, though the flowers in the few beds are bright and fragrant and the waters of the sound lap a side of the narrow domain. But our home has not been a narrow street in a crowded city district; our view has been a broader one than that from the little cage which at once is fire-escape and veranda. Had our fate been otherwise, we, too, would hail Pumperschnitzel's with delight and before the boat was made fast to the pier-head leap wildly from the rail to shore, at great peril to our white hats and dandyish bamboo canes.

That day, it seemed to me, half the association landed ahead of the boat, and the business of the outing was under way before that great man, the leader, came down the pier with dignified step and mien to fix himself on a commanding spot, with his cabinet about him, and watch the festivities. For many of the boys that first rush must have been born not so much of the joy of a change of air and scene, as from the prospect of a change of beer. But when I recall that outing I try to shut from my mind those scenes which we describe by the illusive word "convivial," and would bring up pleasanter pictures; would see again the scores of men sporting in the cool water of the sound, hear the crack of the bat and the shouts of the jovial crowd to the players on the diamond, see the fat men puffing around the cinder-track amid their comrades' jeers, and walk with the leader among the throng shaking hands with Tom and Dick and Harry. Then the feast! There may be better cooks than Pumperschnitzel's, but very few whose works are more enjoyed. Quantity is his forte—quantity, with a certain enduring quality that suffers a long journey from the kitchen and many falls and contrary winds without any loss of flavor.

"Chowder is his speciality," my statesman friend said to me.

And I looked down the long tables and saw not a face, it seemed, but line after line of white hats swinging rhythmically up and down over the bowls of the "speciality."

Chowder has its part in popular government along with reason. So do music and

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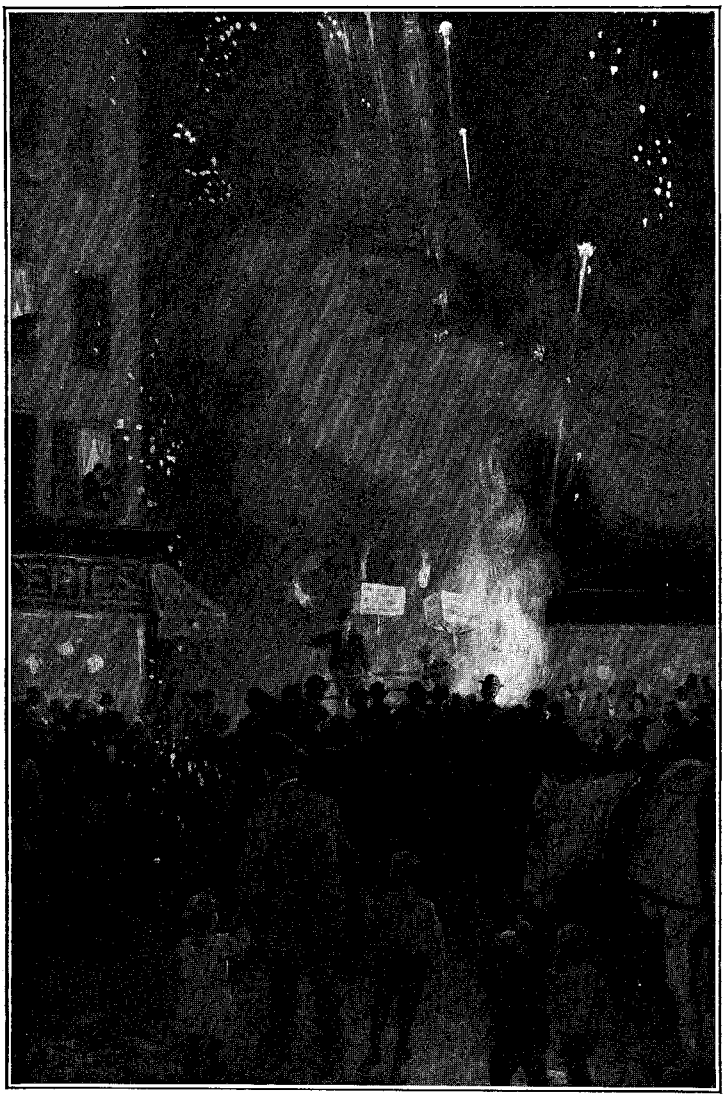

Two rival trucks laden with orators were facing each other.—Page 576.

art because he uses them—he who rises to power in a district.

In every city in the country, whatever party may be in power, we witness attacks on the "gang." Sometimes the gang is overwhelmed, ignominiously beaten and thrown out of the city halls amid general execration. Then the lean years come, but it goes back to the district to prepare for other elections. The reformer appeals to reason, but corruption does not argue. Down in the district the leader is campaigning always. He is sending coal to the needy, hunting work for his henchmen, giving lodging to the homeless, and burying the dead. His days are spent among the police stations and in the courts helping his people in their hour of trouble with the law; his nights at his club, where, in his stuffy little office, he sits like a priest at confessional hearing stories of woe and pleas for assistance. He does favors. Those who receive them are likely to return them at the polls, an easy settlement of debts. They know him. He has helped them.

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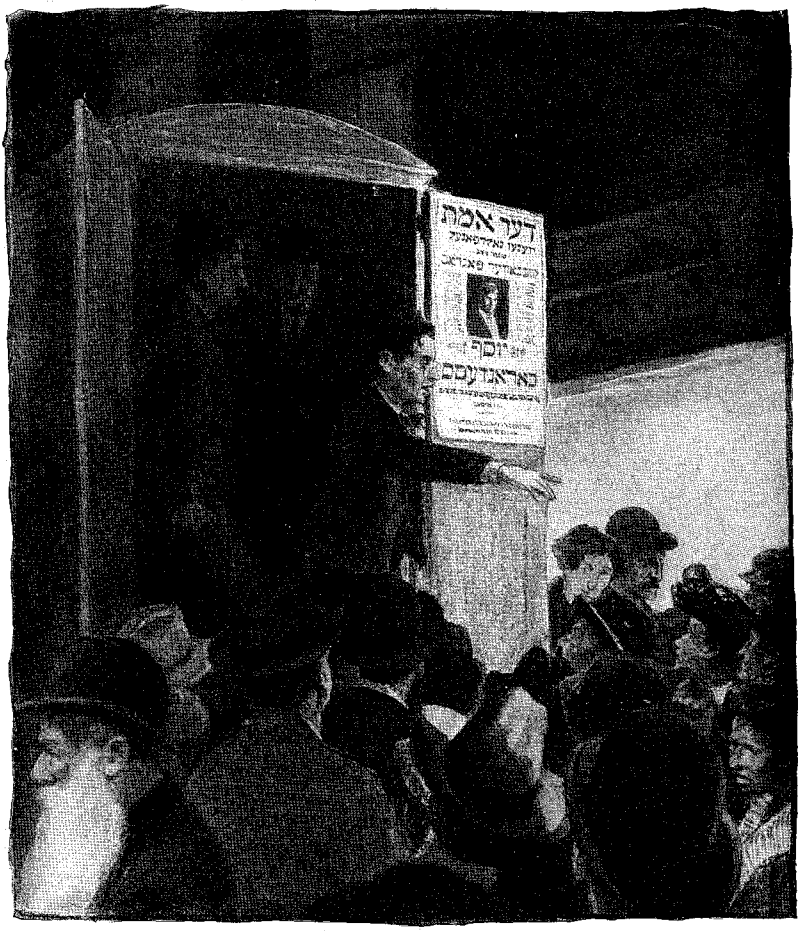
It is unfortunate that the reward of municipal victory should not be the honor of a public trust and the opportunity to work out high political ideals, but rather the power to fatten at the public trough. And it is unfortunate, too, that the district boss should have to bear the brunt of the attack on this system. He receives shafts that would hit harder were they aimed higher. We hear little in the campaign of the respectable gentlemen whose names adorn the directories of the great corporations that use him. These are men of the highest integrity, but of course it is no concern of theirs if the companies they direct find it easier to do business when the city is in control of those who, in the words of the famous boss, are "working for their pockets all the time."

Business is the greatest factor in municipal politics, and it seldom agrees with virtue. A reform that strikes the district alone will never be effective. Business and politics most first part company. They may in the millennium.

My East Side friend saw the millennium a few years ago and deplored it deeply. It was when a wave of virtue had swept over the city and washed him and his friends from comfortable places. For the moment he was stunned.

"There's nothing in politics any more," he said.

But corruption is blessed with insomnia and my friend stayed awake. So did the leader of his district. Optimism succeeded pessimism. Some of the respectable folk



National questions were before the voters.—Page 576.

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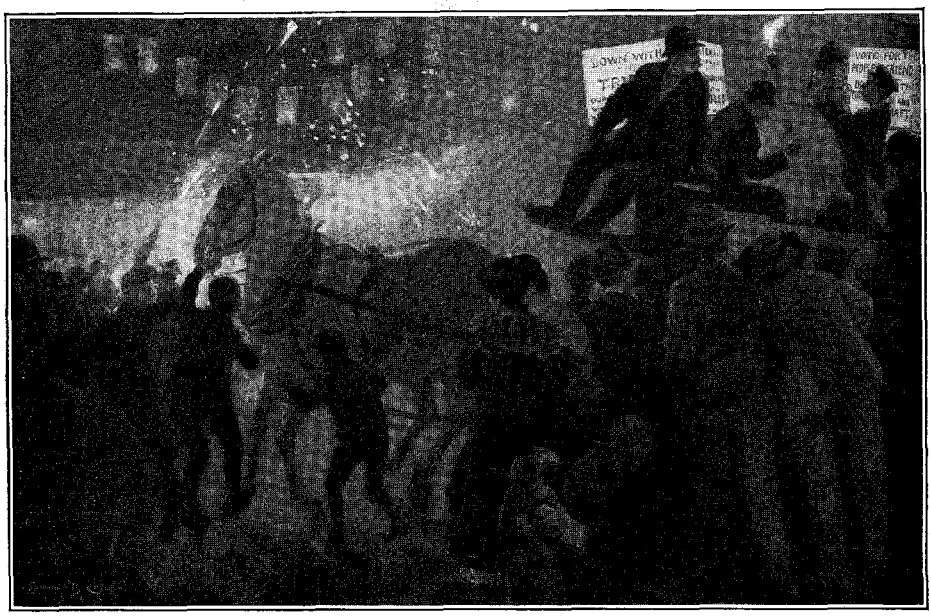

Carted their meeting to a dark side-street.—Page 576.

in the ward found that when the saloons were closed their precious Sunday beer was cut off. They hated vice none the less, but wanted their beer more, and they were soon enrolled in the club as a protest against the enforcement of all the laws. The merchant resented it when he could no longer buy from the policeman on the beat the right to use the sidewalk for a warehouse, and the manufacturer discovered that boiler inspections interfered with his work. So my friend soon found that there was still something in politics. The leader carried his district by a large plurality, and his club is now the centre of its life; more than 1,000 men went on his June outing, and at the ball last winter a Supreme Court justice led the grand march with his wife. He holds no post under the city government, but has become a partner in a large contracting firm.

My leader is a wise man. He has not given his whole time to business. Half his working day is for the people of his district, and he sits nightly at the club keeping open house to all who seek his aid.

The club is over a saloon, on an important street, occupying the upper floors of a ramshackle building, the first of which is an assembly hall, with the leader's office opening from it, while above is a billiard and card room, with a small bar. At a weekly meeting the first thing that impresses itself on the observer is that everyone in the crowded hall seems to have a city job. The president, presiding at the long table at the head, is a deputy commissioner of something, while the treasurer, who is collecting the monthly dues, is a clerk in a neighboring police court; the tall thin man with spectacles rattling off the minutes is a principal in a neighboring public school, and the small Hebrew who reports for the entertainment committee is an assemblyman. One and all they bow down to the quiet man who leans against the door-post where the sanctum opens, for he controls the majority at the primaries, is in favor with the clique higher up, and so holds them in the hollow of his hand. With these weekly meetings he keeps his men together, and when there is little business to be transacted an entertainment is provided to sustain the interest. Home talent is called on. Home talent is generally poor, but it is cheap and serves its purpose. I have heard some excellent stories excellently told, but for district club music I have less fondness, for the songs are generally romances set to dreadful rhyme and metre and droned out by a youth with long hair and a very high collar. There comes to memory one very long one that is typical of the kind. We were told that it

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was by "Policeman Harry O'Shaughnessy of the Nineteent' Precin't, who we all know," and its twenty odd stanzas concerned a young man who went to Cuba to fight the Spanish foe, and at the end of every stanza sang in a heavy bass, as he lay dying,

"Tell mother that I done it for the red, white and blue."

It is strange how quickly the mother song will bring tears to eyes we should think well hardened, to eyes that all day long have been fixed on racing-sheets or a blackboard, or seeking to pierce the mysteries of a glass. But most of our district music is mother music, for underneath the grimy exterior the district has a soft heart, and while it may go into politics for plunder, the plunder goes to make some happy home.

While the boys listen to mother songs and stories, the leader in his little office meets his petitioners and fills his note-book with a dozen tasks for the following day. Mrs. Rubinsky's husband has been arrested for peddling without a license; he lives in the next district, but is going to move soon, so here is a call at the police court to help him out. Young Gallagher's name is on the civil service list that goes to the fire commissioner, who is naming some new men; that means a telephone call, for there are six votes in Gallagher's family. The Widow Garrahan is to be dispossessed from her two rooms in the Barracks at the Hook, and the election district captain must intercede with the landlord. A reform magistrate has sent Jacob Muller to the Island for disorderly conduct and his family is without means of support; Muller must be got out. The saloon-keeper down the street wants a name on his bail bond. Of such stuff majorities are made!

Half his working day is for the people of his district.—Page 573.

"Of course you understand we only attend to worthy cases," my friend said to me. "The moment we find anything crooked we drop it."

"Of course," said I.

But some months later when the campaign was on I wandered from his club to

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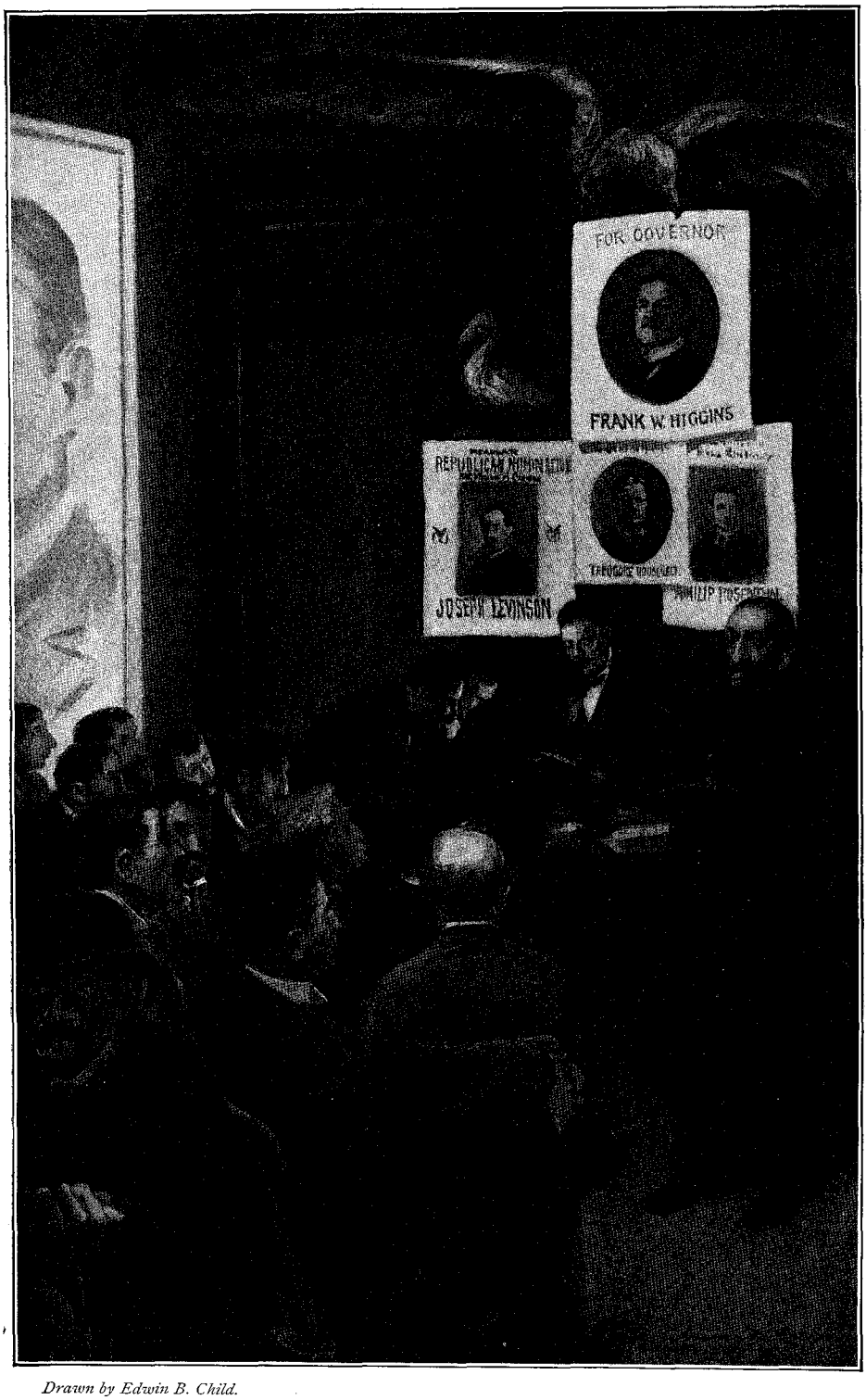

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Its dingy walls hidden by campaign posters.—Page 576.

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the opposition headquarters. Election day was almost at hand, and the fight in the district was close, for national questions were before the voters; the organization was not threatened, and principle was having a wide appeal. A burst of fireworks and of music drew me aside to a small square, where I found the elements that go to make a riot. Two rival trucks laden with orators and bands, with attendant companies of shouters, were facing each other, for both had permits to hold meetings there, and both declined to move. There was no doubt that the party in opposition had the right of priority, and that my friends at the club had come in calmly to dispossess them, and for a while the argument waxed furious. But the might of the police gave the right to the invaders and disconsolately the defeated hitched up their old gray horse and carted their meeting to a dark side-street. Over in the headquarters of the under dogs they said it was a regular proceeding, and that it was hard to get a good place for an outdoor meeting, because my friend up the street immediately secured a permit for one in the same spot, and generally held it against them. And from what they told me, from the speeches I heard in their hall, and the charges they made, I might have believed that the leader in power would stop at nothing to win.

To the eye there was little difference between the two clubs. There was the same smoky room, with its dingy walls hidden by campaign posters, and the same long table on the rostrum where sat the chief, but among them not an office-holder. When the chairman recognized a man it was always a former something or a candidate who arose, but that hope of better days ran high was evidenced by the final appeal of the presiding officer in a speech which presented the claims of his party to the support of all patriotic citizens. After a solemn pause he leaned over the desk and, weighing every word, he said: "And now I call on you, captains, to work as you have never worked before. Under the guidance of our leader, whom we all love, the district stands to-day ready to be redeemed, to be wrested from the clutch of a corrupt machine, to declare itself for decency and honesty, for God and country. Stand by our leader, men, and when the returns have been counted he will be able to go to the county committee and say: 'We have delivered the goods. Now what's coming to us?'" (Tremendous cheers!)

A small man with a dingy top-hat ran in breathlessly, and in a moment the meeting adjourned and an excited confab was begun in the side-room. The suspicion arose that my quiet friend up the street was working again. The counsellor, as they called the man of the top-hat, confirmed this readily when he had recovered his breath. Barney was a cute one, he said, but they would beat him this time, as they had plenty of money and could block his old trick. The old trick was to begin general dispossess proceedings against everyone of the opposition who was behind in rent, for with the evictions a number of votes would be lost to "decency and honesty." It was a political move, a legitimate one, for in politics all things are possible, a few indictable, but nothing punishable.

"Dispossesses?" said the kindly Barney a while later, as he sat in his office dry smoking. "I know nothing of them; I did hear that some people down in the Barracks were to be evicted for non-payment of rent, and where I could help them I did, and a few of them have been saved. But you mustn't believe everything you hear about me around election time. They paint me pretty black, I know, but I ain't worrying. We'll carry the district by 1,200."

He did. He did it because he or his lieutenants knew every man in it. His workers were in every house and he knew how every man's thoughts on politics trended. They knew him in the ward—a man who generally kept his word to them, who neither smoked nor drank, who went to church, bought tickets for balls, sent flowers to funerals and food and coal to the needy, who helped them in time of trouble, and stood by them if they stood by him. And when they struck him on the cheek, he did not offer the other, but knocked them down.

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THE EDUCATION OF KING JIM

By George S. Chappell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN SLOAN

JIM was alone on the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Rix were there, naturally; and the Tillotson boys, who were helping "get the hay in"; and Gib Bailey, the only avowed carpenter in Salem—new steps to the cow-barn were a pressing necessity; and Mary and Willie, of course—Mary the pale daughter of the house and Willie, her accepted suitor, to whom the neighbors looked expectantly for some definite action. But for all this company, Jim was alone. His real companions, his brothers and his cousins, boys of his own age, had gone rejoicing home to visions of seashore and bathing-suits and bicycles stored in the cellar. Jim had elected to stay, and to the confusion of parental prophecies, stay he did, waving resolute farewells to the carriage as it rolled down the lane until the last fluttering handkerchief had been lost in the hazel-bushes and the last good-by had echoed faintly over the corn house. Then he had swallowed hard, pulled his five-cent straw hat down over his eyes, and turned toward the house. Yes, there was no doubt about it, he was alone.

The strain of parting once over he was pleased with his solitude. Like many a hostess, he was sorry to have his friends depart and glad to be alone. His own position was mightily enhanced. He was king now. It was his, all his—from the well-curb round a tremendous circle taking in the buildings great and small—the hay barn, the cow barn, the horse barn, the shed, where he could slip and slide on the seats of carts, mowers, and harrows, the shop—a place of mystery!—the corn house, and, beyond, the lane, the deep hole, and the wonderful hill where the cattle lived—he was master of it all! Rixy was but a kindly regent, the others mere attendants and servitors.

It was a glorious and a peaceful reign, though it lasted but a week. Yet the days seemed longer; they began at dawn—in the little silver-papered room under the eaves—and lasted until the sun had shot his last red gleam at the half-moon window in the western gable. And Jim lived as he had never lived before—for himself. It was his first taste of introspection. Every moment was one of activity and outside interest of which he remained the central figure. The

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world was a busy world, but it revolved about *him;* there were no obtruding personalities, no sharings of joys or disappointments, no concessions to anything but appetite at meal-time and sleepiness at night. For the first time in his life he appreciated, or rather felt dumbly, the joy of "working things out." He saw himself as an active power—a king able to move in any direction as he willed, not a mere passive pawn on the "checker-board of nights and days." This gradual realization of possibilities sharpened his enjoyments and roused his imagination. The days became not a succession of detached hours, but a series of opportunities relatively significant—days which in after-life stood out in clear relief against the cloudy background of obscurity.

Would he ever forget, for instance, that first day of solitude, when he and Rixy salted the cattle? He was up before the sun, peering excitedly through the blind chinks at the gray world of sleep. The lane, running toward the main road, faded softly away in milky haze. Pools of fog filled all the hollows. On the hillside were dun patches, the steers lying down. The elms drooped over the silver grass and in the leprous buttonwood the chickens and turkeys still dozed, bulky blots against the gray sky. "Spot," the liver-and-white pointer, lay curled up beside the well, his nose tucked in the crook of his paw, snoring like a man. Jim was dressed and out in five minutes, the dog bounding to meet him. Off they raced to the gate. The wet grass was icy cold to his bare feet, and he seemed to fly after the yelping hound. The chickens awoke with peevish cluttering and one by one hurtled earthward to begin promptly the business of early-worm getting, except the two guinea-hens, who proud, perhaps of their superior aeronautic abilities, flew swiftly to the roof of the shop, where they screamed like rusty hinges. The house was astir and Rixy appeared at the door, his pockets bulging with bags of salt. Hand in hand they marched down the lane, over the brook at the Deep Hole, and slowly up the long slope of the hill. All the way Jim asked questions and received patient answers. How many horses were there? how many sheep? how many cattle? In his mind's eye he saw thousands. They turned off at the bull lot, climbed a five-rail fence, toiled up the last slope, and stood at last on the crest of the ridge. "Here we be," said Rixy.

"Spot," the liver-and-white pointer, bounded to meet him.

Jim looked about him. For miles he could see rolling hills, blue in the distance, exquisite gray-green in the foreground,

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They broke ranks at the rocks and crowded around the white patches.—Page 580.

bright patches of meadow, squares of tawny grain and soft willows marking the course of the brook. It was so peaceful and quiet, so sudden—this abrupt arrival at the viewpoint—that the boy was silenced. He looked, and tried to take it all in. His flesh seemed actually to creep with the beauty of it. The air was sharp and sweet; he drew in deep breaths and held them as long as he could. The eastern sky was a sea of pearl and gold dotted with islands, scored with capes and headlands of steel blue, immense continents of cloud pierced with inlets of fire; or it was a ragged flag, torn into shreds of gray and amber and pale green, one bright star at its tip shining faintly in the growing flood. Jim knew not what it was that caught his boy's heart in a vise and held it so tightly that he hardly dared breathe. But close on this moment of enjoyment, so keen that it was to become a life-long impression, came doubt. In all the miles of rolling hills over which they looked he saw not one living thing.

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"Where are they?" he faltered at last.

"Oh, they'll come up all right; they always sleep down in the hollow."

Rixy waved his brown hand toward a fold in the hill and began methodically to pour out the salt on the flat stones which dotted the slope. Jim watched him interestedly as he shook out the last grains, carefully folded the bag, and put it in his pocket.

"Now you get up here, Jimmy," he said, as he lifted the boy to the top of a boulder higher than the rest. Then he made a trumpet of his hands and threw back his head.

"K'day! k'day! k'day! k'boss! k'boss ——"

The long call floated across the hills and echoed—so at least it seemed to Jim—a dozen times. Twice it was repeated in the perfect silence. Then Rixy lowered his hands and together they listened; and up to Jim's ears floated the strangest, sweetest music he had ever heard. It was the distant bleating of two hundred sheep on the run, and as he first caught the sound, faint, appealing, now swelling, now diminishing, yet growing gradually stronger, the boy's eyes filled with tears—nor could he have said why. He strained his eyes toward the valley.

"Which get here first?" he asked, breathing hard.

"The ponies, most generally," said Rixy; "they run faster'n the others. See! There they are, now!"

Sure enough! A dozen or more dark spots scampered down the opposite slope, out of sight for the moment, then, with the thud of hoofs, and always the growing accompaniments of the sheep, sprang into view, running with the beautiful freedom and grace of unharnessed, unshod beasts, the rough-coated little yearlings clinging close to their mother's sides, and all making best speed toward the white spots gleaming on the gray stones.

"K'day! k'day! k'day!" called Rixy again. The sheep chorus swelled loud in answer "a thousand blended notes" from the treble of the lambs to the hoarse bass of the big ram leader. On they came, bobbing over the profile of the hill in a long wave, curving, crumbling, seething, always falling and breaking, always coming on. They broke ranks at the rocks and crowded around the white patches like spokes about a hub. They pushed and butted and bleated and climbed over each other's backs. Jim could hear their rough tongues grate against the rock as they licked every crack and crevice.

"Here come the bossies!" said Mr. Rix, and again Jim was glad of his high position, for the cattle were thundering up to the rendezvous, scattering the sheep with ominous tossing of their powerful heads, pounding their hoofs, snorting excitedly as their master served them a special allotment of the precious powder. The stones were soon clean, but the cattle did not lift their heads, eager for the last faint taste which might cling to the wet surface, and they were still hard at work when Jim looked back for the last time. His heart was full of the beauty of what he had seen, and it was not until he caught the first gleam of the house through the trees and saw smoke pouring out of the kitchen chimney that he realized how faint and hungry he was.

All that week he learned things not taught in books: how to throw an arrow with a whip, how to lasso a pickerel with a horsehair, why the guinea-hen's scream was her most valuable possession—a hundred other things from the store of Rixy's knowledge, which he never forgot.

The week flew by. One day they went to the fair at Bozrah. It took another day to build the house down by the brook, and various parts of days to help with the haying—Jim raked after the load and screamed with fear at a big black snake which Willie promptly transfixed with his pitchfork; to gather huckleberries; to visit the store on the street, a three-mile walk; and to make a careful sketch of the big barn, signed in the corner with Jim's "mark," a triangle with a cross inside! On Friday it rained hard. Saturday he was to say good-by for another year. There was packing to be done in a black shiny valise, after which he was free to wander. Outside the world was a gray blot. The rain-barrels had been moved out under the leaders, and were already half full. Jim inspected the buttery and was allowed to stamp a cake with the sharp-cut wooden seal, "two strawberries rampant on a field of butter or." He dashed out to the shop, dodging the raindrops. Here the air was warm and fragrant of red-cedar shavings. He picked

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He lost himself in the rehearsal of his last music-lesson.—Page 582.

up a handful and buried his face in them, with a deep intake—um, how good they smelt! There were tools of all kinds: a vise, some old scythe blades, a pair of sheep shears, and a wicked-looking eel-spear. From a beam hung some curious brown knobs on hide thongs. A dozen times Jim had asked Willie what they were.

"Them?" the man would answer, his eyes twinkling, "why, Jimmy, them's dried grins." And the boy, perplexed and nettled, would refuse to ask any more questions. Above the shop was a loft, dark at noon, black as midnight now. Jim stepped gingerly up the stairway, which creaked ominously. At the top he hesitated; the black hole beyond seemed yawning to engulf him. In the far corner were hazel-nuts, but he heard a faint rustle among the dry leaves and the scurry of tiny feet. Ugh! rats! and King Jim backed slowly down the stairs.

Indoors, again, he sought the parlor—one of those mysterious rooms of embalmed silence, fragrant of matting and stuffy with horse-hair, in which are preserved the hideous treasures of our country families. The blinds were always scrupulously closed. The little light which filtered through seemed to have been in the room for years. Under an arched recess at one end of the room stood the melodion, the proudest possession of the family. About it clustered their most-admired objects: a slippery sofa and chairs, a wild carpet of cabbage roses, the family Bible on a small centre-legged table covered with a red-edged mat, a corner what-not of black walnut, bearing relics of Uncle "Hen's" East-Indian trips, large conch-shells full of the roar of the sea, a pair of shark's teeth—Rixy used to put them in his mouth and scare Jim into fits of hysterical delight—a Chinese puzzle ball, a vial of sand from the Holy Land, a fan made from a shingle—of local make this, as were also several arrowheads found during spring ploughing. Everything was precisely balanced in position and equipped with a worsted doily of proper size. There was a fine old fireplace in the big chimney, but it had been blocked by a shutter papered to match the walls and the position of the sofa further concealed the crime. Jim pulled out several of the walnut melodion stops, bright with gilded lettering marking them as diapason, swell, flute, and—most thrilling of all—*vox humana*. His feet

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barely reached the pedals, and the organ gasped convulsively, but he persevered and lost himself in the rehearsal of his last music-lesson. Mary roused him from his reverie, calling him to supper. Through the kitchen windows the hill was black against the setting sun. Sombre clouds streamed from a common centre like the arms of a gigantic windmill. Mr. Rix came in from the barn, smelling of cows and warm milk. To-morrow meant home, clean clothes—what a scrubbing his mother would give him!—his brothers, the old life of competition. He ate his supper in silence—the reign of King Jim was over.

The morning that carried Jim away was the beginning of a long separation. Though he and Rixy had planned many expeditions for the following summer, they were never realized. The year slipped by, and another and another, with the unforeseen constantly rearranging conditions and events to prevent a return. Jim was growing up. The "long vacation," which used to seem so limitless, shortened painfully. School and college crowded on each other's heels, and there were visits to be made. His profession was decided upon. Then he went abroad for three years of painting. He did not sign his work with the triangular mark now, but he used to look often at the early sketch and wonder how he did it. The years lengthened to ten—years of change and developments, distraction and weaning influences, but the desire to get back to the old environment never left him. Occasional scraps of news reached him among his far-away surroundings: Mrs. Rix was dead; Mary and Willie married at last; Rixy never looked better; the Baptist church had burned down. Jim caught eagerly at every item, detailing each to his companions in exile with added reminiscences of his own, longing always to go back, to refresh his memory, to find things just as they had been.

At last the chance came. It was while he was home for a short vacation before begining the actual work of life. The start of the trip was not auspicious. There had been a hot family discussion at breakfast. Jim's opinion of pictures had been asked. What should be done with the dining-room? In matters of art he was, supposedly, "educated." His suggestion was wholesale suppression. Three years of bare *atelier* walls had put him out of sympathy with pictures as mural decorations. "Take them all down," he said. Then and there the family had turned upon him. What! take down that beloved "Landseer and his Dogs," or the "Claude Duval" engraving? They had been there since before Jim was born. He argued that this scarcely made them more lovely; there was prompt recrimination, and the debate broke up with a variety of suppressed explosions from all corners of the table. Jim sat on the front seat during the drive, preserving a serio-comic silence, still nettled that his plea for simplicity had been construed into fault-finding. But the familiar road turned his thoughts to less peevish channels, and by the time the four corners were reached memory and anticipation were in the ascendant. He would find many changes, he was told. He had expected that. The Russells had bought the farm, put everything in perfect condition, and made Mr. Rix a sort of general overseer. Fortunately Mrs. Russell was a woman of excellent taste, a judge of old furniture—there would be no vandalism. She and Jim had enthused together over the bare simplicity of colonial days. It was relieving to think that the old house had fallen into such discriminating hands. Every turn of the rising, dipping road woke in Jim's heart a long-dormant memory, an echo, years old, of his boyhood shouting. There were the willows where he turned north toward the store, the bridge shading the big flat stone where he used to drink, burying his nose in the brown water, his eyes fixed on the magnified sands; on the left they passed the tangled huckleberry lot—Jim's back fairly ached in remembrance of how long it used to take to cover the shining bottom of the pail. Then came the branch lane to "Gungeywamp"—as always ankle-deep with black mire—and he sat up straighter, for he knew that the farm was very near. From the front seat he caught the first glimpse of the house. A chorus of "There it is!" drowned his exclamation. It was red! That simple fact smote on his heart with the painful shock of a single sharp gong stroke. He sank back dumb with disappointment and almost listlessly took in the details of the situation. Yes, it was greatly improved. The ramshackle gate had been replaced by a new one, also painted red (it used to be

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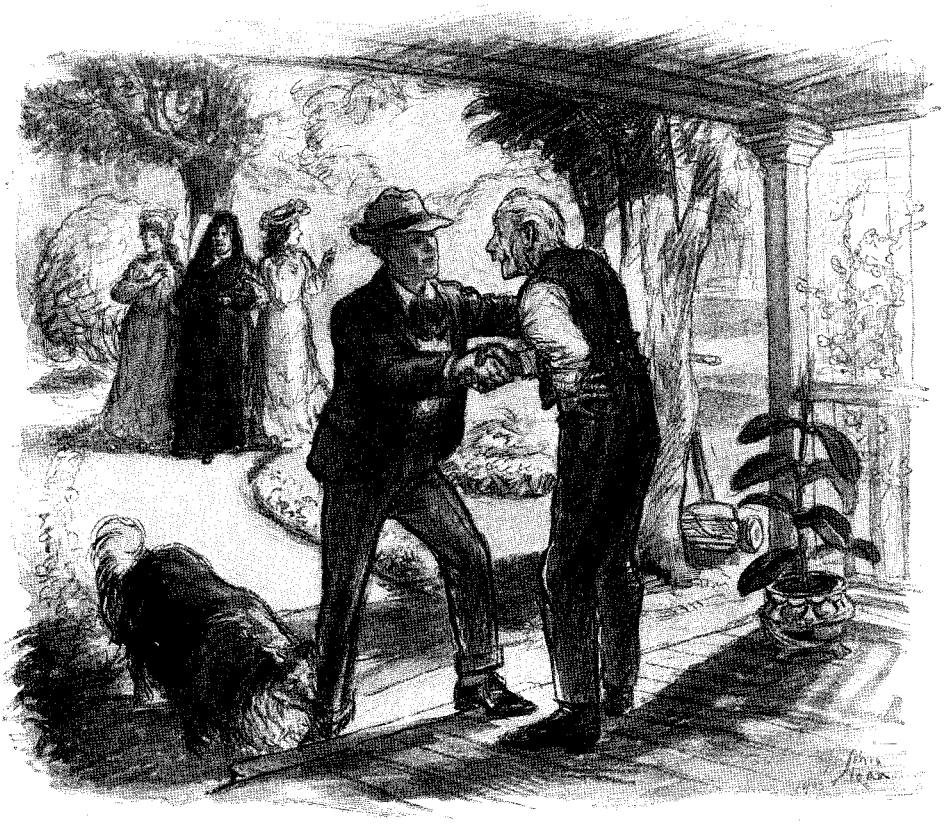

"Come in, come in," said Rixy, an old man's break in his voice.

gray, soft and silvery); the lane was a "drive" now. Ugh! how he hated the word! The disordered yard was a lawn saved from the depredations of chickens by neat wire fences; the shop, the barns, the corn-house—where were their faded tones of russet and gray? Straight and snug in their suits of red they seemed to stare boldly at Jim and cry: "We've improved! we've improved!" He hardly dared look again at the house itself. Numb and dazed, old ideals slipping from him almost perceptibly, he clambered stiffly from the carriage.

"Isn't it dear!" his mother and sisters were saying. "It's really wonderful what they've done to it!" A collie ran out of the horse-barn barking furiously. The kitchen door opened and Rixy stood on the threshhold. Jim ran toward him, and they held each other close for a moment while the young man gulped furiously.

"Come in, come in," said Rixy, an old man's break in his voice.

It was a painful interview, that long half hour, sitting stiffly about the stove. The girls were exploring the new buttery while Jim talked lamely of intervening years. Rixy was deferent, pitiful—the old relation was gone! Yes, Jim said, he had been away a long time, it seemed, and there were naturally many changes.

"We live in this end of the house now," said Rixy, with a shade of apology in his quaver. "Mrs. Russell and her daughter have the other rooms. You must see them, Jimmy; they're fine, now!"

They were led through the house to see the improvements. The former buttery had become part of a charming dining-room, bright with jonquils and blue Staffordshire; the bedrooms were dainty with chintz papers and muslin curtains. But the triumph of resuscitation was the parlor.

The old horrors were annihilated. The blinds were open, Uncle Hen's trophies

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flown, and the *ensemble* restored to a correctness which brought forth spontaneous approvals. An old spinet in excellent condition replaced the melodion; the crayon portraits of Eliza and Jared Rix had given way to colonial mirrors, a tall clock ticked in the corner once graced by the what-not, and even the masked fireplace had come into its own. A purging hand had wiped out the innumerable doilies, the shark's teeth, and the conch-shells. Jim, apathetic, noted the improvements and groaned. Thank heaven, Mrs. Russell and her daughter were out driving! "So sorry to have missed them," his mother said. His good-by to Rixy had a tone of finality which made the old man say, "You will come again?"

"Yes," assented Jim slowly, though he knew in his heart that he would not.

"Isn't it wonderful, how they have redeemed the old place?" said his mother for the twentieth time, as they drove home through the dusk.

"Wonderful!" echoed Jim.

"And do you know," she continued, "I believe you were right about the pictures. There were hardly any in that whole house. I really think our dining-room *would* be improved if——"

Jim found her hand in the darkness. "Don't," he said.

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LETTERS AND DIARIES OF GEORGE BANCROFT

EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

III

PARIS FROM 1847 TO 1849

THE tradition that the American representative at the Court of St. James must be a man of letters is one that derives but a partial support from historic record. George Bancroft was appointed minister to England, by President Polk, in 1846. In the roll of his predecessors the only name inevitably suggesting letters is that of Edward Everett, unless, indeed, Washington Irving's short tenure as *chargé d'affaires* entitles him to a place in the list. Since Bancroft's day there have been Motley, Lowell, and Mr. Hay, besides five times as many more who owed little or nothing of their fame to their pens.

But, small or great, the list of writers honored through the English mission has been a national distinction. To no one of them did the opportunities of residence in London bring such distinctive advantages as to George Bancroft in his private capacity of historian. The opportunity, for him, lay in the very circumstances of his career. In the twenty-five years since he had visited London as an unknown student he had won himself an extensive fame as an historian. Three of his volumes had appeared—in 1834, in 1837, and in 1840. They dealt specifically with the "History of the Colonization of the United States." The next volume (1852) was specifically to take up "The American Revolution." Much of the best materials for the treatment of this theme lay untouched in the Government archives and private collections of England and France. To whom, if not to the American minister at London, an historian of established reputation, should these treasures be opened?

There are abundant evidences that Bancroft put his opportunities to good use. The preface to his sixth volume (1854), completing the history of the causes of the Revolution, told something of the richness of the sources upon which he was privileged to draw, and subsequent prefaces completed the record. The manuscript collections which passed with all his books into the possession of the Lenox Library are further monuments to the extraordinary and effective industry of these years abroad. There are, moreover, in his carefully preserved correspondence plentiful illustrations not only of the scholarly, but of the political and social activities of the London period.

One special series of letters separates itself from the mass of the correspondence of this time—a correspondence in which the most interesting aspects of English society, politics, and letters are reflected. This is the package of almost daily letters which Mr. Bancroft—visiting Paris at different times, seven at least, between 1847 and 1849—wrote to his wife in London. He was in England when Louis Philippe was overthrown; but the Paris of the months immediately before and after that event became familiar to him. The time and the place combined to yield the man to whom every door was opened impressions of the sort from which illuminative letters are made. From the chief actors to the chorus, all the troupe of dramatic Paris in one of its most characteristic displays fell under the observer's eye. Except for a minimum of links, supplied from unpublished letters and a laconic diary, and for a few explanatory foot-notes, the letters shall speak for themselves.

Late in October of 1846 Mr. Bancroft arrived in England. Early in November his household was established in Eaton Square, in London. Immediately from this time forth the diary records so many engagements of every kind that one is surprised to find the active London life soon interrupted by a visit to Paris. On the night of Palm Sunday, March 28, 1847, Mr. Bancroft left London.

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Wednesday, March 31, 1847.

It is Passion Week, my dear Elizabeth, and there are no great receptions. French Decorum respects the establishments and the festivals of the church; so Guizot* did not open his doors last night; and I have done nothing about him but leave a card at the Foreign Office. After I finished my letter to you yesterday, I went round to see Martin,† where I found George Sumner.‡ I was very much pleased with him, and with his manner of viewing the world. He is a person whom you would like; and his opinions, as far as I became acquainted with them yesterday, are sensible and temperate. I speak of my first impressions, which were exceedingly in his favor. He volunteered as modestly as kindly to accompany me in my morning's wanderings; and by Martin's good advice and his aid, arrangements were begun for seeing Guizot (which you must pronounce as the Italian Gui, contrary to the usual French rule, his name being exceptional as well as *Guise*) and the King. I spent a delightful half hour with MacGregor's friend Anisson-Dupéron,§ and I left my card and letters on those to whom I was addressed. Thus the morning passed; and after a frugal dinner, I went with Martin to hear Rachel as Hermione in Racine's Andromaque. She is the best actress I ever saw in tragedy; surpassed or equalled only by Mademoiselle Mars,‖ on whom the earth closed a few days ago. She seemed to act like one possessed; her utterance was inspiration, love, hate, tenderness, revenge, all the passions that can agitate the breast of a fond woman, the torture of love unrecognized, the gentle relenting at the slightest transitory hope, the frenzy of seeing another preferred by the man whose faith had been plighted to her, the infinite remorse at the consummation of her vengeance, all flowed from her lips, and impressed themselves on her face, and moved in her eyes and person; so that I joined in the outcries of approbation which followed the religious silence during her acting. Ah! Fanny Kemble! But comparisons are disagreeable. Nothing shall mix itself in my mind with the pure admiration of the actress, who made even Racine's language more beautiful; who expressed all his meaning without exaggeration, and illumined every word of every line she uttered.

I ran home, where I had received a charming billet from Madame de Circourt; and in a very few moments, as you may believe, was dressed for my evening visit. At her soirée was Mrs. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, Hawtrey the head master of Eton; I shook hands with these—but the Countess Circourt! She speaks English like an Angel, i.e., Anglus; French sounds sweetly from her mouth; she knows German as well as Bunsen. Here I stopped; for I could not venture on Italian, though I once spoke it pretty well. Her manners were delightful. She is the first person I have seen in Europe who had those charming qualities of French society according to the best accounts of it. I kept out of the English set as much as possible; and near her. What did not we talk about! America and London and France and Berlin; the great men of the Revolution; Louis Blanc, and Lamennais; and this wonderful new book of Lamartine: the History of the Girondins. Presently Delavigne* came in, with a suite of Frenchmen. At once an introduction. He knew something of Emerson; talked of poetry; of Béranger; of his own movement to procure Béranger's admission to the French Academy; of Béranger himself. Then criticised on his songs, then some remarks almost cynical of the character of the modern press, and of poets and poetry. I could not join in the conversation all the time; for Count Circourt† was making little arrangements for me; all kindly considerate, that, as I have but a few days, I may see at once the celebrities of Paris; blind Thamyris, that is Augustin Thierry, whom I am to visit to-morrow night, and after it at Mrs. Austin's to meet, I hope, French people, Lamartine, I am resolved to see; his Girondins is a book little read as yet by the higher classes; eminently acceptable to the people; of which the sale will promptly reach 24,000, six or seven thousand having been sold instantly in Paris. Lamennais I shall probably meet; but it is not so certain.

* Then Prime Minister of France.

† J. L. Martin, Secretary of the U. S. Legation at Paris.

‡ The brilliant younger brother of Charles Sumner. He was then thirty years old, and living in Paris.

§ Director of the Royal Press, and member successively of the Chamber of Deputies and House of Peers.

‖ Died March 20, 1847.

* Presumably Germain Delavigne, dramatist, younger brother of Casimir Delavigne, the poet, who died in 1843.

† A. M. J. Albert, Comte de Circourt, littérateur and historian.

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His fourth volume of his great work has appeared. His third, which, you remember, relates to art, was praised by the Countess, last night, in good set terms. . . .

Yours ever,

G. BANCROFT.

April 4, 1847.

. . . At four and a quarter I went to a rendezvous with M. Guizot. His reception was as cordial as possible. "You are no stranger to me; your work I have read with the greatest interest. I esteem it the best historical work that has appeared on your side of the water." If it has merit it must be in part due to those among the French whose writings contribute so much to vivify thought in America. "How very agreeable, that persons living so many thousand miles apart, learn to appreciate one another, and to point a point of union in the world of intelligence." I am the more glad you take an interest in my pursuits as you can render me essential aid. "I shall be most happy to render you every aid in my power," and so we chatted of the French Revolution and the American; of their different characters; of the influence of France on America; of the Frenchman Calvin; of the aid France gave us in the Revolution. I am to have all facilities; and as the Minister of the Interior came in, a Governor Marcy looking sort of man, I left the ministers of state to their cabinet councils with an engagement to meet M. Guizot again to-morrow.

. . . After dinner I went to Lamartine's* reception. He is a tall man, with the manners of the world. His work just published has the greatest success of almost anything that has yet appeared. The third volume was on a table, and is to appear on Monday. At his soirée was M. Ampère† who wishes to be elected this week to the Academy; M. Tissot, I think, who is a member; Count Girardin of the old régime, Charles X's Grand Veneur; the Marquis and Marquise de la Grange, who invited me to their soirée to-morrow evening; Coolidge; and my friends the Circourts. Madame Lamartine, who is not thought here a person so distinguished as not to be excelled by a great many, corrects her husband's proof-sheets herself entirely, tells him what pages to rewrite, points out the repetition in the same page of the same word, or the too frequent recurrence of the same phrase; and revises again the revise. Nay, when he has written, the copy of the amanuensis is made for the press from his papers, and madame compares them, and she alone. When Lamartine writes letters she sits by and folds them and he writes almost as fast as she can direct and seal. Here I pause as my paper is at an end. Lamartine writes before breakfast; and writes only after long reflection, and then writes almost as an improvisation with astonishing rapidity.

Yours,

GEO. BANCROFT.

HOTEL WINDSOR, April 6, '47.

Yesterday morning my first place of rendezvous was with Mignet* at the archives. He gave me good advice, as well as opens to me every facility; aids and encourages me in my purpose to take nothing on trust; to verify everything by the archives themselves. I find in him not only courtesy and goodwill, but the good qualities that come from his own extraordinary merit as an historian and a critic; so that I find a favorer and a friend in the man on whom I so much depend for my opportunities of research.

After this I went with Count Circourt to see the blind veteran Thierry. He is paralyzed in his lower limbs; his nerves are shattered; his eyesight gone; but his mind is as bright as light, and his interest in his pursuit untiring. He knew Lafayette very well. When the general returned in his glory from his first campaign in America, Marie Antoinette herself gave him a welcome. "*Nos bons républicains*," said she; "*dîtes moi quelque chose de nos bons républicains*," little dreaming that America was nearer than Athens and Sparta, or that the promise of Washington was more likely to be followed by results than that of a hero of old time; as if the ocean divided as much as two thousand years. He told another story of Lafayette; that when he visited Berlin, at dinner Frederic quizzed him about his enthusiasm. "I had a young friend who went up and down the world, seeking adventures," said Frederic; "and do you

* Lamartine was then in political opposition to Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

† Jean Jacques Ampère, son of the scientist. He was elected to the Academy in 1847.

* From 1830 to 1848 Mignet was Keeper of the Archives at the Foreign Office.

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know what end he came to? He was hanged."

I have not yet seen Chateaubriand. But I hope to do so. O'Connell wished to meet him, and he sent him word, he would receive his visit. "Does not he know," said the Vicomte, "that I never go out of the house for anyone but my king?" They began reading to him Lamartine's Girondins. After a few pages he bade them stop, saying, "*Il dore la Guillotine*"; a harsh and unjust phrase, but one that will be repeated and remembered. Someone was speaking with him of his life: "In my youth," said he, "I saw Washington and Malesherbes; in my old age I see Louis Philippe and Dupin!! Can you think I wish to continue longer?" . . .

Faithfully yours,
G. B.

April 11, Monday, 1847.

. . . After this [a call from an American visitor] I went down to the Rue du Temple, a great way off, to the hotel of M. de St. Albin. This is he who introduced Louis Philippe into the Jacobin club; the same who stood out bravely and alone against the mob of Paris, when it came in its fury to break the statue of Malesherbes; an intimate friend of the friends of Franklin; father to M. de St. Albin, the very amiable and liberal member of the chamber of deputies. He was present, as he told me, at the scene when Madame de Staël said to the Emperor Alexander, *Vous, sire, êtes le meilleur des constitutions.* "*Moi,*" replied the emperor, "*je ne suis qu'un accident;* the happiness of a people should have a more enduring guarantee"; the best moment in the emperor's life.

The ascent to his rooms was imposing. The vast escalier made its way up into the hotel of ancient grandeur, ample in its dimensions, carrying you back to the days of Louis XIII. We entered through the vast suite of rooms lined with pictures and came to the saloon where by a large wood fire in a deep, large, old-fashioned fireplace sat in an arm-chair the venerable old man whose memory and strong sense are alike remarkable. His large figure has the commanding air of vigor of will and force of understanding; his eye proclaimed sagacity and clearness of conviction; everything about him testified to his integrity. His sons were about him. On the opposite side of him, my eye soon riveted on a charming young person, in a high dress, covering neck and shoulders almost to the chin, the dress a plaid silk; her mouth and countenance apt to smile; her eye bright but mild and beaming with the gentlest expression; her air as simple as possible, but of high breeding and perfect culture. Now in France, they never present to young persons; but she was so modest, so graceful, evidently so full of merit, I said to myself, let me see if I cannot, before I go, find out the sound of her voice, and get some measure of her mind.

The old gentleman talked with us delightfully; abounding in picturesque anecdote, sketches of the men of the revolution, of Danton and Robespierre, which last he thinks a monster, as I do. We have yet two moods of mind to pass through in France, said he, Robespierreism and Bonapartism. We shall get through both. Presently his wife came in, a person much younger than himself, and the charming daughter for some reason left the room. Soon after we proceeded to our morning's work. The painter David bequeathed to M. St. Albin his portraits of the revolution: there was Danton, St. Just, Mirabeau, and so many more; Charlotte Corday, painted in prison before her execution; the horrible, hateful, half-crazed Murat; the singular Camille Desmoulins; but most remarkable of all, Robespierre himself in his pie coat, with nicely tied cravat, very spruce, not dandyish, but neat and nice and precise; the selfish, envious, hating and hateful creature, with a nature as incapable of respecting abilities superior to his own as ——— himself. We went through these rooms, which were lined to the ceiling with pictures; such a portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos at twenty-five, by Mignard. Such of the Pompadour, but vastly less beautiful was she; of statesmen and priests; of the sublime Molière; of so many and pictures of excellent artists. But we gave attention to those marvellous ones of the French Revolution.

Then the autographs. A letter of Napoleon from Italy to Barras on public business, duly signed; and a post-scriptum: *Je suis au désespoir; ma femme ne m'aime plus; elle a des amants qui la retiennent à Paris. Je maudisse toutes les femmes, et j'embrasse tous mes bons amis.*

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Then the *vieillard* sat down in a chair in the room and began telling of the men of the revolution; and Ro[bespierre]'s autograph was produced. It is the proclamation to the citizens, ordering an insurrection; written in the Hôtel de Ville, and signed already by several of his associates of the Committee of Safety. He began to sign and had written Ro just as the pistol struck his jaw, rendered him speechless and powerless. The blood from the wound spurted upon the paper, and the clotted drops stick upon it yet.

Good-by, G. B.

My hour has come.

12 April, 1847.

Where was it I stopped in my account of Sunday? I suppose I told you how I contrived to begin conversation with the charming young person I told you of? How we stayed talking with her and her father till dinner-time, making a visit of almost three hours? How beautifully she painted? How sweetly she lisped English? How angel-like she smiled; and how her eyes beamed in a way quite peculiar to France and Paris! At last we bade adieu, and tore ourselves away; but the good creature, to whom we had bidden good-by and who had curtsied her farewell glance to us, came tripping after us like a good child as she is, to show still another wonder that lay in the antechamber.

In the evening at nine I made my second visit to the Tuileries. The royal circle this time was graced with the very charming Princess de Nemours,* dressed as pinkly as possible; the bloom of her cheeks excelling that of her dress and even of the flowers. The King did not by any means have so much to say as before, but was agreeable, talking with us perhaps ten minutes. Then I went to Thiers† (having spent a full hour in the royal circle, where by the way I met Count de Bacourt and Baron de Barante‡) and finished the evening there. This time he was delightful, and gave descriptions of the battle of Wagram and of Rivoli; the last he described inimitably. . . .

Good-by,
G. B.

* Louis Philippe's second son, the Duc de Nemours, had married a duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

† At this time a leader in the opposition to Guizot.

‡ Baron Brugière de Barante, historian and publicist.

Under April 1 there is an entry in the diary: "Evening 8½ at the Tuileries." Since the letter just quoted refers to an earlier visit at which the King talked at greater length, there seems sufficient reason to believe that a manuscript memorandum endorsed "Conversation with Louis Philippe, 1847" has to do with the April 1 interview. The presumption is the stronger since no allusion to another interview in 1847 appears. In this record the reader will see at once that Mr. Bancroft attempted usually to set down the very words of the King, spoken as they were in the first person. The most significant portions of the memorandum follow:

England talks of making conquests. Let her look at her own course in India. I remember meeting the old Warren Hastings at Lord [blank] in England. He said that England had done wrong, that they should have been contented with Bengal and establishments on the coast, and not have extended their conquests into the interior. Had they stayed there, they would have had all. Now their conquests are a burden to them. Possessions gained by conquests are all bad. I have no opinion.

. . . . . .

We must ride out the storm. We rode it out in 1836 in the question of Romish intervention; again in 1840 in the Syrian question, and now we must do the same. We shall weather the storm now as we did then. It is but doing what we have done twice before.

They say they will not restore the *entente cordiale* till they receive satisfaction as they call it. They never will receive it I never will give it them. And if I were willing, the French nation would not suffer it.

Louis Philippe and Franklin

I remember Franklin. I was present as a boy when Franklin was introduced to my mother. The picture of the scene is to be seen now in one of the apartments of the Palais Royal. I am painted in it in one corner as a child beating a drum.

Treaty of Utrecht

It was the English who sued for peace and most needed [it]. Marlborough, to be sure, wished to continue war; for the bene-

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fits to be derived from it. But the English ministry needed peace and sought for it. There never was such a thing thought of, as excluding every descendant of a whole family from the succession. Nobody could have done that. Nobody had a right to propose it. Nobody could have made any such renunciation. A man may renounce for himself; he cannot for every member of it in every future generation. The object held in view was, the prevention [of] the crown of France and Spain coming to the same person. That was all.* Have you seen the pamphlet written here by [blank]? It is very good, and contains a full statement of the case, only it is too long. You, Mr. Martin, must get it for Mr. Bancroft. He understands this subject, and should read what Mr. [blank] has written about it.

I do not wish to govern Spain.

Himself and M. Guizot

Lord Normanby† said once to me one day soon after his arrival as minister, that he undersood M. Guizot was not acceptable to me. Put that out of your head, I replied to him (and as he spoke he held out his two forefingers closely together), M. Guizot and I are as thick as two fingers. Thiers and those people had got round Lord Normanby, and had persuaded him that Guizot had not my confidence, and wished to supplant them. M. Thiers and his friends cannot come into power. I would not have them. The parliament, I mean the French Parliament (so he called the chambers), would not have them, and if they got into power they would not be able to retain it long.

Of Spain

I wish no conquests. I don't think well of conquests. What if we had Belgium and Savoy, it would only be so many departments, so many deputies, and a body all the more difficult to transact business. There are enough of them now. I don't think conquests of any advantage. I hope you may not find it so with regard to Texas. I do not wish to govern Spain. I wish there were two Pyrenees instead of one, and that were as high as possible; only I cannot have Spain in a hostile attitude.

Balearic Isles

They talk of our wanting the Balearic Isles. It is the most arrant nonsense ever devised. What do we want of the Balearic Isles, when we hold Toulon? They talk of our wishing to make the Mediterranean a French lake. How can that possibly enter into any man's head? The English have Gibraltar, Malta and Corfu. How then can anybody think of making the Mediterranean a French lake? You call it a pond, I think, added with a sneer. [One sentence on margin illegible.]

To Lord Palmerston's disposition to control his policy he avowed his resolute opposition. Here I stand [assuming an attitude of a man taking a firm position, putting his arms to his side, and holding his head erect,] I am immovable. I will not stir a step. I am planted on a rock. There is no power in Europe that will find it for its advantage to interfere with it. No one will be able to interrupt the tranquillity of Europe. I wanted a cordial understanding with England. I wished it. I was ready to give up everything for it. I could not permit myself to sit still and acquiesce in the Coburg's marrying the Queen of Spain. I said, let them settle it among themselves. I was ready to offer England everything if they would have agreed to promote the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier to the Infanta. I was willing to wait till the Queen had children, only it must be in the certain assurance to me of the marriage.

On April 17 Mr. Bancroft returned to London. In September he paid a brief visit to the Continent with his wife, establishing his children at school in Switzerland and spending a few unrecorded days in Paris. It was on the 18th of December that he set forth on his next expedition of research, which yielded him nearly six weeks of Paris on the very eve of the Revolution, which, in spite of the assurance of Louis Philippe, was about "to interrupt the tranquillity of Europe."

Monday night and Tuesday morning,
20 and 21 Dec., 1847.

After getting a little in order in my very small box, I went, dear wife, quite early to the State Paper Office. I saw at once M.

* An obvious allusion to the marriage of the Infanta to the Duke of Montpensier, fifth son of Louis Philippe, in 1845.
† British Minister at Paris.

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[blank] who is a great friend of the Pageots;* and made my arrangements for beginning my work, and seeing Mignet for this morning. I begged to go right to work without any delay; and they were good enough to interpose but that one morning of my announcement of myself. Quick attention and kind. Books of papers handed out to me freely for me to make extracts and copies and to go on again to new ones, as fast as my own diligence can take me, with no delays from the hesitance of others. I then went to call on Mr. Rush,† who was polite and amiable and cordial, living with simplicity; not able to speak, or to write, or to read French. Guizot speaks English; but what if there were to be a change in the ministry? . . . Cousin,‡ too, I had the good fortune to find at home; and he was full of Switzerland, the minister and a greater person. Lamartine he thinks a poet and no statesman. The Law and Order Party here govern through fear of radicalism; he thought that Lamartine had done wrong by strengthening the radical cause, and in increasing the alarm. Power in France now, such was his theory, is with the *classe moyenne:* (which by the way is not quite true;) and the way to proceed according to his programme is to persuade calmly the middling class to look favorably on moderate reforms as useful to themselves; and next, to make them fear, that the present extreme measures will infallibly give to the radical party strength to accomplish as well as disposition to undertake a revolution. But all lovers of order now frighten people with the red flags of the republic and the name of Robespierre. As to present politics, the younger branch of the Bourbons never attempted to do towards Switzerland, the natural defense of France, what the *branche ainée* did towards constitutional Spain in 182--, with this difference, that the elder branch was urged on to its undertaking by all the powers of legitimist Europe; but this time, France urged on the other powers and seemed impatient of delay. All agree that the next session will be excessively interesting; and that Thiers and Barrot§ will at once begin opposition under better auspices than ever. What sort of a man is O- Barrot? *Il est un très brave homme*, but there is not the most perfect identity of views between him and Thiers. The opposition is heterogeneous, (I add this) and after all, Guizot may not be so near his end as some people have imagined. By the way, I must add, that O- Barrot has just returned from his beautiful succession of reform banquets.

Leaving Cousin, I bought a hat; and then with my new chapeau, went to see Louis Blanc. He has published a second volume of his history of the French Revolution; and is finishing it as fast as possible. He says the *mot* now is *organization du Travail*;* all other watchwords in France are defunct. He thinks the debates in the Chambers will end in nothing at all of any consequence. The King is to him [remainder of line blank in MS.] Thiers is an imperialist under a monarchy. Thiers was the author of the laws of September, which Guizot in the cabinet opposed. Guizot is more liberal than his rival though he would do anything to retain power. Thiers is a Bonapartist, as thoroughly given to Napoleonism as any man in France; thinks himself a little Napoleon; Guizot retains from his old pursuits a leaning to liberalism. As to revolutions, men made them without intending it. The Chamber under Charles X, even after the Louvre was taken, did not wish to depose Charles, but only to have the ordinances recalled. So Lafitte himself told him; for it seems, Lafitte himself was one of his sources in his *Hist. de Dix Ans;* said nothing now but composing and moderate measures on the part of the governing power can prevent a revolution. L. Blanc is to come and call on me some morning before my state paper hour, and seemed *empressé* to do so. . . .

Your affectionate,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

22 Dec., 1847.

Is it Tuesday night, or Wednesday the 22nd? It is past 12 o'clock, dear wife; and it is safest perhaps, to indite my letter to you now. The 22nd what a day for us all; when those who built on the Rock of Ages landed on the rock of Plymouth. To-day at eleven, I called by appointment on M.

* Alphonse Joseph Yver Pageot, French Minister at Washington, 1842-1848.

† Richard Rush, U. S. Minister at Paris, 1847–1849.

‡ Victor Cousin was then Minister of Public Instruction.

§ C. H. Odilon Barrot, a prominent opposition member of the Chamber of Deputies.

* Louis Blanc's book, "De l'Organization du Travail," had appeared in 1840.

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Mignet; and I found him amiability itself. Sit down, said he; and telling me how immensely rich the archives here are, he gave me counsel how to make the best use of my time. Take notes, when those suffice; if a short sentence is wanted copy it; if whole documents or longer extracts mark them, and I will have them done for you. And then this gentlest and loveliest of keepers of archives said, See I have had all this copied for you; and gave me a pile that made my heart leap for joy. The good turn he had done me was worth a week's work, and put me ahead at once. Then ringing for the clerk, (M. Dumont had already been with him and welcomed me) he said to the clerk, give Mr. Bancroft any book he may ask for, and conduct him to the room he occupied before. Our hours, he added, are from 11 to 4. So you see I gain one hour beyond the usage of London.

. . . Rose Chéri was to play; but I turned my back upon her attractions; read till near nine; then went to see Thiers. He was in his salon, amidst his wife, his wife's mother, his wife's sister and a coterie, Mignet being of the party. Thiers insisted that Peel had lost ground the last year, that his bill of 1844 was an absurdity; that there was nobody in France ignorant enough to have proposed such a thing; that paper-money is an abomination; that restraints on a bank *de province* might pass unheeded; but to tie up the discretion and power of action of a great bank was an absurdity; that you put wadding around the foreheads of children to prevent them breaking their pates; but to do so to a full grown man is ridiculous. Then, too, he found fault with the repeal of the corn laws; and was troubled with a want of sincerity of convictions in English statesmen. The present ministry he thinks likely to stand; because there is none other possible. Peel in his view has lost reputation and has lost his following. But he predicts great distress to the agricultural interest, and contests in England of unforeseen bitterness. Many came and went. I tried to talk with Madame Thiers. It is difficult to do so consecutively. Her conversation is, if not monosyllabic, at least sententious. Her sister talks more: her mother is one well versed in the use of her tongue. I find the language no great obstacle to a share in the chat of the evening. Afterward M. Thiers talked with me about Switzerland, but he will hardly be able to overthrow the ministry. As I went he followed me to the door, saying he is at home every evening in the week except Wednesday and Thursday, and said everything that was kind by way of inviting me to come often. So I bade good-night to the imperialist historian who is no free trader, and has no tendencies to republicanism. . . .

Your affectionate,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

23 December, Paris, 1847.

Yesterday, dear wife, has come to an end. I took another dose of Louis Blanc's French Revolution. He is not right. Immersed in his one idea, his heart does not expand to what is beautiful and touching in other situations than those of which he is the apologist. I make up my mind, that he gives no fair version of Marie Antoinette. Louis XVI he seems to think a stupid imbecile. . . .

Four or five elaborate despatches and communications from Mr. Rush at last put me in the way of making a visit last night at the Tuileries. It was all I did. At 8¾ we passed through the immensely long Corridores and arrived at a room crowded almost as much as at a London minister's reception. There were Dukes and Duchesses, Montebello* and Decazes,† there was an old man near 90 whom the Duke Decazes pointed out to me and whose name I have forgotten; the King was suffering from a cold and did not appear. The Queen was the more amiable, or at least was very amiable. She and the members of the Royal Family were seated, and the visitors passed behind their chairs, bowing and speaking to each one of them. The familiarity of approach was quite as great as the approach to persons in society but little known. There was the quiet suppression of everything like excitement, otherwise things went on as in any other soirée. I spoke with the Queen, Princess Adelaide,‡ the Duchess de Montpensier, who is agreeable, though not handsome, has light in her eye, and a mild pleasant smile; and with the Duchess de Nemours,

*In 1847 Napoléon Auguste duc de Montebello was made Minister of Marine.

†From 1834 to 1848 Elie duc de Decazes was *grand référendaire*, chief officer of the seals for the House of Peers

‡Younger sister of Louis Philippe.

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whom I thought this time not quite so good looking as she seemed to me last spring. With the Duc de Montpensier I had a very pleasant little chat. He has an open countenance, gay, almost frolicsome, and seems not eminently gifted, but an amiable companion. The Duc de Nemours , too, was in the room. . . .

After remaining a little while, we took our departure, Rush inviting me to go with him to a soirée from which I excused myself. I came home, wishing to keep quiet, and thinking the palace enough for one night. But as the King did not show himself I shall have to go again. . . .

Ever yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Paris, 29 December, 1847.

I allowed myself yesterday, dear wife, to be called off from my papers for an hour or two to be present at the *séance royale*. The King is very much hated by the masses; and, sad to tell, none are allowed to be near as he passes to the chambers. He moves thro' streets closed against all others and lined with soldiers. I escorted Miss Rush to the box for diplomatic wives and other attachés. My charming Hanoverian minister was there, and I sat near her. Madame Fleischman . . . pointed out to me the ministers and marshals and chief deputies. There is no present indication of a change of ministry, though it may come. The King was well received by the representatives of the *haute bourgeoisie*. The Peers deem it inconsistent with their dignity to shout *vive le roi*.

The King was too hoarse to read well, though he exerted himself. As a reader he is "*not a circumstance*" to Queen Victoria; but a promised reduction of postage and of salt duties won some applause. On the whole, the separation between the King and France, between the Pouvoir and the people is very great. The speech promises only a regard for the moral and material interests of the people; and does not at all intimate the right of political advancement. I doubt if such a system can be permanent. The moral power and physical strength and intelligence of the disfranchised is too great. But the opposition to government is anarchical; and all the French seem to unite on nothing but love of glory.

Last evening I went to spend an hour at M. Thiers. He was of course busy with his political friends, and I could not see him or converse with him. But he had not the manner of a man who expects immediate triumph; and as he is not a champion of popular liberty, I do not think he enjoys the necessity of continued and perpetual opposition. He is more in the condition of a child who wishes to get to the head of his class, than of a statesman wishing to sway the interests and policy of his country by the acquisition of power. . . .

Yr

G. B.

Paris 31, Dec., 1847.

But if, dear Wife, La Place had written of the mecanics [sic] of humanity, of life in its wonderful displays in man and nature and the race, he would have needed his hypothesis. They say that Voltaire declared the only fit commentary to Racine would be to write, Beautiful, beautiful, most beautiful at the bottom of each page. Each page of history may begin and end with Great is God and marvellous are his doings among the children of men; and I defy a man to penetrate the secrets and laws of events without something of faith. He may look on and see as it were the twinkling of stars and planets and measure their distances and motions; but the life of history will escape him. He may pile a heap of stones, he will not get at the soul. This is my commentary.

Humboldt went on pouring out anecdote after anecdote. Then he dwelt on our relations of Mexico. He himself you know is a Mexican by adoption. The Mexicans he thought gained their independence before they were ripe for it, and without a sufficient struggle. Old Spain had no liberal institutions except those which the Roman traditions had given to their municipalities. The freedom of the Communes existed. So in Mexico, when the central power of the king disappeared there was a want of union, though there was the city of Vera Cruz, the city of Mexico, etc., etc. For us to come down and take all Mexico he deemed impossible or rather an unwise design, but all the north to latitude 35 he thought we ought certainly [to] have. Such opinions so strongly expressed he could not publish; for he holds a situation at the Prussian court and is, moreover, a Mexican.

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But such are his opinions. But against our possessing tropical countries he gave a warning. Besides he detests slavery and holds the very strongest opinions against its extension. For all this, he regards Cuba as the natural extension of Florida, and that, therefore, one day it must come to the power, of which Florida is a possession. . . .

Good-bye, G. B.

Mad. Adelaide died this morning at 3.

New Year's Day, 1848.

. . . It is impossible for my days to pass with more uniformity, or more to my mind. I am getting just what I needed: only there is so much of it; and yet it is all so attractive that I wish there were more. The death of Madame Adelaide throws the court of course into deepest mourning. She was the King's bosom friend and counsellor. There was no one, it is said, to whom he opened his thoughts so fully, and in whose affection he more completely reposed. Besides: the political effect is not inconsiderable. She was younger than the King and yet of a good old age. It was only last week that I saw her at the Tuileries, apparently as well as usual. Parties here are becoming very much embittered, and Guizot, in the King's speech, has made the King involve himself in a contest of which the end cannot be foreseen. The campaign of banquets of which Cousin spoke, is attacked outright; and by the necessity of the case, the discussion on the Address in reply to the speech will involve that attack, not less than the policy *towards Switzerland*. Odilon-Barrot will not allow the reports which he has showed to be denounced as the fountains of rebellion or the evidence of a love of anarchy. France has been governed so long by the appeal to its fears of republicanism and Robespierre, that it is beginning to reason calmly upon the subject. But perhaps another generation must be waited for; the present opposition is scarcely united in anything. Some are for free trade; but Thiers is a most thorough protectionist, equal to the worst whig in the worst days of the tariff mania with us. Some are for the extension of the right of suffrage; but here again opinions are divided as to the extent and the principle of the proposed reform. One member explained to me his views, that all who are "independent" shall vote; and who are they? Another wishes to emancipate men of letters and members of learned professions; while the Government sets its face against all political changes and here in France, in the hollow of a wave, asks the sea to immutably still.

I gave you in one of my letters my criticisms on the French Opera, at which I give you leave to laugh. Last night I whiled away an hour or two at the Gymnase to hear Rose Chéri. Am I growing insensible? and dull? I was not enchanted. She is a good actress, not one of the best; and had none of the charm for which I was prepared to find her distinguished. I never should think of sending anyone to see her as a matter of duty. . . .

G. B.

Guizot did not receive last night and today the King does not receive the *corps diplomatique*.

Sunday, 2 Jan., 1848.

. . . . Here the death of Mad. Adelaide has interrupted the festivities and ceremonies of the season. There was no gathering of the *Corps Diplomatique* yesterday; and no prospect of any immediately. The presentations, which for Americans were to have reached the number of 100 or more, are, to the great damage of all who had bought or hired finery for the occasion, postponed or abandoned. Court balls are given over; shopkeepers in despair. The Princes Joinville* and Montpensier inherit the departed one's estates, which yield a revenue of 3,000,000 francs, quite a fortune for an old maid. The Duchess d'Orleans† is thought not to regret the departure of her aunt; for Adelaide always feared and thwarted the natural influence over Louis Philippe of the mother of the heir to the throne. Adelaide was one of the few survivors of the old school of French women; a *Voltairienne*, not troubled with religious scruples, fond of doing good to her friends, but otherwise quite *méchante*. . . .

Yours ever, G. B.

Jan. 7, 1848.

What is the world coming to? You are all frightened out of your wits lest M. Guizot with sword and regimentals, giving up his career in the French Chamber should come over to England with an army? Fie

*Prince Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe.

†Duchess d'Orleans, Princess Heléne of Mecklenberg, widow of Louis Philippe's eldest son.

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for shame. The Great Duke is growing old. Years ago Gen. Harrison, then Senator from Ohio, was dining at Sir Charles Vaughan's, and insisted like Wellington now on the possibility of invading England successfully. Sir Charles heard awhile with the courtesy which an Englishman always has in his own house or in his own country, but at last, got too much annoyed to remain silent any longer. The channel, said he, emphasizing the l in a way you and I could not do; *the* Channel; I could step across it. I could spit across it. We'll ferry them over and then beat them.

Thursday at 5, I went to see Amédée Thierry.* He was reading the proofs of the 4th volume of his history of France under the Romans. He sent me that message, which you know of; and it was so kind and civil, the Circourts thought I owed him a visit. His manner is modest. Ushered into his room by a maid, two tallow candles followed, as the articles of luxury and show adorning the mantelpiece. Presently his wife came and joined us; pleasing very, daughter of one of the greatest surgeons Paris ever had, and I believe only daughter and even only child, but her father dying left so many debts that her fortune was not large. I sat with Thierry till I thought it was 6 but his clock was too fast. "And may I ask," said I, "if M. Th. takes you to counsel as to what he writes?" She stammered a negative; but he said the question is to be answered affirmatively. He is to give me his third volume; so I shall buy the two first for you to read; he has been so singularly civil and obliging, and has shown himself so very much my friend —as I told you in two of my former letters.

. . . Yours affectionately,

G. B.

9 Janvier, 1848.

Thiers though fifty years old, dear wife, . . . rises at five o'clock every morning, toils till twelve, breakfasts, makes researches, goes to the Chambers, attends to politics, and in the evening always receives his friends except on Wednesday and Thursday when he attends his wife to the Opera and the Académie. I shall bring home his history *du Consulat* and *de l'Empire*. It is a magnificent work and as you set up for a critic of historians, you must read that. Yet Thiers at present is not likely to become minister. You may tell our friend who spoke to you of Patria, that Guizot is not and has not been in any present danger of losing his place. What may come in the dim distance, time only can reveal. But an acquaintance here in Paris with the state of parties shows the want of union and clear purpose in the opposition; and Guizot is not only the ablest man in the Chamber of Deputies; he is also not less liberal than anybody who would be likely to take his place in the present state of opinion and parties.

Yesterday I was at my papers till near dinner; I got your letters by the despatch bearer. . . . After dinner at a table d'hôte, I went to the Préfet's. He has magnificent apartments at the Hôtel de Ville; Louis Philippe is hardly so well lodged. The first person of my acquaintance whom I met on entering was Alexander von Humboldt. "You wished to know Arago?* he is by my side"; and there stood that tall stately man, majestically great, well and robustly made, more than six feet high; with a noble head, and every way an imposing presence; the very man in a revolution to command an impassioned crowd, at its time of peace to guide the progress of science. My Washington experiences made us acquainted at once; but just as we were talking of telescopes and stars, M. Humboldt reminded him they have another engagement. There were at the Préfet's Lord Normanby, Baron Rothschild, several diplomates, ministers and functionaries; a great crowd. I went off to M. Anisson's. There was the duc de Broglie† and a good many more. After talking with the Duke, M. Anisson introduced me to Rémusat.‡ Now Rémusat is just one of those I was most eager to know; for Rémusat you remember wrote Lafayette's life, and being himself a grandson and great-grandson of Vergennes, married Lafayette's granddaughter. I pounced at once upon Vergennes. But he thought there were no memorials of him except at the Archives. He introduced me [to] his wife who is a pleasing person, very. Pres-

*Younger brother of Augustin Thierry.

*Dominique François Arago, physicist, soon to become minister both of war and marine, under the Provisional Government.

†Then the French minister at London.

‡Comte François Marie Charles de Rémusat, author and member of the Chamber of Deputies.

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ently, Baron de Barante came in: he who is the author of the reply to the King's speech to be reported to-morrow, as well as the historian of Burgundy. The evening passed delightfully. I heard your name mentioned to-day, said Rémusat to me; but I made no inquiries, leaving that for hereafter, if need should be. I finished my evening at the graceful, amiable, lovely Duchess de Rauzan. Now don't think of a pretty young woman, but of a person full middle-aged, of the quietest, huddling twenty people into the smallest room so quickly that everyone had room enough, and all were near for little groups of conversation. The Circourts were here, Madame Radzevil too was here, and tells me that Emma Schlippenbach married Jelf, an English clergyman. Ask Bunsen about it; for if the lovely Countess Emma von Schlippenbach is in England, I must see her; and see what changes five and twenty years can make in one, who that long time ago, was the grace of social life in Berlin. But the lion of the evening for me was Berryer,* the veritable legitimist Berryer, a man who in his appearance reminded me a little of Webster, a dark complexion, a large head, a bulky frame, but his head not so large as Webster's; nor his eye so big; nor the white of his eye so frightfully white; nor his neck quite so long nor his stature quite so tall. He told me, that Chateaubriand is all but gone: he is too feeble to stand. His one arm has suffered from paralysis; of the other he uses but two fingers. He has less command of words. In short he scarcely sees any one.

Good-by. Be a good woman.

Yours, G. B.

Bancroft's letters from London to American friends during the month of the Revolution—February, 1848—and immediately after it, reveal the closest scrutiny of the event and its significance. With unusual interest, therefore, he must have returned to Paris in April of 1848.

Paris, Jeudi le 20 Avril, 1848.

Yesterday my first great deeds were to bespeak your gloves and exchange your boots, slippers and shoes; the Pells being absent this took me in the Boulevards. Next I resumed my work at the Archives. Then a stroll with Martin through the Tuileries. I left cards on the ministers. I met Lamartine in the street who gave me a rendezvous for seven; and I finished the evening at the Théâtre de la République.

Never were streets like these of Paris. You hear at every corner the shouts of urchins selling the newspapers, which are now as cheap in Paris as in New York, more abundant, and more readable. Every shade of opinion is represented and advocated with boldness. The Bourgeoisie have recovered courage and like the republic. A republic or an abyss, no other choice, a republic or civil war: a republic or the ruin of France. They who liked Louis Philippe most did so as the representative of order and security; and as he failed they own themselves mistaken and join the clubs and go heartily for the republic. The clubs are *not* terrible. They are so numerous that they neutralize each other. None have a preponderance. I have no fear but what the elections will take place quietly, and will give a well-intentioned represenative body, moderate in opinions, free from excess of passion. As to the forms they may adopt I have more doubt. Nor am I prepared to judge a great nation lightly. This is truly a wonderful people, having ideals, character, courage, waywardness and inventions of its own; and I am not prepared to say, that they are certainly wrong, because they do not in all things imitate us. Of one thing be certain. The socialist elections have no more sway here than in New York. The whole national guard which is now the whole people is in favor of order as well as republicanism; and life and property are as safe here now as in any part of the world. It is credit that totters; property is secure. There is not a dream of confiscation; no more thought of attacking property as such or dividing it than with us. The danger I fear is, a too simple form of government; but none can foresee that. You know the old French opinion, it was that of Turgot, was in favor of one chamber; and the recollection of the late Chamber of Peers does not recommend a second. So the idea of a Senate is not so universally acceptable as one would wish. For unity in the Executive, a President, everybody inclines; so Cousin told me, but a president vis-à-vis one chamber, will occupy a difficult position.

* Pierre Antoine Berryer, eminent lawyer and political orator.

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The garde mobile is the most comical set of capital young soldiers that you can conceive of; bright-eyed, gay, young, in frocks or blouses, full of spirit, of fidelity, and a courage which is the hilarity of youth. I don't believe braver troops could be enrolled; but they are certainly in strange contrast with the troops of princes, who spend their time in inventing caps and improving uniforms. The streets swarm with these new soldiers; but think of our militia at home and you have them nearly, except that I never saw men in our companies in blue frocks, or with that sort of garb, that showed it pretty plainly to be their only one. The gamins de Paris are some of them mere boys, still enrolled already in the garde mobile. A gamin is a Parisian boy, born and bred, with dark eyes that flash with light, with a gay good-humored expression in his face, ready wit, civility of manner combined with the gift of repartee; poor, honest, and fearless, and most unlike anything you see in London.

Amédée Thierry
From a painting by Lafosse.

At Lamartine's* I met the Marquise de [blank] one of the most charming of the Faubourg St. Germain; more full of cheerfulness than of old. I sat in a triangle with them. The sums, said the marquise, that are paid to the *travailleurs* are less than the expenses of the civil list. It is only spending on famished laborers what was wasted on a king. And she made the computation of so much per day for the laborers and so much for the monarch; the one expense being of charity and transient, the other having been a steady and increasing burden. Lamartine spoke warmly and most explicitly on the subject of property. He is resolved that all interests shall be respected and secured. Tell Miss Berry he scorns the idea as to the French Rentes of anything but maintaining them sacredly. Over and over he repeated that that was the fixed policy; and certainly France is rich eno' to make good all his promises. And you know no nation in the world hates bankruptcy, public or private, like the French. Lamartine is the man of all parties. Cousin says of him, he is now the anchor of safety. He speaks of the success of the republic as certain however it may go with him personally. "If I fall they will avenge me." But his courage is his security. Madame Lamartine is rather enthusiastic about her husband. I told her, that I who knew her had contradicted the stories of her deserting Paris; for said I, I knew if there was danger you would have shared it with your husband. This she liked; and while I was willing to praise Lamartine for what he has done and is doing, she seemed to think that there was nothing to be done in the world that he could not do; and that he would display military genius as readily as eloquence at the *tribune*, prudence in council, or power of organizing a republic. Indeed, the power he has shown in moderating selfish passions and swaying the people is something unexampled.

I was late in getting to the theatre. The play was Lucrèce,* a tame one; but it has the

*Under the Provisional Government Lamartine became Minister of Foreign Affairs.

*By F. Ponsard. First produced in 1843, the year in which Rachel first acted Phèdre.

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Alexis de Tocqueville.
From a drawing by Chasseriau. Engraved by P. Adolphe Varin.

Madame Adélaïde.
From a lithograph by Delpech.

deliverance of Rome, and the cry of *Plus de Rois!* But the lines applauded most were

c'est peu de songer à detruire
Si l'on ne songe encor comme on veut
reconstruire.

Then in her Roman dress, Rachel came forward to sing the Marseillaise,* exceeding everything that I have ever heard or anticipated. She seemed an angel not a sibyl. There was an infinite sweetness mingled with the strains, blending the gentlest emotions of social life with the summons to the battle-field. You could hear the ferocious hordes in the distance, and take arms to protect the children whom you clasp and the companions you cherish.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis,

was uttered not fiercely, but with the profoundest scorn that pure patriotism could feel, but when she recited the children's strophe, every word went to the soul. I could not have believed that eight lines could mean so much, and at the conclusion,

Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre,

it seemed as if the brave little one were going up to heaven in your presence. G. B.

*It was during a performance of "Lucrèce," in the winter of 1848, that Rachel gave the first of her wonderful renderings of the Marseillaise.

Paris, 22 April, 1848.

To-morrow is election day; and a more quiet, unimpassioned preparation for election I never knew. There is no extreme excitement; but rather the universal desire of getting a good Assembly. Violence is out of vogue and terror so much below par that it is laughed at. Everybody feels safe; and everybody strong. The rich wish freedom that they themselves may be secure; the poor, that they may exercise their share of political power. All accept the republic, the great majority as an affair of judgment, not of passion. The conquest of liberty has calmed passion. Paris, last winter when I was here, was more rocked by political storms, than now. The clubs have nothing formidable. Judge by this. You must have a ticket to get in. They are not crowded, and do little else than hear the *professions de foi* of the candidates. In a word, I have only to repeat, that it is not the fault of the French people, if they do not get a good republic. Yesterday was so quiet, I passed the whole morning till 5¼ at the Archives, and I shall do the same to-day. After dining yesterday I strolled to and fro, to a club-room or two. They were as quiet as our ward meetings. The Boulevards had their gay, cheerful crowds as

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usual. I fear nothing but defects in the organization of the government consequent on the want of republican experience.

Madame Circourt was in Berlin during the night of horrors, and showed wonderful self-possession and courage. She was for three days and nights in the palace, nursing the wounded. Things in Germany are in a very unsettled state. France will get organized first.

The great event of Sunday last, and the review on Thursday prove that physical strength is on the side of order; that the coming republic will be under the safeguard of the organized people, and not at the mercy of a mob.

At home Boston is frightened out of its wits. Mr. H. G. Otis thinks Louis Philippe a deeply injured man; Mr. Webster condemns the revolution in toto, as the work of communists and anarchists. The *Daily Advertiser* is alarmed. . . .

Yours ever,

G. B.

Ch. Rémusat.

From a lithograph by Auguste Bry.

Paris,
23 April, 1848.

DEAR WIFE: . . . I wonder at Pell's idle fears. To say that a country can pass from one form of government to another without some agony is an absurdity: but the French government is making the transition with the least possible confusion. The interruption of business is not greater than with us at the epoch of the last suspension of specie payment; not so great as it was after the war on the return to specie payments. As to life, I never felt safer in my life; as to property, I find everybody free from every apprehension of pillage. No tendency to pillage has marked any part of the movement. As to elections, they are preparing and going forward much more quickly than at any disputed election of ours. France is much less convulsed than we shall be at home in August and September and October.

A constitution should be the representation of national character: to translate ours into French is not enough. The members of the Provisional Government are busy at work, studying ours. Crémieux* has ordered everything he could find: manuscripts and commentaries. Lamartine is diligently inquiring about us. But Lamartine's strong side is his instinctive knowledge of his own country, and his power of adapting the forms of his thoughts to their tastes and passions. He guides the French people by ribands. His education and habits of life have made him more familiar with the sentiment of democracy, than with the forms by which it is best organized. The book in the Girondins on foreign affairs is the weakest of all. But he knows the French people; and those about him will get all the conditions of republicanism. As to the labor question, the results of Blanc's nonsense promise to be noble. The government present and future does and must toil for the amelioration of the laboring classes. Heretofore, heavy taxes rested on consumption, which burdened the poor and, as you know, operated as a poll-tax. This is changing. No more heavy tax on salt; no octroi at the city gates on meat; the tax on wines, changed to an *ad valorem*. This is done already. The coming assembly will and must provide for universal public educa-

*Adolphe Crémieux, Minister of Justice under the Provisional Government.

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tion. The laborer feels that Blanc's theory defeats itself: they will give it up for something else: for something better, rational and positive. I by no means underestimate the difficulty of solving these questions. They are not so difficult here as in some other country I could name. On the whole, having been among those to take alarm, if there were cause for it I am not alarmed, and do not find others are. The moderation of people is marvellous, and will be rewarded. Pageot might have retained his post awhile at Washington. But he tho't this government not stable, and has sent his resignation. Mad. Pageot wishes to come to Paris to see her son. The drawing-room is so late, you had better come over here for seven days.

Yours ever,
G. B.

Rose Chéri, in "Diane de Lys."
From a painting by Ch. Geoffroy.

27 April, 1848.

MY DEAR WIFE: . . . Lady L. Tennyson wished to know if ladies can gain access to the great meeting for the opening of the Assembly. This is a republican country; the doors will open; all the world will form themselves into the cue; and citizen or *travailleur*, lady or maid, all will have an even chance. There will be, so I was told yesterday, no more favor than is shown at Washington.

Yesterday morning early I strolled on the banks of the Seine, which the rains have swollen into a magnificent stream. The whole bed of the river, from wall to wall was full; and the yellow stream rolled on magnificently with a rush that almost reminded one of the Rhone; only the Rhone is so pure, so transparent. I extended my walk as far as Notre Dame, which I found the republic busy in repairing. The quais were as crowded as could well be; the life, the motion, showed France to have lost nothing of her vivacity. In the commercial world the worst is over. Weigh this fact. The bank-notes of the Bank of France are irredeemable; that is, specie payment is suspended; and the rate of discount on bank paper for silver is but ½ per cent. Gold is worth no more and not quite so much as it was when we were here. That shows no bad state of things.

Coming back from my walk I returned to my archives: and then went to Thiers to dine, meeting the constant Mignet and Cousin. After dinner Wolowski* came in, and d'Argout, the President of the Bank.† The news about the elections is very favorable to the lovers of moderation. From the country the accounts are all of that color; from Paris it is even probable that Louis Blanc is not elected and that Ledru-Rollin‡ gets in by the skin of his teeth.

Yours ever,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

Paris le 29 d'Avril 1848.

. . . Half London is here; M. Milnes, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Hayter, Moffat, Wilson, etc., etc., and all are convinced, that men can live peaceably,

*Louis F. M. Raymond Wolowski, financier and politician, who fled from Poland to France in 1832.

†This post was held by Count A. M. Apollinaire d'Argout from 1834 till his death in 1858.

‡Minister of Interior under Provisional Government.

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happily, gaily and safely without the expense and inconvenience of a king. Everything promises more and more the triumph of moderation; and the manifest expression of that moderation begins to make a republic popular with those who at first were afraid of it. You will see by the journals, that the Assembly will be in the hands of wise and able men: Miss Berry need have no fears about her five per cents.; though there may be some little interruption. The credit of France will be maintained, and the interests of industry respected. In a week, the chance is that now in 1848 will come to pass what Manzoni told me in my youth would have happened in the last century but for Pitt; that the revolution in France will pass off so quietly and beneficially, that all neighboring states will imitate the example. Lord Palmerston's highly reprehensible conduct towards Spain and Portugal will hasten the crisis for those monarchies.

F. P. G. Guizot.

From the painting by G. P. A. Healy, in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

The other night I called at Lamartine's, hardly spoke with him. He was going to the play. I stole out and went before him. His reception was magnificent; such as becomes a man who had just united nearly three hundred thousand suffrages in his favor in a single city. All eyes were on him, all voices raised to bless him. Again and again, the warm salutation burst from the immense crowd that absolutely filled the theatre; and to perfect the exuberant expression or opinion, the orchestra must play "The Marseillaise."

I have seen a great deal of Thiers this time. He came to me Friday and spent more than two hours. He has a wonderful clearness of perception; sees directly the nature of a new position; and has courage even to a fault to execute what his judgment at the moment approves. This has injured [him]; for time often engenders regrets for the policy which an occasion dictates; so that after all boasts of sagacity, decision and effective control, the statesman who adheres to principle finds himself on a good foundation, when the adverse occasion passes by.

. . .

Your affectionate husband,

G. B.

Nearly a year later there was another visit, for which the following extracts from two letters shall speak:

Sunday,
4 Feb., '49.

DEAR WIFE:

. . . The Assembly had a terrible row yesterday: the ministry were beaten 20 votes. Poor Léon Faucher* who on Friday stood on a pedestal of pacific glory, radiant with satisfaction, found himself in the vocative. What is to happen next? A resignation of ministers or a *coup d'état?* Here I was interrupted. First came ——, an American. Him I yawned off. Then de Tocqueville, and him I delighted to hear. Then de Lasteyrie. So I must sum up my evening. From

*Minister of Interior and Public Works, 1849–51.

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Lamartine's I went to Marrast's, formerly editor of the National, now President of the Assembly. The ministry against whom he voted—that is, some of them—were dining with him, and the President was to have been his guest. But the vote kept him away under the pretext of ill health. The President of the Assembly is *magnifiquement logé*; and his rooms were full. . . . The situation of things here is very grave. All parties are in the wrong: everybody is in the wrong. Common sense has disappeared: impatience triumphs over reason. Unless Faucher resigns, to-morrow the majority against ministers will be larger than before.

And the 24th of February, famous anniversary, is at hand.

Yours ever,
G. B.

Lamartine.

From a sketch by David d'Angers, made one evening at Hugo's house.

Sunday,
11 Feb., 1849.

DEAR WIFE: . . . Yesterday, beginning very early, and working till dark I almost finished four volumes. In the evening I dined with the Société of economists. The dinner was charming. Four of the members of this society have become ministers: and all four left their liberal principles of economy at the gate as they walked into the hotels of their departments. During dinner, conversation was animated; after dinner we had a political discussion which was very interesting. Wolowski, Faucher's brother in-law, Bastiat,* whose little volume translated by Porter I left on my tables, Anisson-Dupéron (who has invited me four times to dine) and others of more or less renown took part in the discussion which assumed at last a decidedly political cast. After this I went to Lamartine's. The crowd was great. "I see," said I, "it is the Paris fashion for the greatest crowd to attend the soirées of those who are not ministers." He was pleased: and then talking of his employments, on my expressing surprise at his finding time to write and publish Raffaelle, Oh! said he, that is the least. There is Raphael, then two volumes of my "confidences" to which I am adding a third; I am publishing a new and revised edition of fourteen volumes of my works, and a history of the revolution of *Fevrier* in three volumes; and I am very constant in attending the Assembly. And all this, said he, (just as tranquilly as you would speak of making your visits in an evening), I am carrying on at the same time.

Yours ever,
GEORGE
BANCROFT.

*Frédéric Bastiat, political economist and politician.

In April and August, also, there were visits. In one of the April letters occurs the sentence: "As for the republic, the legitimists take it as a 'transition,' which I thought was being anti-republican. 'No,' the anti-republican word is that the republic is a '*crise.*'" An August letter contains the statements: "France cannot escape being a Republic. So people admit more and more." A longer passage from a letter written during this visit is as follows:

Aug. 6, 1849.

. . . Lamartine says, that Louis Napoleon came to him in May last on the reconstruction of his government, urging him exceedingly to assume its chieftainship, and came day after day for four or five days with new importunities. I think this offer to the honor of Louis, and I think the refusal does honor to Lamartine, whom all allow incorruptible.

As to changes in Government, it is agreed that the President keeps about him or has

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about a set of fellows who are perpetually urging him to be declared emperor: and others are in hot haste to change the present constitution. But the plan seems to be to wait for a new Assemblée constituante, who will introduce in due time the changes that the people of France may wish. At present *c'est la re-action tout-pure*. . .

Yours ever,

G. B.

In still another August letter (dated the 13th) Bancroft writes: "Do not regret that I came at once to Paris. My mind is now at ease, and I am ready to go home. And I do not regret the time and money I have spent in my collections. They are worth all and more than they have cost me."

On the first of September, 1849, he sailed from Liverpool for New York, which became his home for the nineteen years immediately following. This period of constant production suffered no interruption from the duties of public office.

(To be continued.)

THANKSGIVING

By Florence Earle Coates

Now gracious plenty rules the board,
And in the purse is gold;
By multitudes, in glad accord,
Thy giving is extolled.
Ah, suffer *me* to thank Thee, Lord,
For what Thou dost withhold!

I thank Thee that howe'er we climb
There yet is something higher;
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure sidereal fire!

I thank Thee for the unexplained,
The hope that lies before,
The victory that is not gained—
O Father, more and more
I thank Thee for the unattained—
The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being;
For all the upward spread of wings,
From earthly bondage freeing;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell. "Goodbye," she said.—Page 608.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK II—(Concluded)

XII

THE library looked as she had pictured it. The green-shaded lamps made tranquil circles of light in the gathering dusk, a little fire flickered on the hearth, and Selden's easy-chair, which stood near it, had been pushed aside when he rose to admit her.

He had checked his first movement of surprise, and stood silent, waiting for her to speak, while she paused a moment on the threshold, assailed by a rush of memories.

The scene was unchanged. She recognized the row of shelves from which he had taken down his La Bruyère, and the worn arm of the chair he had leaned against while she examined the precious volume. But then the wide September light had filled the room, making it seem a part of the outer world: now the shaded lamps and the warm hearth, detaching it from the gathering darkness of the street, gave it a sweeter touch of intimacy.

Becoming gradually aware of the surprise under Selden's silence, Lily turned to him and said simply: "I came to tell you that I was sorry for the way we parted—for what I said to you that day at Mrs. Hatch's."

The words rose to her lips spontaneously. Even on her way up the stairs, she had not thought of preparing a pretext for her visit, but she now felt an intense longing to dispel the cloud of misunderstanding that hung between them.

Selden returned her look with a smile. "I was sorry too that we should have parted in that way; but I am not sure I didn't bring it on myself. Luckily I had foreseen the risk I was taking——"

"So that you really didn't care——?" broke from her with a flash of her old irony.

"So that I was prepared for the consequences," he corrected good-humouredly. "But we'll talk of all this later. Do come and sit by the fire. I can recommend that armchair, if you'll let me put a cushion behind you."

While he spoke she had moved slowly to the middle of the room, and paused near his writing-table, where the lamp, striking upward, cast exaggerated shadows on the pallour of her delicately-hollowed face.

"You look tired—do sit down," he repeated gently.

She did not seem to hear the request. "I wanted you to know that I left Mrs. Hatch immediately after I saw you," she said, as though continuing her confession.

"Yes—yes; I know," he assented with a rising tinge of embarrassment.

"And that I did so because you told me to. Before you came I had already begun to see that it would be impossible to remain with her—for the reasons you gave me; but I wouldn't admit it—I wouldn't let you see that I understood what you meant."

"Ah, I might have trusted you to find your own way out—don't overwhelm me with the sense of my officiousness!"

His light tone, in which, had her nerves been steadier, she would have seen the mere effort to bridge over an awkward moment, jarred on her passionate desire to be understood. In her strange state of extra-lucidity, which gave her the sense of being already at the heart of the situation, it seemed incredible that any one should think it necessary to linger in the conventional outskirts of word-play and evasion.

"It was not that—I was not ungrateful," she insisted. But the power of expression failed her suddenly; she felt a tremor in her throat, and two tears gathered and fell slowly upon her eyes.

Selden moved forward and took her hand. "You are very tired. Why won't you sit down and let me make you comfortable?"

He drew her to the armchair near the fire, and placed a cushion behind her shoulders.

"And now let me make you some tea: you know I always have that amount of hospitality at my command."

She shook her head, and two more tears ran over. But she did not weep easily, and

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the long habit of self-control reasserted itself, though she was still too tremulous to speak.

"You know I can coax the water to boil in five minutes," Selden continued, speaking as though she were a troubled child.

His words recalled the vision of that other afternoon when they had sat together and talked jestingly of her future over his tea-table. There were moments when that day seemed more remote than any other event in her life; and yet she could always relive it in its minutest detail.

She shook her head. "No: I drink too much tea. I would rather sit quiet—I must go in a moment," she added confusedly.

Selden continued to stand near her, leaning against the mantelpiece. The tinge of constraint was beginning to be more distinctly perceptible under the friendly ease of his manner. Her self-absorption had not allowed her to perceive it at first; but now that her consciousness was once more putting forth its eager feelers, she saw that her presence was becoming an embarrassment to him. Such a situation can be saved only by an immediate outrush of feeling; and on Selden's side the determining impulse was still lacking.

The discovery did not disturb Lily as it might once have done. She had passed beyond the phase of well-bred reciprocity, in which every demonstration must be scrupulously proportioned to the emotion it elicits, and generosity of feeling is the only ostentation condemned. But the sense of loneliness returned with redoubled force as she saw herself forever shut out from Selden's inmost self. She had come to him with no definite purpose; the mere longing to see him had directed her; but the secret hope she had carried with her suddenly revealed itself in its death-pang.

"I must go," she repeated, making a motion to rise from her chair. "But I may not see you again for a long time; and I wanted to tell you that I have never forgotten the things you said to me at Bellomont; and that sometimes—sometimes when I seemed farthest from remembering them—they have helped me, kept me from mistakes; kept me from really becoming what many people have thought me."

Strive as she would to put some order in her thoughts, the words would not come more clearly; yet she felt that she could not leave him without trying to make him understand that she had saved herself whole from the seeming ruin of her life.

A change had come over Selden's face as she spoke. Its guarded look had yielded to an expression still untinged by personal emotion, but full of a gentle understanding.

"I am glad to have you tell me that; but nothing I have said has really made the difference. The difference is in yourself—it will always be there. And since it *is* there, it can't really matter to you what people think: you are so sure your friends will always understand you."

"Ah, don't say that—don't say that what you have told me has made no difference. It seems to shut me out—to leave me all alone with the other people." She had risen and stood before him, once more completely mastered by the inner urgency of the moment. The consciousness of his half-divined reluctance had vanished. Whether he wished it or not, he must see her wholly for once before they parted.

Her voice had gathered strength, and she looked him gravely in the eyes as she continued. "Once—twice—you gave me the chance to escape from my life, and I refused it: refused it because I was a coward. Afterward I saw my mistake—I saw I could never be happy with what had contented me before. But it was too late: you had judged me—I understood. It was too late for happiness—but not too late to be helped by the thought of what I had missed. That is all I have lived on—don't take it from me now! Even in my worst moments it has been like a little light in the darkness. Some women are strong enough to be good by themselves, but I needed the help of your belief in me. Perhaps I might have resisted a great temptation, but the little ones would have pulled me down. And then I remembered—I remembered your saying that such a life could never satisfy me; and I was ashamed to admit to myself that it could. That is what you did for me—that is what I wanted to thank you for. I wanted to tell you that I have always remembered; and that I have tried—tried hard . . . "

She broke off suddenly. Her tears had risen again, and in drawing out her handkerchief her fingers touched the packet in the folds of her dress. A wave of colour suffused her, and the words died on her lips.

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Then she lifted her eyes to his and went on in an altered voice.

"I have tried hard—but life is difficult, and I am a very useless person. I can hardly be said to have an independent existence. I was just a screw or a cog in the great machine I called life, and when I dropped out of it I found I was of no use anywhere else. What can one do when one finds that one only fits into one hole? One must get back to it or be thrown out into the rubbish heap—and you don't know what it's like in the rubbish heap!"

Her lips wavered into a smile—she had been distracted by the whimsical remembrance of the confidences she had made to him, two years earlier, in that very room. Then she had been planning to marry Percy Gryce—what was it she was planning now?

The blood had risen strongly under Selden's dark skin, but his emotion showed itself only in an added seriousness of manner.

"You have something to tell me—do you mean to marry?" he said abruptly.

Lily's eyes did not falter, but a look of wonder, of puzzled self-interrogation, formed itself slowly in their depths. In the light of his question, she had paused to ask herself if her decision had really been taken when she entered the room.

"You always told me I should have to come to it sooner or later!" she said with a faint smile.

"And you have come to it now?"

"I shall have to come to it—presently. But there is something else I must come to first." She paused again, trying to transmit to her voice the steadiness of her recovered smile. "There is some one I must say goodbye to. Oh, not *you*—we are sure to see each other again—but the Lily Bart you knew. I have kept her with me all this time, but now we are going to part, and I have brought her back to you—I am going to leave her here. When I go out presently she will not go with me. I shall like to think that she has stayed with you—and she'll be no trouble, she'll take up no room."

She went toward him, and put out her hand, still smiling. "Will you let her stay with you?" she asked.

He caught her hand, and she felt in his the vibration of feeling that had not yet risen to his lips. "Lily—can't I help you?" he exclaimed.

She looked at him gently. "Do you remember what you said to me once? That you could help me only by loving me? Well—you did love me for a moment; and it helped me. It has always helped me. But the moment is gone—it was I who let it go. And one must go on living. Goodbye."

She laid her other hand on his, and they looked at each other with a kind of solemnity, as though they stood in the presence of death. Something in truth lay dead between them—the love she had killed in him and could no longer call to life. But something lived between them also, and leaped up in her like an imperishable flame: it was the love his love had kindled, the passion of her soul for his.

In its light everything else dwindled and fell away from her. She understood now that she could not go forth and leave her old self with him: that self must indeed live on in his presence, but it must still continue to be hers.

Selden had retained her hand, and continued to scrutinize her with a strange sense of foreboding. The external aspect of the situation had vanished for him as completely as for her: he felt it only as one of those rare moments which lift the veil from their faces as they pass.

"Lily," he said in a low voice, "you mustn't speak in this way. I can't let you go without knowing what you mean to do. Things may change—but they don't pass. You can never go out of my life."

She met his eyes with an illumined look. "No," she said. "I see that now. Let us always be friends. Then I shall feel safe, whatever happens."

"Whatever happens? What do you mean? What is going to happen?"

She turned away quietly and walked toward the hearth.

"Nothing at present—except that I am very cold, and that before I go you must make up the fire for me."

She knelt on the hearthrug, stretching her hands to the embers. Puzzled by the sudden change in her tone, he mechanically gathered a handful of wood from the basket and tossed it on the fire. As he did so, he noticed how thin her hands looked against the rising light of the flames. He saw too, under the loose lines of her dress, how the curves of her figure had shrunk to angularity; he remembered long after-

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ward how the red play of the flame sharpened the depression of her nostrils, and intensified the blackness of the shadows which struck up from her cheekbones to her eyes. She knelt there for a few moments in silence; a silence which he dared not break. When she rose he fancied that he saw her draw something from her dress and drop it into the fire; but he hardly noticed the gesture at the time. His faculties seemed tranced, and he was still groping for the word to break the spell.

She went up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders. "Goodbye," she said, and as he bent over her she touched his forehead with her lips.

XIII

THE street lamps were lit, but the rain had ceased, and there was a momentary revival of light in the upper sky.

Lily walked on unconscious of her surroundings. She was still treading the buoyant ether which emanates from the high moments of life. But gradually it shrank away from her and she felt the dull sidewalk beneath her feet. The sense of weariness returned with accumulated force, and for a moment she felt that she could walk no farther. She had reached the corner of Forty-first Street and Fifth avenue, and she remembered that in Bryant Park there were seats where she might rest.

That melancholy pleasure-ground was almost deserted when she entered it, and she sank down on an empty bench in the glare of an electric street-lamp. The warmth of the fire had passed out of her veins, and she told herself that she must not sit long in the penetrating dampness which struck up from the wet asphalt. But her will-power seemed to have spent itself in a last great effort, and she was lost in the blank reaction which follows on an unwonted expenditure of energy. And besides, what was there to go home to? Nothing but the silence of her cheerless room—that silence of the night which may be more racking to tired nerves than the most discordant noises: that, and the bottle of chloral by her bed. The thought of the chloral was the only spot of light in the dark prospect: she could feel its lulling influence stealing over her already. But she was troubled by the thought that it was losing its power—she dared not go back to it too soon. Of late the sleep it had brought her had been more broken and less profound; there had been nights when she was perpetually floating up through it to consciousness. What if the effect of the drug should gradually fail, as all narcotics were said to fail? She remembered the chemist's warning against increasing the dose; and she had heard before of the capricious and incalculable action of the drug. Her dread of returning to a sleepless night was so great that she lingered on, hoping that excessive weariness would reinforce the waning power of the narcotic.

Night had now closed in, and the roar of traffic in Forty-second street was dying out. As complete darkness fell on the square the lingering occupants of the benches rose and dispersed; but now and then a worker hurrying homeward struck across the path where Lily sat, looming black for a moment in the white circle of electric light. One or two of these passers-by slackened their pace to glance at her lonely figure; but she was hardly conscious of their scrutiny.

Suddenly, however, she became aware that one of the passing shadows remained stationary between her line of vision and the gleaming asphalt; and raising her eyes she saw a young woman bending over her.

"Excuse me—are you sick?—Why it's Miss Bart!" a half-familiar voice exclaimed.

Lily looked up. The speaker was a poorly-dressed young woman with a bundle under her arm. Her face had the air of unwholesome refinement which ill-health and over-work may produce, but its common prettiness was redeemed by the strong and generous curve of the lips.

"You don't remember me," she continued, glowing with the pleasure of recognition, "but I'd know you anywhere, I've thought of you such a lot. I guess my folks all know your name by heart. I was one of the girls at Miss Farish's club—you helped me to go to the country that time I had lung-trouble. My name's Nettie Struther. It was Nettie Crane then—but I daresay you don't remember that either."

Yes: Lily was beginning to remember. The episode of Nettie Crane's timely rescue from disease had been one of the most satisfying incidents of her connection with

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Gerty's charitable work. She had furnished the girl with the means to go to a sanatorium in the mountains: it struck her now with a peculiar irony that the money she had used had been Gus Trenor's.

She tried to reply, to assure the speaker that she had not forgotten; but her voice failed in the effort, and she felt herself sinking under a great wave of physical weakness. Nettie Struther, with a startled exclamation, sat down and slipped a shabbily-clad arm behind her back.

"Why, Miss Bart, you *are* sick. Just lean on me a little till you feel better."

A faint glow of returning strength seemed to pass into Lily from the pressure of the supporting arm.

"I'm only tired—it is nothing," she found voice to say in a moment; and then, as she met the timid appeal of her companion's eyes, she added involuntarily: "I have been unhappy—in great trouble."

"*You* in trouble? I've always thought of you as being so high up, where everything was just grand. Sometimes when I felt real mean, and got to wondering why things were so queerly fixed in the world, I used to remember that *you* were having a lovely time, anyhow, and that seemed to show there was a kind of justice somewhere. But you mustn't sit here too long—it's fearfully damp. Don't you feel strong enough to walk on a little ways now?" she broke off.

"Yes—yes; I must go home," Lily murmured, rising.

Her eyes rested wonderingly on the thin shabby figure at her side. She had known Nettie Crane as one of the discouraged victims of over-work and anæmic parentage: one of the superfluous fragments of life destined to be swept prematurely into that social refuse-heap of which Lily had so lately expressed her dread. But Nettie Struther's frail envelope was now alive with hope and energy: whatever fate the future reserved for her, she would not be cast into the refuse-heap without a struggle.

"I am very glad to have seen you," Lily continued, summoning a smile to her unsteady lips. "It will be my turn to think of you as happy—and the world will seem a less unjust place to me too."

"Oh, but I can't leave you like this—you're not fit to go home alone. And I can't go with you either!" Nettie Struther wailed with a start of recollection. "You see, it's my husband's night-shift—he's a motor-man—and the friend I leave the baby with has to step upstairs to get *her* husband's supper at seven. I didn't tell you I had a baby, did I? She'll be six months old day after tomorrow, and to look at her you wouldn't think I'd ever had a sick day. I'd give anything to show you the baby, Miss Bart, and we live right down the street here—it's only three blocks off." She lifted her eyes tentatively to Lily's face, and then added with a burst of courage: "Why won't you get right into the cars and come home with me while I get baby's supper? It's real warm in our kitchen, and you can rest there, and I'll take *you* home as soon as ever she drops off to sleep."

It *was* warm in the kitchen, which, when Nettie Struther's match had made a flame leap from the gas-jet above the table, revealed itself to Lily as extraordinarily small and almost miraculously clean. A fire shone through the polished flanks of the iron stove, and near it stood a crib in which a baby was sitting upright, with incipient anxiety struggling for expression on a countenance still placid with sleep.

Having passionately celebrated her reunion with her offspring, and excused herself in cryptic language for the lateness of her return, Nettie restored the baby to the crib and shyly invited Miss Bart to the rocking-chair near the stove.

"We've got a parlour too," she explained with pardonable pride; "but I guess it's warmer in here, and I don't want to leave you alone while I'm getting baby's supper."

On receiving Lily's assurance that she much preferred the friendly proximity of the kitchen fire, Mrs. Struther proceeded to prepare a bottle of infantile food, which she tenderly applied to the baby's impatient lips; and while the ensuing degustation went on, she seated herself with a beaming countenance beside her visitor.

"You're sure you won't let me warm up a drop of coffee for you, Miss Bart? There's some of baby's fresh milk left over—well, maybe you'd rather just sit quiet and rest a little while. It's too lovely having you here. I've thought of it so often that I can't believe it's really come true. I've said to George again and again: 'I just wish Miss Bart could see me *now*—' and I used to watch for your name in the papers, and we'd talk over what you were doing, and

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read the descriptions of the dresses you wore. I haven't seen your name for a long time, though, and I began to be afraid you were sick, and it worried me so that George said I'd get sick myself, fretting about it." Her lips broke into a reminiscent smile. "Well, I can't afford to be sick again, that's a fact: the last spell nearly finished me. When you sent me off that time I never thought I'd come back alive, and I didn't much care if I did. You see I didn't know about George and the baby then."

She paused to readjust the bottle to the child's bubbling mouth.

"You precious—don't you be in too much of a hurry! Was it mad with mommer for getting its supper so late? Marry Anto'nette—that's what we call her: after the French queen in that play at the Garden—I told George the actress reminded me of you, and that made me fancy the name . . . I never thought I'd get married, you know, and I'd never have had the heart to go on working just for myself."

She broke off again, and meeting the encouragement in Lily's eyes, went on, with a flush rising under her anæmic skin: "You see I wasn't only just *sick* that time you sent me off—I was dreadfully unhappy too. I'd known a gentleman where I was employed—I don't know as you remember I did type-writing in a big importing firm—and—well—I thought we were to be married: he'd gone steady with me six months and given me his mother's wedding ring. But I presume he was too stylish for me—he travelled for the firm, and had seen a great deal of society. Work girls aren't looked after the way you are, and they don't always know how to look after themselves. I didn't . . . and it pretty near killed me when he went away and left off writing . . . It was then I came down sick—I thought it was the end of everything. I guess it would have been if you hadn't sent me off. But when I found I was getting well I began to take heart in spite of myself. And then, when I got back home, George came round and asked me to marry him. At first I thought I couldn't, because we'd been brought up together, and I knew he knew about me. But after a while I began to see that that made it easier. I never could have told another man, and I'd never have married without telling; but if George cared for me enough to have me as I was, I didn't see why I shouldn't begin over again—and I did."

The strength of the victory shone forth from her as she lifted her irradiated face from the child on her knees.

"But, mercy, I didn't mean to go on like this about myself, with you sitting there looking so fagged out. Only it's so lovely having you here, and letting you see just how you've helped me." The baby had sunk back, blissfully replete, and Mrs. Struther softly rose to lay the bottle aside. Then she paused before Miss Bart.

"I only wish I could help *you*—but I suppose there's nothing on earth I could do," she murmured wistfully.

Lily, instead of answering, rose with a smile and held out her arms; and the mother, understanding the gesture, laid her child in them.

The baby, feeling herself detached from her habitual anchorage, made an instinctive motion of resistance; but the soothing influences of digestion prevailed, and Lily felt the soft weight sink trustfully against her breast. The child's confidence in its safety thrilled her with a sense of warmth and returning life, and she bent over, wondering at the rosy blur of the little face, the empty clearness of the eyes, the vague tendrilly motions of the folding and unfolding fingers. At first the burden in her arms seemed as light as a pink cloud or a heap of down, but as she continued to hold it the weight increased, sinking deeper, and penetrating her with a strange sense of weakness, as though the child entered into her and became a part of herself.

She looked up, and saw Nettie's eyes resting on her with tenderness and exultation.

"Wouldn't it be too lovely for anything if she could grow up to be just like you? Of course I know she never *could*—but mothers are always dreaming the craziest things for their children."

Lily clasped the child close for a moment and laid her back in her mother's arms.

"Oh, she must not do that—I should be afraid to come and see her too often!" she said with a smile; and then, resisting Mrs. Struther's anxious offer of companionship, and reiterating the promise that of course she would come back soon, and make George's acquaintance, and see the baby in her bath, she passed out of the kitchen and went alone down the tenement stairs.

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As she reached the street she realized that she felt stronger and happier: the little episode had done her good. It was the first time she had ever come across the results of her spasmodic benevolence, and the surprised sense of human fellowship took the mortal chill from her heart.

It was not till she entered her own door that she felt the reaction of a deeper loneliness. It was long after seven o'clock, and the light and odours proceeding from the basement made it manifest that the boarding-house dinner had begun. She hastened up to her room, lit the gas, and began to dress. She did not mean to pamper herself any longer, to go without food because her surroundings made it unpalatable. Since it was her fate to live in a boarding-house, she must learn to fall in with the conditions of the life. Nevertheless she was glad that, when she descended to the heat and glare of the dining-room, the repast was nearly over.

In her own room again, she was seized with a sudden fever of activity. For weeks past she had been too listless and indifferent to set her possessions in order, but now she began to examine systematically the contents of her drawers and cupboard. She had a few handsome dresses left—survivals of her last phase of splendour, on the Sabrina and in London—but when she had been obliged to part with her maid she had given the woman a generous share of her cast-off apparel. The remaining dresses, though they had lost their freshness, still kept the long unerring lines, the sweep and amplitude of the great artist's stroke, and as she spread them out on the bed the scenes in which they had been worn rose vividly before her. An association lurked in every fold: each fall of lace and gleam of embroidery was like a letter in the record of her past. She was startled to find how the atmosphere of her old life enveloped her. But, after all, it was the life she had been made for: every dawning tendency in her had been carefully directed toward it, all her interests and activities had been taught to centre around it. She was like some rare flower grown for exhibition, a flower from which every bud had been nipped except the crowning blossom of her beauty.

Last of all, she drew forth from the bottom of her trunk a heap of white drapery which fell shapelessly across her arm. It was the Reynolds dress she had worn in the Bry tableaux. It had been impossible for her to give it away, but she had never seen it since the night of the tableaux, and the long flexible folds, as she shook them out, gave forth an odour of violets which came to her like a breath from the flower-edged fountain where she had stood with Lawrence Selden and disowned her fate. She put back the dresses one by one, laying away with each some gleam of light, some note of laughter, some stray waft from the rosy shores of pleasure. She was still in a state of highly-wrought impressionability, and every hint of the past sent a lingering tremor along her nerves.

She had just closed her trunk on the white folds of the Reynolds dress when she heard a tap at her door, and the red fist of the Irish maid-servant thrust in a belated letter. Carrying it to the light, Lily read with surprise the address stamped on the upper corner of the envelope. It was a business communication from the office of her aunt's executors, and she wondered what unexpected development had caused them to break silence before the appointed time.

She opened the envelope and a cheque fluttered to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up the blood rushed to her face. The cheque represented the full amount of Mrs. Peniston's legacy, and the letter accompanying it explained that the executors, having adjusted the business of the estate with less delay than they had expected, had decided to anticipate the date fixed for the payment of the bequests.

Lily sat down beside the desk at the foot of her bed, and spreading out the cheque, read over and over the *ten thousand dollars* written across it in a steely business hand. Ten months earlier the amount it stood for had represented the depths of penury; but her standard of values had changed in the interval, and now visions of wealth lurked in every flourish of the pen. As she continued to gaze at it, she felt the glitter of the visions mounting to her brain, and after a while she lifted the lid of the desk and slipped the magic formula out of sight. It was easier to think without those five figures dancing before her eyes; and she had a great deal of thinking to do before she slept.

She opened her cheque-book, and plunged into such anxious calculations as had pro-

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longed her vigil at Bellomont on the night when she had decided to marry Percy Gryce. Poverty simplifies book-keeping, and her financial situation was easier to ascertain than it had been then; but she had not yet learned the control of money, and during her transient phase of luxury at the Emporium she had slipped back into habits of extravagance which still impaired her slender balance. A careful examination of her cheque-book, and of the unpaid bills in her desk, showed that, when the latter had been settled, she would have barely enough to live on for the next three or four months; and even after that, if she were to continue her present way of living, without earning any additional money, all incidental expenses must be reduced to the vanishing point. She hid her eyes with a shudder, beholding herself at the entrance of that ever-narrowing perspective down which she had seen Miss Silverton's dowdy figure take its despondent way.

It was no longer, however, from the vision of material poverty that she turned with the greatest shrinking. She had a sense of deeper empoverishment—of an inner destitution compared to which outward conditions shrank to insignificance. It was indeed miserable to be poor—to look forward to a shabby, anxious middle-age, leading by dreary degrees of economy and self-denial to gradual absorption in the dingy communal existence of the boarding-house. But there was something more miserable still—it was the clutch of solitude at her heart, the sense of being swept like a stray uprooted growth down the heedless current of the years. That was the feeling which possessed her now—the feeling of being something rootless and ephemeral, mere spin-drift of the whirling surface of existence, without anything to which the poor little tentacles of self could cling before the awful flood submerged them. And as she looked back she saw that there had never been a time when she had had any real relation to life. Her parents, too, had been rootless, blown hither and thither on every wind of fashion, without any personal existence to shelter them from its shifting gusts. She herself had grown up without any one spot of earth being dearer to her than another: there was no centre of early pieties, of grave endearing traditions, to which her heart could revert and from which it could draw strength for itself and tenderness for others. In whatever form a slowly-accumulated past lives in the blood—whether in the concrete image of the old house stored with visual memories, or in the conception of the house not built with hands, but made up of inherited passions and loyalties—it has the same power of broadening and deepening the individual existence, of attaching it by mysterious links of kinship to all the mighty sum of human striving.

Such a vision of the solidarity of life had never before come to Lily. She had had a premonition of it in the blind motions of her mating-instinct; but they had been checked by the disintegrating influences of the life about her. All the men and women she knew were like atoms whirling away from each other in some wild centrifugal dance: her first glimpse of the continuity of life had come to her that evening in Nettie Struther's kitchen. The poor little working-girl who had found strength to gather up the fragments of her life, and build herself a shelter with them, seemed to Lily to have reached the central truth of existence. It was a meagre enough life, on the grim edge of poverty, with scant margin for possibilities of sickness or mischance, but it had the frail audacious permanence of a bird's nest built on the edge of a cliff—a mere wisp of leaves and straw, yet so put together that the lives entrusted to it may hang safely over the abyss.

Yes—but it had taken two to build the nest; the man's faith as well as the woman's courage. Lily remembered Nettie's words: *I knew he knew about me.* Her husband's faith in her had made her renewal possible—it is so easy for a woman to become what the man she loves believes her to be! Well—Selden had twice been ready to stake his faith on Lily Bart; but the third trial had been too severe for his endurance. The very quality of his love had made it the more impossible to recall to life. If it had been a simple instinct of the blood, the power of her beauty might have revived it. But the fact that it struck deeper, that it was inextricably wound up with inherited habits of thought and feeling, made it as impossible to restore to growth as a deep-rooted plant torn from its bed. Selden had given her of his best; but he was as incapable as herself of an uncritical return to former states of feeling.

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There remained to her, as she had told him, the uplifting memory of his faith in her; but she had not reached the age when a woman can live on her memories. As she held Nettie Struther's child in her arms the frozen currents of youth had loosed themselves and run warm in her veins: the old life-hunger possessed her, and all her being clamoured for its share of personal happiness. Yes—it was happiness she still wanted, and the glimpse she had caught of it made everything else of no account. One by one she had detached herself from the baser possibilities, and she saw that nothing now remained to her but the emptiness of renunciation.

It was growing late, and an immense weariness once more possessed her. It was not the stealing sense of sleep, but a vivid wakeful fatigue, a wan lucidity of mind against which all the possibilities of the future were shadowed forth gigantically. She was appalled by the intense clearness of the vision; she seemed to have broken through the merciful veil which intervenes between intention and action, and to see exactly what she would do in all the long days to come. There was the cheque in her desk, for instance—she meant to use it in paying her debt to Trenor; but she foresaw that when the morning came she would put off doing so, would slip into gradual tolerance of the debt. The thought terrified her—she dreaded to fall from the height of her last moment with Lawrence Selden. But how could she trust herself to keep her footing? She knew the strength of the opposing impulses—she could feel the countless hands of habit dragging her back into some fresh compromise with fate. She felt an intense longing to prolong, to perpetuate, the momentary exaltation of her spirit. If only life could end now—end on this tragic yet sweet vision of lost possibilities, which gave her a sense of kinship with all the loving and foregoing in the world!

She reached out suddenly and, drawing the cheque from her writing desk, enclosed it in an envelope which she addressed to her bank. She then wrote out a cheque for Trenor, and placing it, without an accompanying word, in an envelope inscribed with his name, laid the two letters side by side on her desk. After that she continued to sit at the table, sorting her papers and writing, till the intense silence of the house reminded her of the lateness of the hour. In the street the noise of wheels had ceased, and the rumble of the "elevated" came only at long intervals through the deep unnatural hush. In the mysterious nocturnal separation from all outward signs of life, she felt herself more strangely confronted with her fate. The sensation made her brain reel, and she tried to shut out consciousness by pressing her hands against her eyes. But the terrible silence and emptiness seemed to symbolize her future—she felt as though the house, the street, the world were all empty, and she alone left sentient in a lifeless universe.

But this was the verge of delirium . . . she had never hung so near the dizzy brink of the unreal. Sleep was what she wanted—she remembered that she had not closed her eyes for two nights. The little bottle was at her bedside, waiting to lay its spell upon her. She rose and undressed hastily, hungering now for the touch of her pillow. She felt so profoundly tired that she thought she must fall asleep at once; but as soon as she had lain down every nerve started once more into separate wakefulness. It was as though a great blaze of electric light had been turned on in her head, and her poor little anguished self shrank and cowered in it, without knowing where to take refuge.

She had not imagined that such a multiplication of wakefulness was possible: her whole past was re-enacting itself at a hundred different points of consciousness. Where was the drug that could still this legion of insurgent nerves? The sense of exhaustion would have been sweet compared to this shrill beat of activities; but weariness had dropped from her as though some cruel stimulant had been forced into her veins.

She could bear it—yes, she could bear it; but what strength would be left her the next day? Perspective had disappeared—the next day pressed close upon her, and on its heels came the days that were to follow—they swarmed about her like a shrieking mob. She must shut them out for a few hours; she must take a brief bath of oblivion. She put out her hand, and measured the soothing drops into a glass; but as she did so, she knew they would be powerless against the supernatural lucidity of her brain. She had long since raised the dose to its highest limit, but tonight she felt

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she must increase it. She knew she took a slight risk in doing so—she remembered the chemist's warning. If sleep came at all, it might be a sleep without waking. But after all that was but one chance in a hundred: the action of the drug was incalculable, and the addition of a few drops to the regular dose would probably do no more than procure for her the rest she so desperately needed. . . .

She did not, in truth, consider the question very closely—the physical craving for sleep was her only sustained sensation. Her mind shrank from the glare of thought as instinctively as eyes contract in a blaze of light—darkness, darkness was what she must have at any cost. She raised herself in bed and swallowed the contents of the glass; then she blew out her candle and lay down.

She lay very still, waiting with a sensuous pleasure for the first effects of the soporific. She knew in advance what form they would take—the gradual cessation of the inner throb, the soft approach of passiveness, as though an invisible hand made magic passes over her in the darkness. The very slowness and hesitancy of the effect increased its fascination: it was delicious to lean over and look down into the dim abysses of unconsciousness. Tonight the drug seemed to work more slowly than usual: each passionate pulse had to be stilled in turn, and it was long before she felt them dropping into abeyance, like sentinels falling asleep at their posts. But gradually the sense of complete subjugation came over her, and she wondered languidly what had made her feel so uneasy and excited. She saw now that there was nothing to be excited about—she had returned to her normal view of life. Tomorrow would not be so difficult after all: she felt sure that she would have the strength to meet it. She did not quite remember what it was that she had been afraid to meet, but the uncertainty no longer troubled her. She had been unhappy, and now she was happy—she had felt herself alone, and now the sense of loneliness had vanished.

She stirred once, and turned on her side, and as she did so, she suddenly understood why she did not feel herself alone. It was odd—but Nettie Struther's child was lying on her arm: she felt the pressure of its little head against her shoulder. She did not know how it had come there, but she felt no great surprise at the fact, only a gentle penetrating thrill of warmth and pleasure. She settled herself into an easier position, hollowing her arm to pillow the round downy head, and holding her breath lest a sound should disturb the sleeping child.

As she lay there she said to herself that there was something she must tell Selden, some word she had found that should make life clear between them. She tried to repeat the word, which lingered vague and luminous on the far edge of thought—she was afraid of not remembering it when she woke; and if she could only remember it and say it to him, she felt that everything would be well.

Slowly the thought of the word faded, and sleep began to enfold her. She struggled faintly against it, feeling that she ought to keep awake on account of the baby; but even this feeling was gradually lost in an indistinct sense of drowsy peace, through which, of a sudden, a dark flash of loneliness and terror tore its way.

She started up again, cold and trembling with the shock: for a moment she seemed to have lost her hold of the child. But no—she was mistaken—the tender pressure of its body was still close to hers: the recovered warmth flowed through her once more, she yielded to it, sank into it, and slept.

XIV

THE next morning rose mild and bright, with a promise of summer in the air. The sunlight slanted joyously down Lily's street, mellowed the blistered house-front, gilded the paintless railing of the door-step, and struck prismatic glories from the panes of her darkened window.

When such a day coincides with the inner mood there is intoxication in its breath; and Selden, hastening along the street through the squalor of its morning confidences, felt himself thrilling with a youthful sense of adventure. He had cut loose from the familiar shores of habit, and launched himself on uncharted seas of emotion; all the old tests and measures were left behind, and his course was to be shaped by new stars.

That course, for the moment, led merely to Miss Bart's boarding-house; but its shabby door-step had suddenly become

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the threshold of the untried. As he approached he looked up at the triple row of windows, wondering boyishly which of them was hers. It was nine o'clock, and the house, being tenanted by workers, already showed an awakened front to the street. He remembered afterward having noticed that only one blind was down. He noticed too that there was a pot of pansies on one of the window sills, and at once concluded that the window must be hers: it was inevitable that he should connect her with the one touch of beauty in the dingy scene.

Nine o'clock was an early hour for a visit, but Selden had passed beyond all such conventional observances. He only knew that he must see Lily Bart at once—he had found the word he meant to say to her, and it could not wait another moment to be said. It was strange that it had not come to his lips sooner—that he had let her pass from him the evening before without being able to speak it. But what did that matter, now that a new day had come? It was not a word for twilight, but for the morning.

Selden ran eagerly up the steps and pulled the bell; and even in his state of self-absorption it came as a sharp surprise to him that the door should open so promptly. It was still more of a surprise to see, as he entered, that it had been opened by Gerty Farish—and that behind her, in an agitated blur, several other figures ominously loomed.

"Lawrence!" Gerty cried in a strange voice, "how could you get here so quickly?" —and the trembling hand she laid on him seemed instantly to close about his heart.

He noticed the other faces, vague with fear and conjecture—he saw the landlady's imposing bulk sway professionally toward him; but he shrank back, putting up his hand, while his eyes mechanically mounted the steep black walnut stairs, up which he was immediately aware that his cousin was about to lead him.

A voice in the background said that the doctor might be back at any minute—and that nothing, upstairs, was to be disturbed. Some one else exclaimed: "It was the greatest mercy—" then Selden felt that Gerty had taken him gently by the hand, and that they were to be suffered to go up alone.

In silence they mounted the three flights, and walked along the passage to a closed door. Gerty opened the door, and Selden went in after her. Though the blind was down, the irresistible sunlight poured a tempered golden flood into the room, and in its light Selden saw a narrow bed along the wall, and on the bed, with motionless hands and calm unrecognizing face, the semblance of Lily Bart.

That it was her real self, every pulse in him ardently denied. Her real self had lain warm on his heart but a few hours earlier—what had he to do with this estranged and tranquil face which, for the first time, neither paled nor brightened at his coming?

Gerty, strangely tranquil too, with the conscious self-control of one who has ministered to much pain, stood by the bed, speaking gently, as if transmitting a final message.

"The doctor found a bottle of chloral—she had been sleeping badly for a long time, and she must have taken an over-dose by mistake. . . . There is no doubt of that—no doubt—there will be no question—he has been very kind. I told him that you and I would like to be left alone with her—to go over her things before any one else comes. I know it is what she would have wished."

Selden was hardly conscious of what she said. He stood looking down on the sleeping face which seemed to lie like a delicate impalpable mask over the living lineaments he had known. He felt that the real Lily was still there, close to him, yet invisible and inaccessible; and the tenuity of the barrier between them mocked him with a sense of helplessness. There had never been more than a little impalpable barrier between them—and yet he had suffered it to keep them apart! And now, though it seemed slighter and frailer than ever, it had suddenly hardened to adamant, and he might beat his life out against it in vain.

He had dropped on his knees beside the bed, but a touch from Gerty aroused him. He stood up, and as their eyes met he was struck by the extraordinary light in his cousin's face.

"You understand what the doctor has gone for? He has promised that there shall be no trouble—but of course the formalities must be gone through. And I asked him to give us time to look through her things first——"

He nodded, and she glanced about the small bare room. "It won't take long," she concluded.

"No—it won't take long," he agreed.

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She held his hand in hers a moment longer, and then, with a last look at the bed, moved silently toward the door. On the threshold she paused to add: "You will find me downstairs if you want me."

Selden roused himself to detain her. "But why are you going? She would have wished——"

Gerty shook her head with a smile. "No: this is what she would have wished——" and as she spoke a light broke through Selden's stony misery, and he saw deep into the hidden things of love.

The door closed on Gerty, and he stood alone with the motionless sleeper on the bed. His impulse was to return to her side, to fall on his knees, and rest his throbbing head against the peaceful cheek on the pillow. They had never been at peace together, they two; and now he felt himself drawn downward into the strange mysterious depths of her tranquillity.

But he remembered Gerty's warning words—he knew that, though time had ceased in this room, its feet were hastening relentlessly toward the door. Gerty had given him this supreme half-hour, and he must use it as she willed.

He turned and looked about him, sternly compelling himself to regain his consciousness of outward things. There was very little furniture in the room. The shabby chest of drawers was spread with a lace cover, and set out with a few gold-topped boxes and bottles, a rose-coloured pincushion, a glass tray strewn with tortoise-shell hairpins—he shrank from the poignant intimacy of these trifles, and from the blank surface of the toilet-mirror swung above them.

These were the only traces of luxury, of that clinging to the minute observance of personal seemliness, which showed what her other renunciations must have cost. There was no other token of her personality about the room, unless it showed itself in the scrupulous neatness of the scant articles of furniture: a washing-stand, two chairs, a small writing-desk, and the little table near the bed. On this table stood the empty bottle and glass, and from these also he averted his eyes.

The desk was closed, but on its slanting lid lay two letters which he took up. One bore the address of a bank, and as it was stamped and sealed, Selden, after a moment's hesitation, laid it aside. On the other letter he read Gus Trenor's name; and the flap of the envelope was still ungummed.

Temptation leapt on him like the stab of a knife. He staggered under it, steadying himself against the desk. Why had she been writing to Trenor—writing, presumably, just after their parting of the previous evening? The thought unhallowed the memory of that last hour, made a mock of the word he had come to speak, and defiled even the reconciling silence upon which it fell. He felt himself flung back on all the ugly uncertainties from which he thought he had cast loose forever. After all, what did he know of her life? Only as much as she had chosen to show him, and measured by the world's estimate, how little that was! By what right—the letter in his hand seemed to ask—by what right was it he who now passed into her confidence through the gate which death had left unbarred? His heart cried out that it was by right of their last hour together, the hour when she herself had placed the key in his hand. Yes—but what if the letter to Trenor had been written afterward?

He put it from him with sudden loathing, and setting his lips, addressed himself resolutely to what remained of his task. After all, that task would be easier to perform, now that his personal stake in it was annulled.

He raised the lid of the desk, and saw within it a cheque-book and a few packets of bills and letters, arranged with the orderly precision which characterized all her personal habits. He looked through the letters first, because it was the most difficult part of the work. They proved to be few and unimportant, but among them he found, with a strange commotion of the heart, the note he had written her the day after the Brys' entertainment.

"When may I come to you?"—his words overwhelmed him with a realization of the cowardice which had driven him from her at the very moment of attainment. Yes—he had always feared his fate, and he was too honest to disown his cowardice now; for had not all his old doubts started to life again at the mere sight of Trenor's name?

He laid the note in his card-case, folding it away carefully, as something made precious by the fact that she had held it so;

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then, growing once more aware of the lapse of time, he continued his examination of the papers.

To his surprise, he found that all the bills were receipted; there was not an unpaid account among them. He opened the cheque-book, and saw that, the very night before, a cheque of ten thousand dollars from Mrs. Peniston's executors had been entered in it. The legacy, then, had been paid sooner than Gerty had led him to expect. But, turning another page or two, he discovered with astonishment that, in spite of this recent accession of funds, the balance had already declined to a few dollars. A rapid glance at the stubs of the last cheques, all of which bore the date of the previous day, showed that between four or five hundred dollars of the legacy had been spent in the settlement of bills, while the remaining thousands were comprehended in one cheque, made out, at the same time, to Charles Augustus Trenor.

Selden laid the book aside, and sank into the chair beside the desk. He leaned his elbows on it, and hid his face in his hands. The bitter waters of life surged high about him, their sterile taste was on his lips. Did the cheque to Trenor explain the mystery or deepen it? At first his mind refused to act—he felt only the taint of such a transaction between a man like Trenor and a girl like Lily Bart. Then, gradually, his troubled vision cleared, old hints and rumours came back to him, and out of the very insinuations he had feared to probe, he constructed an explanation of the mystery. It was true, then, that she had taken money from Trenor; but true also, as the contents of the little desk declared, that the obligation had been intolerable to her, and that at the first opportunity she had freed herself from it, though the act left her face to face with bare unmitigated poverty.

That was all he knew—all he could hope to unravel of the story. The mute lips on the pillow refused him more than this—unless indeed they had told him the rest in the kiss they had left upon his forehead. Yes, he could now read into that farewell all that his heart craved to find there; he could even draw from it courage not to accuse himself for having failed to reach the height of his opportunity.

He saw that all the conditions of life had conspired to keep them apart; since his very detachment from the external influences which swayed her had increased his spiritual fastidiousness, and made it more difficult for him to live and love uncritically. But at least he *had* loved her—had been willing to stake his future on his faith in her—and if the moment had been fated to pass from them before they could seize it, he saw now that, for both, it had been saved whole out of the ruin of their lives.

It was this moment of love, this fleeting victory over themselves, which had kept them from atrophy and extinction; which, in her, had reached out to him in every struggle against the influence of her surroundings, and in him, had kept alive the faith that now drew him penitent and reconciled to her side.

He knelt by the bed and bent over her, draining their last moment to its lees; and in the silence there passed between them the word which made all clear.

THE END.

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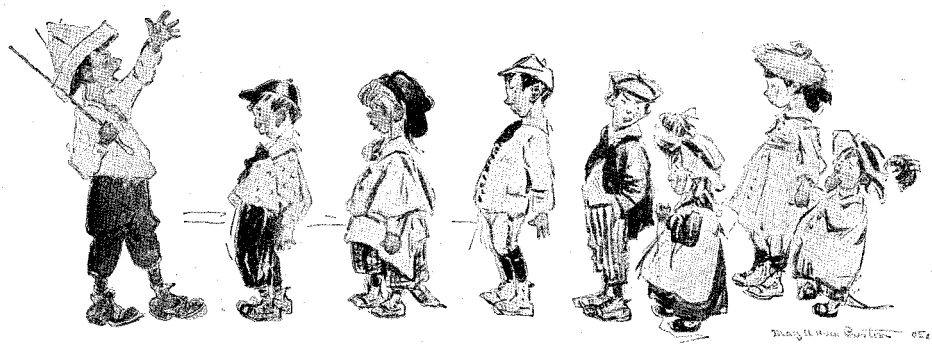

"Will yer take yer hats off, an' s'lute the flag?" he called sternly.

THE LÈSE-MAJESTÉ OF HANS HECKENDORN

By Elsie Singmaster

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

TELLIGER STREET, narrow and none too clean, was daily glorified by a half hour of sunshine. In the middle of May the soft light, beginning at the Maniagos' fruit-stand at one corner, and speeding swiftly to the Goldsteins' pawnshop at the other, seemed to pause for an instant at the Smiths' general store in the middle of the block, where above the door a dozen tiny flags swung gayly in the evening breeze.

Before them an admiring procession had halted. It was led by Patrick Haggarty, a stick over his shoulder and a soldier cap made of a newspaper on his head.

"Will yer take yer hats off, an' s'lute the flag?" he called sternly. With one accord the caps of the three little Maniagos, the two little Goldsteins, and the two little Haggartys were removed.

"March!" he shouted, and the procession went proudly on, following the sunshine.

From the curbstone across the street four little Heckendorns watched with longing eyes. They sat with their elbows on their knees, their chins in their hands, and two of them wept.

Back against the house in his arm-chair, his clothes white with flour from the baking, their father by turns smoked his long pipe and talked to his neighbor who sat on the doorstep beside him.

"Why ain't dey playing wis de rest?" he repeated. "Because dey shall not forget der Vaterland. Why shall dey desecrate de grafes of our fallen heroes?" He quoted as nearly as he could from the Memorial Day speech he had heard the year before. "Dey ain't our fallen heroes."

"But weren't they all born here?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Dat makes nosing out. My Vaterland iss also der Vaterland from my children. Dis United Shtates——"

Behind them at the shop-door appeared a little blue-eyed woman.

"Hans, how much shall dese cruller be?" she demanded.

"Ten cent," answered her husband angrily. She knew well enough how much the crullers were. It was only her trick of interrupting him as soon as he began to praise the fatherland. He would say what he chose.

Suddenly the door was pushed outward.

"Yes, but I wanted that kind," a girl's voice said laughingly. "My party would have been spoiled if I couldn't have had that kind."

"What did you do?" asked her friend, appearing beside her on the top step.

"I bearded the *chef* himself, and he told

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me that the Fleischmanns baked them, and so I went there. They had sent all they had made over to Delmonico's, but they might not need them all. So they telephoned and Delmonico sent back three dozen."

Mr. Heckendorn looked up at the girls, who had paused to watch the procession in the street. He took his pipe from his mouth.

"Next time you want somesing you come here," he said. "We bake sefen kinds bread, an' much cakes yet."

"Thank you," the girl laughed, tucking the bag under her arm.

Mr. Heckendorn was silent until he heard his wife close the door which led from the shop back into the house. Then he burst forth.

"It iss no place like der Vaterland," he said. "It iss no one like der Kaiser."

"Why did you come here?" asked his neighbor politely.

"Ach, it wass de Frau. She was talking always United Shtates, United Shtates. I had no rest, only to come."

"And a mighty good thing you're making of it," said Mr. Smith to himself. Aloud he said pacifically, "I guess everybody likes his own country the best."

"Yes, an' it iss no country like der Vaterland. It iss here always somesing wrong, an' der President, he can't do nosing. Der Kaiser, he would stop it. Der President, he iss nosing worth. He——"

Some telepathic influence turned Mr. Heckendorn's head toward the shop door. Within stood his wife. Her face was white and her blue eyes seemed black. Her eyes were upon him, her hand pointed to the other side of the street. There beneath the flags, great of height and broad of shoulder, stood Patrick O'Malley, the policeman of the district. His eyes were on the children, who, singing uncertainly, "Oh, say can you see" came gayly back. Then he walked slowly across the street.

"Mr. Heckendorn," he began majestically, "why don't you let your children play?"

Mr. Heckendorn's face flushed scarlet under its sprinkling of flour. He was aware that Margaretta was motioning frantically

Four little Heckendorns watched with longing eyes, and two of them wept.—Page 618.

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"Der President, he iss nosing worth. He——"—Page 619.

first to him and then to the children. The children looked at her bewildered. They had been so sternly forbidden to join the parade, how could they guess now that she meant them to go? As for her husband, her threatenings seemed to fan into life a mad defiance. He would have his say! What was this United States that a German should not dare to say what he liked?

"My children shall love der Vaterland," he answered. "It iss no Memorial Day for my children."

Officer O'Malley's lips broadened to a great smile.

"You'll get over that all right, Mr. Heckendorn," he said, and passed on.

"Der Vaterland," began Mr. Heckendorn.

"Hans!" said his wife in the doorway.

Mr. Smith rose considerately. When his own wife took that tone he did not care for anyone to be about.

"What iss it?" asked Mr. Heckendorn sullenly.

"Come in."

He rose slowly, partly because he did not wish to obey her too quickly, and partly because it was hard to get out of the armchair. The steps creaked under his weight. At the top he paused. The children looked up at him fearfully.

"Remember what I say," he commanded sternly.

When he had closed the door behind him his wife seized his arm.

"They will take us all to the prison," she sobbed. Her husband was aware of a sudden relief at the sound of the German instead of the broken English which she usually spoke. "To say thus to the officer! Grimmelhausen went to jail because he spoke scornfully of the Kaiser. And thou hast said that the President was nothing worth, that he could do nothing, that he was—Ach, my children!"—She pushed him angrily from her.—"It is not for thee that I cry. On thy head be thy own sins! But my children! They will be outcasts."

"Schmidt says also that the President is nothing worth. It was one Bryan——"

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"Schmidt!" she repeated scornfully. "Let him talk. But he would not say it to the officer, that he would not. And he is American. The Americans dare talk. But thou—they will send thee to prison, and send me and the children back, like the others on the ship—that is what they will do!"

"If he had meant to seize me, he would have seized me then," said Mr. Heckendorn sullenly. He was a little frightened, we ate always the black bread. Here we have white bread. Fifty-seven people have been in the shop since the morning. At home there came never more in in a day than twenty. What would you have?"

"This is the land of free speech," said her husband. "I can say what I choose."

"Yes, if the officer does not hear. And he has heard." She seized his arm again with both hands. "He will come back and

O'Malley stood at the corner talking to the Italian.—Page 623.

now that the defiance had worn off. "And a man may speak the truth. At home——"

"At home!" repeated his wife. "Thou talkest always of home. What hadst thou there? We could save nothing. In eight years poor little Hans must go into the army, as thou didst go into the army, and by and by Karl would also go into the army, and Ernst. Have we not meat three times a day, if we want it? There to have it on Sundays and holidays was fortunate. There throw thee into prison. And I, what shall I do, I and the little ones?"

"Thou talkest foolishness," he answered sharply, but with a quiver in his voice. He had begun to repent his rashness, but it would not do to let Margaretta see. "Let me go; it is time that I am at my work."

When the Maniagos and the Goldsteins and the Haggartys had finished playing Memorial Day, they looked in vain for the little Heckendorns. They called them-

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Margaretta ran down the stairway.—Page 623.

selves hoarse, but the children did not appear.

Within the Heckendorn house was silence. In the bakery, Mr. Heckendorn moved noiselessly about, his great arms bare to the shoulder. On the second floor the little Heckendorns arrayed themselves noiselessly for bed.

"Why do we have to go before it is dark?" demanded Hans, who was the oldest, and therefore privileged.

"Because sorrow is coming upon us and the morrow will be hard," answered his mother. "Thy father ——" but, no, she would not criticise their father to his children. "Say now thy prayers."

When she left them they were in tears.

"Shall they see the humiliation of their father?" she said to herself as she went down the stairs. "Perhaps they will come to-night to take him away."

Then she went out to the bakery.

"Perhaps if thou shouldst see the officer, Hans, and promise him ——"

Her husband waved her out.

"Thou talkest foolishness," he said majestically.

When she had gone terror overcame him. It was true, as she had said, Grimmelhausen had been for three months in the prison. What would his wife and children do, if they should cast him there also? Margaretta could run the shop, but Margaretta could not bake, and without anything to sell there would be no use in keeping open. And what might they not do to her and the children if he were not there to protect them? They were in the midst of strangers. The fruit-seller at the corner came from Italy, the painter next door was an Irishman, the pawnbroker a little farther down the street was a Jew.

He had been rash. The officer had smiled, but so had they who fetched Grimmelhausen.

He drew the last batch of bread from the oven with shaking hands, then he tiptoed into the shop. Margaretta was nowhere to be seen. Listening, he heard the creak of her rocking-chair, the ridiculous American chair of which she was so fond. It was al-

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most dark outside; he could see through the shop window the colored globes at the drug-store at the corner, and the flaring torch at the Maniago's fruit-stand across the street. The sound of a measured footstep made him shiver. What if they were coming to get him? He would do as Margaretta told him—go and say to the officer that he did not mean what he said, that he did not know what he said—he would tell him anything. He opened the door softly.

The footstep drew nearer. He would wait until it had passed. He stepped back into the shop. He would light the lamps. The footstep, however, did not pass, but paused before the house and came slowly up the steps, a footstep as heavy as his own. He heard the boards creak in the same spot as they creaked under his own tread.

Suddenly the door was pushed open.

"Heckendorn!"

It was a voice which he knew. It was the voice of O'Malley, the officer.

"What iss it?" he faltered, wishing for Margaretta. Margaretta was brave.

"Here is a paper for you and your wife. Where are you? I'll put it on the case."

"It wass'n't Margaretta," he faltered. "I——"

"It won't do no harm for you both to go."

"But the children? My Hans, and my Karl, and——"

"You can get someone to look after them," said O'Malley, and was gone.

Heckendorn clutched madly at the counter, then sank back against the shelves. It had come. Margaretta was right. But what had Margaretta done that she should go, too? Perhaps he could beg O'Malley yet to let him go. He went to the door and looked out. O'Malley stood at the corner talking to the Italian, and they were looking in his direction.

He went inside and locked the door with trembling fingers. Then he picked up the paper. It was a long envelope with a thick enclosure. It was a notification, doubtless—what the Americans called a warrant. It struck him suddenly how much more gracious the United States was to her offenders. She warned them. At home they would simply have fetched him. Now at least he would have time to set his affairs in order and try to find someone to care for the children. He went heavily out to the back room.

"Margaretta!" he called; "Margaretta!"

Margaretta ran down the stairway.

"They have warned me," he said dully.

"Warned you?"

"Yes. The officer was here. He brought a paper. It is that I shall have time to set my business in order. Here is the paper."

She took it from his hand and opened the envelope. Within was a gorgeous seal. She touched it fearfully with her finger.

"But why set the business in order? Will I not be here?"

"Thou goest also. The officer he said it."

"I!"

"Yes. It is the American way. Perhaps it is that thou shalt care for me. Perhaps——" Mr. Heckendorn sat down heavily in his arm-chair. "Ach, that I had never been born!"

Toward morning he fell into a restless sleep. His wife did not even undress, but moved swiftly, silently, about the house, cleaning what had been clean before and putting in order what was already spotless. Often she paused to look at the children,

"Ach, that I had never been born!"

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"Ach, mein Karl! ach, meine Elsa!" she sobbed.

the three boys in a wide bed, and little Elsa in the crib beside them.

"Ach, mein Hans! ach, mein Ernst!" she would say softly, and then go about her work. In an hour she would be back to look at them again.

"Ach, mein Karl! ach, meine Elsa!" she sobbed.

Morning dawned at last and she called her husband.

"Arise and dress," she bade him. "Shall it be that they shall find thee in thy bed?"

His eyes filled with tears, and he clasped his hands helplessly above the gay quilt.

"Ach, Margaretta, thou lovest thy foolish husband no more!"

She stopped for an instant to lay her hand on his.

"Am I not going with thee even to the prison?" she said.

She had made up her mind during the night what they would do. Hans was ten years old; he could look after the house. The other children would do as he said, and it would be better than to have a stranger come in. She would tell him that he must not let the children go out of the door; they could play in the little yard at the back. Hans could bake enough for them, and there was plenty of sausage in the house, and she would give him some money to buy things at the store.

Having dressed the children and given them their breakfast, she sat down by the side of her husband to wait. Morning grew to noon, and yet the officer did not come. Every time there was a rap at the door she peered fearfully out into the shop. Each time, however, it was only a neighbor in search of bread or cakes, and not O'Malley.

At noon she cooked a good dinner, and the hour passed swiftly. Then Ernst and Elsa went to sleep, Ernst in his father's arms, and Elsa in her own. She wept silently.

"If they would but come!" said Mr. Heckendorn. His face was haggard. "If they come soon, it will be the sooner past."

"The neighbors will see," wailed Margaretta.

"No, they won't," put in little Hans. "They will come in the Black Maria, mother."

His father lifted the paper fearfully

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"Perhaps it tells when we shall go," said his wife.

"But I cannot read it, nor canst thou."

"We can ask someone, but it will be further disgrace," wailed Margaretta.

Heckendorn lifted his hands from Ernst's curls.

"But little Hans, can he not read?"

Little Hans reached across the table for the paper.

"You bet I can," he said with cheerful pride. There was little that was German about Hans. "I can read anything. Give it to me."

His father handed him the paper.

"Then read that, Hanschen."

Hans cleared his eyes with a swift rub of his fist.

"We, the undersigned ——"

His father interrupted him.

"How is it signed?"

"Patrick O'Malley, Thomas Higgins, George McKay. They're all policemen, father."

"Go on," groaned Mr. Heckendorn.

"We, the undersigned, invite you and your wife to be present at a festival——"

Heckendorn raised his hand helplessly.

"What iss dot?" he asked wearily in English.

Margaretta clutched his arm.

"It is a Fest, it is a Feiertag. Go on, Hanschen."

"——to be given by the Third Ward Social Club, on Memorial——"

His mother swept the paper out of his hand.

"Hans, it is not a warning, it is an invitation. We are invited to be present. It is a Fest, Hans, it is a——"

"I will go, too," said little Hans firmly.

Hans the elder looked at her helplessly. He was not quick like Margaretta.

"Must we then not go to the prison?"

"No, to be sure we must not go."

"And they will do me nothing because I said what I said from the President?"

Margaretta frowned.

"They will hold it against thee. They do not perhaps punish the first time in America. They wait perhaps till the second. You had better tell the officer that you love the gnädig' President."

Margaretta laid the sleeping Elsa on the couch. Then she lifted the shades in the shop and opened wide the door.

"You had better begin wis de baking, Hans," she said in English. "And Hanschen,"—she drew the boy to her side and whispered to him, then she put something in his hand and he ran across the street to the store with the flags outside the door. "Come, Hans." She seized her husband by the shoulder and helped him out of his coat.

That evening at dusk Mr. Heckendorn propped his chair against the house wall. He was tired. When one lets five or six hours of one's working day go by unoccupied, it is hard to catch up.

Beside him sat his wife. When his pipe was empty she filled it for him. The children were nowhere to be seen.

O'Malley came slowly down the other side of the street. When he saw them he crossed directly over.

"Margaretta!" gasped Mr. Heckendorn.

"He will do you nosing," said Margaretta. "He comes to see if we will go in de Fest."

Such proved to be O'Malley's errand. He stood before them swinging his mace by its cord behind his back, and talking as affably as though he were not the august representative of the law.

"Where are the children?" he asked pleasantly.

"Dey play wis de Goldstein children and de Haggarty children, and de Man'ago children," said their mother, the while she prodded her husband sharply with her elbow. He knew well enough what she meant.

"Dis United Shtates iss a great place," he said. "Der Vaterland iss—" there was a quick struggle for an American idiom befitting what he meant to say—"Der Vaterland issn't de only pebble on der beach."

The gnädiger officer laughed.

"Now you're talkin'," he said cheerfully.

There was a chorus of shrill voices. A procession came around the corner by the fruit-stand, chanting loudly, "Oh, say can can you see?" It was longer than it had been the evening before, and the relative positions had changed. The scion of the house of Haggarty had fallen to the ranks. The little Maniagos and Haggartys and Goldsteins brought up the rear. At the head of the line walked the house of Heckendorn, each one, down to tiny Elsa, topped with a soldier cap and bearing over his shoulder a flag.

Their father looked at them proudly. Then he lifted his pipe in the air.

"Hoch, de United Shtates!" he said.

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HEREAFTER

By W. J. Henderson

PREACH me no heaven of insensate rest
And drowsy chantings of obedient praise.
Must I intone the wide hereafter out
In dulcet choirings with young seraphim,
And lull to sleep my unperfected soul,
New fledged, and fluttering from its fleshly nest?
Why, let the angels sing and strike the harp
To pious chords; they never knew aught else.
If death be but a gate that leads to this,
'Twere better that we dig our mortal graves
So deep we shall not hear the judgment trump.
Out of the cradled vale of puling babes
We have climbed up the hill unto the crest
Through dusty days of study and of thought.
We have fed fat our minds with many books,
Have read the record of the circling worlds,
Have weighed far planets, caught slim asteroids,
And found the secret of the stalwart earth
Amid convenient atoms. But with this
Have we encompassed knowledge? Are we wise?
Thou knowest. We are but the silly sport
Of Time, that either blinds our futile eyes
With gazing at the glory of the sun
Or lights us with a glimpse between the stars.
Here stand we shut within our pristine shells,
The mind a kernel that has not yet burst
Into a branching plant to drink the air.
It does not tremble with the universe,
Nor grow a part of all, a sentient ray,
Vibrating to its core in synchrony
With the great waves that bear through space
The silent heart-throbs of infinity.
Within this fleshly prison we are held,
A subtle essence in a sealèd globe;
Break but the seal and we shall float across
The earth, the seas, the bright, perennial stars,
In immaterial perfume. We are souls,
Yea, souls imprisoned, souls the serfs of Time,
Set free alone by the decree of Death.
Then preach me not of everlasting rest,
A heaven of harps and oratorio.
If that be heaven, then let me stay without,
A homeless spirit, winging in the void
An endless flight beyond the utmost worlds.
For there at last I shall be wholly free
To seek the full and perfectest rewards
Of truth, to walk in glory through that land
Which we but dream of, and of which till now
I have but seen the beacon fires afar
Upon the shores of yon cerulean sea.

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THE HOPE FOR LABOR UNIONS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I

THE difficulties constantly arising between employers and employees and the increasingly aggressive interference of labor unions with industrial operations have brought the labor problem to the front as never before. Here is a matter directly touching the public welfare which cannot be blinked; it must be squarely met and its solution must be worked out on a sound economic basis, or we shall never reach any substantial results. More than this, even if we arrive at positive truth, we shall yet have to face the difficulties of a suspicious mind on the part of those whose preconceptions differ from our conclusions. Indeed, one of the most serious duties of practical economists is to so wing the truth by publicity that it may enter the thinking of all classes and conditions of men.

To this end, it will be worth our while to examine the principles and practice of labor unions solely in the interest of the men who make up its membership. We may leave the employer out of account in this study, if for no other reason than that he is the one who, by situation, intelligence, and experience, is generally able to care for himself. This reason, obviously, does not apply to the receiver of wages, who is now using the union as an organization for raising his wages as well as lessening the duration and improving the conditions of his daily toil. First of all, it should be understood that we make no objection to organized unions. They have their unmistakable advantages, as well as their disadvantages. The friend of the workman certainly must wish to study how to increase the gains and diminish the losses from unions. In this spirit it ought to be possible to study impartially and honestly any and all defects in the principles on which labor unions are based. If the defects disclosed are obvious and important, then it would be stupid for society to ignore them; and the economist may be rightly called upon, as a consequence, to propose a constructive means for remedying the shortcomings of the unions to the end that their efficiency may be increased. Beginning first with a critical analysis of the present policy of the main body of labor unionists, it will be my purpose to follow this with a constructive plan by which the laborers may improve their condition through the agency of the unions.

Accepting the aims of the labor organizations as above described, what are the means used to accomplish these aims? With this purpose all of us who are human must sympathize; all of us wish to see poverty reduced and the wages of the worker raised. There can be no disagreement on this point. The real question at issue, however, is, How can these results be brought about? On this point, it ought not to be necessary to say that we must divest ourselves of all stubborn pride of opinion, and look the facts squarely in the face. Nor can any system of ethics be maintained for a moment which, although based on sympathy, is not founded securely upon sound economic principles. If the unions also have built up a theory of class ethics which aims to justify conduct squarely opposed to the established order of society, and a conduct based on mistaken economic theory, then that code of ethics must go to the wall. Moreover, it will, in that case, be to the permanent good of the workers that it should give way to some other code.

What, then, are the means adopted by the unions to raise wages? Obviously, it is not possible to predicate in one statement what is true of all unions. There are many differing practical policies in force; and yet it is possible to indicate the one common economic principle underlying the action of the majority of the large and influential organizations. To be brief, the practical policy of labor unions is based on the principle of a monopoly of the supply of laborers in a given occupation. By combination also the gain of collective bargaining is obtained. Just as manufacturers at-

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tempt to control the supply and the price of an article, so the unions attempt to fix the rate of wages by controlling the number of possible competitors for hire. It would seem that what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

The principle of monopoly, it should be observed, is effective in regulating price only if the monopoly is fairly complete; it must include practically all of the supply. But even under these conditions the price cannot be settled alone by those who control the supply. The demand of those who buy is equally necessary to the outcome. As a rule, the monopolistic seller must set a price which will induce the demand to take off the whole supply. Too high a price will lessen consumption and lessen demand.

In a similar way, not only must there be an active demand for labor from employers, but to fix the price of labor a union must control practically all of a given kind of labor. Here we find the pivotal difficulty in the policy of the unions; and we find clashes of opinion as to the facts. If the union does not contain all the persons competing for the given kind of work, then its theory of monopoly will be a failure in practice. In fact, the unions composed of unskilled laborers, such as teamsters, can never include all the persons, near and far, capable of competing for their positions. The principle of monopoly cannot be made to work successfully in such unions.

But it will be objected by union leaders that it is their policy to gather every laborer into the union, and thus eventually control all the supply in an invincible monopoly. The unions, however, do not, in fact, admit all comers. Some, such as machinists, admirably demand skill as a prerequisite of admission; others, such as telegraphers, make the admission of apprentices practically impossible; while others again, like some woodworkers, find difficulty in getting apprentices, and consequently urge training in the public schools. In such variety of practice there, nevertheless, emerges the fact that many unions try to create an artificial monopoly by excluding others, and yet try to keep the union scale of wages by preventing in many ways the employment of non-union men. On the other hand, should the unions adopt the plan of admitting all who apply, then all laborers being unionists, the situation would be the same as regards supply as if there were no unions. Could the unions then maintain a "union scale" of wages? Evidently, if the whole supply of laborers is thus introduced into the field of employment, then the rate of wages for all in any one occupation can never be more than that rate which will warrant the employment of all—that is, the market rate of wages. Although all laborers are included in the unions, they would have the advantages, whatever they may be, of collective bargaining. Yet if the unions really believe that when every laborer is inside the union collective bargaining can of itself, irrespective of the supply, raise the rate of wages, they are doomed to disappointment. Wholly aside from the influence of demand, in order to control the rate of wages, the unions which include all laborers must effectually control immigration and the rate of births. No one, it scarcely need be said, is so ignorant of economic history as to believe that such a control over births can be maintained. There is little hope for higher wages by this method of action.

In the anthracite-coal regions, for instance, it will be said that strenuous efforts were made to force all the men to join the unions. If not only those on the ground, but all newcomers, are admitted to membership, then not all unionists can find employment in the mines. At the best, if they can fix the rate of wages which employers must pay those who do work, some will remain unemployed. In such a case, the working members must support the idle—which is equivalent to a reduction of the wages of those who work—or the unemployed must seek work elsewhere. Sooner or later, for men capable of doing a particular sort of work an adjustment as a whole between the demand for laborers and the supply of them must be reached on the basis of a market rate.

Whatever the reasons, the fact is to-day unmistakable that the unions include only a small fraction of the total body of laborers. In spite of the proclaimed intention to include in a union each worker of every occupation, and then to federate all the unions, the unions contain far less than a majority of the working force of the country. To the present time, therefore, the practical policy

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of the unions is one of artificial monopoly; that is, not able to control the whole supply, the union attempts to fix a "union scale" and maintain only its own members at work. This situation, consequently, means always and inevitably the existence of non-union men, against whom warfare must be waged. Under this system high wages for some can be obtained only by the sacrifice of others outside the union. The economic means chosen by the unions, then, to gain higher wages are practicable only for a part of the labor body, and then only provided all other competitors can be driven from the field. The policy of artificial monopoly being, thus, the common principle of a great majority of unions, we may next briefly consider the inevitable consequences of such a policy.

1. The immediate corollary of the union policy is a warfare *à l'outrance* against non-union men. This hostility against brother workers is excused on the ground that it is the only means of keeping up the "union scale" of wages. Although an artificial monopoly is unjust and selfish, and certain to end in failure, the unions have doggedly adhered to it so far as to create a code of ethics which justifies any act which preserves the monopoly. This is the reason why a non-union man seeking work is regarded as a traitor to his class, when in reality he is a traitor to an insufficient economic principle. As a human being he has the same right to live and work as any other, whether a member of a union or not. The arrogance of unionism in ruling on the fundamentals of human liberty, the assumption of infallibility and superiority to institutions which have been won only by centuries of political sacrifice and effort, is something supernal—something to be resented by every lover of liberty. Unionism, if unjust to other men, cannot stand.

2. Since the "union scale" of an artificial monopoly is clearly not the market rate of wages, the maintenance of the former can be perpetuated only by limiting the supply to the members of the union. The only means of keeping non-union men from competition is force. Consequently, the inevitable outcome of the present policy of many labor organizations is lawlessness and an array of power against the state. Their policy being what it is, their purposes can be successfully carried out only by force, and by denying to outsiders the privileges of equality and liberty. Sometimes the means of enforcing their unenacted views is known as "peaceful picketing"; but this is only a mask for threats of violence. In fact, intimidation of all kinds up to actual murder has been employed to drive non-union competitors out of the labor market. Picketing, boycotts, breaking heads, slugging, murder—all outrages against law and order, against a government of liberty and equality—are the necessary consequences of the existing beliefs of unionists, and they cannot gain their ends without them. So long as the unions adhere to their present principles so long will they be driven to defy the majesty of the law, and work to subvert a proper respect for the orderly conduct of government.

The dictum of a few men in a union has been set above the equality of men before the law. The union lays down an ethical proposition, and by its own agencies sets itself to apply it at any and all cost. This is a method of tyranny and not of liberty. The right of the humblest person to be protected in his life and property is the very corner-stone of free government. It means more for the weak than for the strong. Therefore the opinions of a loosely constituted body, representing a limited set of interests, should not—and will not—be allowed to assume a power greater than the political liberty for all, rich or poor, which has been a thousand years in the making. By the abuses of unionism there has been set up an *imperium in imperio*—one inconsistent with the other. One or the other must give way. Which one it shall be no one can doubt. The dictum of rioters will never be allowed by modern society to eradicate the beneficent results which have issued from the long evolution of civil liberty. If the platform of the unions is opposed to the fundamentals of law and progress, it must yield to the inevitable and be reconstructed on correct principles of economics and justice.

3. The labor leaders, finding themselves opposed by the strong forces of society, have at times made use of politics. They have sought to influence executive action in their favor. Mayors of cities are under pressure not to use the police to maintain order when strikers are intimidating non-union men. More than that, since the presence of soldiers would secure safety from force to non-union workers, union leaders

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have urged governors, and even the President of the United States, to refrain from sending troops to points where disorderly strikes are in operation. Not only the police and the soldiery, but even the courts, when used solely to enforce the law as created by the majority of voters, have been conspicuously attacked as the enemies of "organized labor." The hostility of these agencies in truth is not toward labor, or its organization, but toward the perverse and misguided policy adopted by the labor leaders.

The entry of unions into politics, in general, is a sign of sound growth. It is, at least, a recognition that the only legitimate way of enforcing their opinions upon others is by getting them incorporated into law by constitutional means. And yet legislation in favor of special interests will be met by the demand of equal treatment for all other interests concerned; and in this arena the battle must be fought out. The unions will not have their own way by any means. So far as concerns the rate of wages, in any event, political agitation and legislation can do little. The forces governing the demand and supply of labor are beyond the control of legislation. But other subjects of labor legislation have been introduced, as is well known, such as eight-hour laws, high wages for state employees, and demands for employment by the Government of only union men. All these efforts would be largely unnecessary were the action of the unions founded on another principle than monopoly.

4. The difficulties arising from this incorrect policy of artificial monopoly of the labor supply have been felt by the unions, but they have not been assigned to their true cause. Believing in the theory, even though incorrect, they have gone on enforcing their demands by methods unrelated to the real causes at work. They have tried to strengthen their position by claiming a share in the ownership of the establishment in which they work, or a right of property in the product they produce, or a part in the business management of the concern which employs them. They have tried to say who shall be hired, who dismissed, where materials shall be bought, to whom goods shall be carried or sold, and the like. Their purpose is not always clear; but it seems to be a part of a plan to keep the employer at their mercy, and thus under the necessity of submitting to any and all demands as regards wages.

In this matter the unions cannot succeed. The very essence of a definite rate of wages is that the laborer contracts himself out of all risk. If the workman claims to be a partner in the commercial enterprise, asking in addition a part of the gains, he must also be willing to share the losses. This is obviously impossible for the ordinary working man. Hired labor and narrow means go together. Capital can, labor cannot, wait without serious loss. Laborers, therefore, cannot take the risks of industry and assume the familiar losses of business. This is the full and conclusive reason why the laborer contracts himself out of risk and accepts a definite rate of wages. If he does this, he is estopped, both morally and legally, from further proprietary claims on the product or establishment.

By way of *résumé*, it is to be seen that the attempt to increase the income of labor on the unionist principle of a limitation of competitors has led into an *impasse*, where further progress is blocked by the following evils:

1. The wrong to non-union men.
2. The defiance of the established order of society.
3. A futile resort to legislation.
4. The interference with the employer's management.

II

In contrast with the existing policy, which can end only in discouragement and failure, permit me, wholly in the interest of the membership of the unions, to suggest another policy which will certainly end in higher wages and open a road to permanent progress for all working men. Instead of the principle of monopoly of competitors, I offer the principle of productivity, as a basis on which the action of unions should be founded.

By productivity is meant the practical ability to add to the product turned out in any industry. The productivity of labor operates on its price just as does utility on the price of any staple article—improve the quality of it and you increase the demand for it. This general truth is nothing new. The purchaser of a horse will pay

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more for a good horse than for a poor one. A coat made of good material will sell for more than one made of poor material. Why? Because it yields more utility, or satisfaction, to the purchaser. In the same way, if the utility of the labor to the employer is increased, it will be more desired; that is, if the laborer yields more of that for which the employer hires labor, the employer will pay more for it, on purely commercial grounds.

Now it happens that where productivity is low—that is, where men are generally unskilled—the supply is quite beyond the demand for that kind of labor. Productivity being given, supply regulates the price. Obviously, to escape from the thralldom of an oversupply of labor in any given class, or occupation, the laborer must improve his productivity. That is another way of saying that if he trains himself and acquires skill, he moves up into a higher and less crowded class of labor. The effect on wages is twofold: (1) he is now in a group where the supply is relatively less to demand than before; and (2) his utility as a laborer to the employer is greater, and acts to increase the demand for his services. Productivity, therefore, is the one sure method of escape from the depressing effects on wages of an oversupply of labor.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the forms by which productivity shows itself in the concrete. If the laborer is a teamster, he can improve in sobriety, punctuality, knowledge of horses, skill in driving, improved methods of loading and unloading, avoidance of delays, and in scrupulous honesty. If, moreover, he studies his employer's business and consults his interest—instead of studying how to put him at a disadvantage, or making work—he still further increases his productivity and value to his employer. In other occupations and in other grades of work the process is simple. In fact, it is the ordinary influence of skill on wages; and men have been acting on an understanding of it time out of mind.

To this suggestion it may be objected that the workman who makes himself more capable receives no more from an employer than the less capable; that employers treat all alike and are unwilling to recognize skill. The fact is doubted; for it is incredible that intelligent managers should be for any length of time blind to their own self-interest. But if they are thus blind, and if they place an obstacle to the recognition of merit and skill, then we at once see how the unions can make a legitimate use of their organized power by demanding higher wages for higher productivity. Such demands are sure to meet with success.

This method of raising wages, based on forces leading to a lessened supply and an increased demand, shows a difference as wide as the poles from the existing artificial method of "bucking" against an oversupply by an ineffective monopoly. To the laborer who wishes higher wages the advantage of the former over the latter is so evident and so great that further illustration or emphasis on this point would be out of place. In the economic history of the last fifty or sixty years in the United States and Great Britain it appears that money wages have risen from about fifty per cent. for unskilled labor to over one hundred per cent. for higher grades of work, while the hours of labor per day have been lowered considerably. Moreover, this gain in money wages has been accompanied by a fall in the prices of many articles consumed by the laboring class. This fortunate outcome has gone on simultaneously with a progress in inventions and in the industrial arts never before equalled in the history of the world, and it is a progress which has enabled the same labor and capital to turn out a greater number of units of product. In fact, the enlargement of the output has been such that each unit could be sold at a lower price than ever before and yet the value of the total product of the industry has sufficed to pay the old return upon capital and also to pay absolutely higher money wages to the workmen for a less number of hours of labor in the day. Indeed, one is inclined to believe that the gain in wages by the working classes in recent years has been due far more to this increased productivity of industry and much less to the demands of labor unions than has been generally supposed. The productivity method of raising wages has the advantage over the one in present use in that it gives a *quid pro quo*, and excites no antagonism on the part of the employer. A pressure by strikes to have productivity recognized must be successful, since an employer cannot afford the loss consequent on hiring an inefficient workman. The insistence, as at pres-

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ent, on a uniform minimum rate of wages by process of terrorism, and without regard to the supply of possible competitors, cannot for a moment be considered in comparison with the hopeful and successful method through improved productivity. The one is outside, the other within, the control of any individual initiative.

Keeping these things in mind, those of us who would like to see a definite and permanent progress of the laboring classes believe that here the unions have a great opportunity. They must drop their dogged attempts to enforce a policy against the oversupply of labor by a futile monopoly; it is as useless and hopeless as to try to sweep back the sea with a broom. On the other hand, should the unions demand as conditions of admission definite tests of efficiency and character, and work strenuously to raise the level of their productivity, they would become limited bodies, composed of men of high skill and efficiency. The difficulty of supply would be conquered. A monopoly would be created, but it would be a natural and not an artificial one. The distinction between union and non-union men would, then, be one between the skilled and the unskilled. The contest between union and non-union men would no longer be settled by force. Thus the sympathy of employers and the public would be transferred from the non-union, or the unfit, to the union, or the fit men. If space were sufficient, interesting cases could be cited here of unions which have already caught sight of the truth, and greatly improved their position thereby. This policy unmistakably opens the path of hope and progress for the future.

In contrast with the mistaken policy of the present, we may set down the different ways in which productivity would act upon the four evils enumerated at the end of the first part of our study:

1. The wrong to the non-union man would disappear. The rivalry of union and non-union men would no longer be the competition of equals, because the non-union, or inferior, men would be out of the competition for given kinds of work. There is no wrong to a non-union man if he is excluded from work for inefficiency. The wrong of to-day is that the union often shields numbers of incapables.

2. Since the unionists would represent skill, and the non-unionists lack of skill, there would be no need of force to hold the position of natural monopoly. The perpetual defiance of the law in order to terrorize non-union men would have no reason for its existence; and the worst phases of unionism would disappear. Such a consummation alone would be worth infinite pains; but if it should come in connection with a policy which is morally certain to improve the condition of the workmen, not to reach out for it is little short of crime.

3. As another consequence of the new principle the unionist would find himself and his comrades steadily gaining a higher standard of living without resort to the artificial methods of politics. Legislation would not be needed to fight against the results of the oversupply of labor. Like ordinary business men, the unionists would find their affairs peacefully settled in the arena of industry by permanent forces, and not in the uncertain strife of legislatures and political conventions, in which they are likely to be outwitted by clever party leaders. And yet the workmen would retain in their organized unions the power to command justice from those employers who are unjust.

4. The new policy would insure community of interest between employer and employee. This objective is so important, it has been so outrageously ignored in countless labor struggles, that to attain it would almost be like the millennium; and yet, instead of being moonshine, it is simple common sense. If the laborers knew and acted upon the fact that skill and goodwill were reasons why employers could pay better wages, the whole face of the present situation would be changed. If it were objected that the unfair and grasping employer would pocket the surplus due to the improved productivity of the laborers, it must be remembered that the unions still retain their power of collective bargaining. But, of course, the unions must not believe that demands can be made for advances of an unlimited kind far beyond the services rendered to production of any one agent, such as labor.

The new proposals would also completely remove the disastrous tendency to make work. If men obtain payment in proportion to their productivity, the greater the product the higher the wages; for this

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has been the reading of economic history, no matter how individuals here and there protest. Hence the result would be lower expenses of production, a fall in the prices of staple goods, and a generally increased welfare among those classes whose satisfactions have been increased.

Not only would the consumer be benefited, but the increased productivity of industry would enable the home producer to sell his goods cheaper in foreign markets. As things are going now, the hindrances to production and making work by unions is threatening to contract our foreign trade. The new policy proposed to the unions would therefore aid the United States in keeping its present advantages in the field of international competition.

While it has been impossible to discuss fully all the points which may have arisen in the reader's mind, it must suffice to bring into bold contrast the present erroneous policy of the labor unions, with the possible one of productivity. In a very true sense, the labor problem is a conflict between different grades of skill. Legitimate industrial success comes with the ability to use better than others the agencies of production. One reason why managerial power commands such high wages is that a highly capable leader in industry receives returns not merely for the use of capital, but because he sees and grasps an opportunity where other men see nothing. No matter where a man begins in life, if he has skill, insight, foresight, judgment, knowledge of men, and managerial force, he will gain at least—if not more than—in proportion to his productivity. Therefore, if the unions wish to elevate their fellow-workers, instead of breaking the heads of non-union men, they should set a premium on industrial education. It ought to be as easy for a working man's child to become a skilled craftsman—a machinist, carpenter, mason, or bricklayer—in our public-school system as it is to acquire geography and algebra. By eradicating industrial incapacity and substituting skill therefor, we should be increasing the wages of all classes, developing wealth in all forms, and enlarging the well-being of the whole nation.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE difficulty in readjusting modern professional living to modern social requirements is in large part the difficulty in keeping pace with a disproportionate increase. Thus coincidently with the establishment of Mr. Carnegie's pension fund for superannuated college professors, announcement was made of a departure at Princeton which, should it realize expectation and be generally adopted, would indefinitely increase the number of pensioners. By this departure provision is to be made for the special instruction of Princeton's large classes in small groups through the service of some fifty additional "preceptors," who of course must be selected with special care, because their value depends upon the closeness of their contact with the students. The ultimate success of President Woodrow Wilson's happy device to unite the advantages of university and small college, and to apply the former's superior equipment to the development of character, is essentially a financial problem. First it is the problem of a sufficient endowment, of how much an institution can afford to pay to attract the right kind of men for preceptors. Then, on the individual side, it is the problem of how little the right kind of man for preceptor can afford to take in justice to his own future, even to give really fine service. "Can a man," asks a college professor, writing anonymously on this problem in one of the magazines, "whose energies are spent in so unequal and impossible a struggle to make both ends meet maintain freshness and vigor in his work, be an inspiration to his students, and fulfil in scholarship the promise of his early years?"

The Inequality of the Professional Life

It is noteworthy that the popular attitude toward the problem has of recent years undergone a marked change. Not so long ago, the sneer of "undemocratic" was wont to greet the claim that certain classes of officials who render service of first importance to the com-

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munity, but of a kind to preclude opportunities for money-making—for example, judges and diplomats—should receive salaries commensurate with the social position attaching to the office. Now that claim is discussed seriously and sympathetically in the press and in private talk. The public is also coming to appreciate the passing of professional caste or prestige, the "standing" of professional men as such, as entailing no small loss to the community. Beyond question this standing was once a compensation to many men for foregoing what President Porter of Yale used to call "vulgar success." Probably this passing of professional prestige is as much due to the inroads of commercialism on the professions as to the general disposition to define success in terms of dollars. The fees charged by an eminent doctor or lawyer, the cash value put on the skill of an expert engineer or architect, the prices paid to a great painter, the profits received by the author of a successful novel or play, all tend almost stealthily to turn professional work into a "business proposition." Thus are delimited the few professional men whose work is in any sense altruistic or ethical, notably the clergyman, the teacher, the student, the scientist, the essayist, the poet, and the publicist. The old doctrine of plain living and high thinking as their own satisfaction doubtless still suffices for a saving remnant. It is a doctrine, however, which loses much of its appeal when intellectual effort of the same quality and a like theoretical interest finds substantial reward if practically applied.

The characteristic British theory, that the pay of the professional subordinate is of small account, if place and income are conceded to the representative at the top, is apparently breaking down, a fact significant of the new order. Laudatory comment on the Carnegie pension fund found in England a timely text in the choice of Canon Lyttelton as head master of Eton. Attractive advertisements for Canon Lyttelton's successor as head master of Haileybury (to Americans a novel way of filling the position) "featured" the salary of £2,200 with a "fine house" and other incidentals included. By contrast the assistant masters received salaries ranging from £150 to £200. In the English Church the story now familiar on this side of the water is the same. How, the bishops were asked by the Rector of Bathwick in a recent plaint on the "deplorable dearth of curates," can "a university man be expected to dress and live like a gentleman, not to say marry, on £150 a year?" To which reply was made for the bishops that with palaces to maintain as centres of diocesan activities a salary of £5,000 often proved inadequate. In England as in America the problem of providing for certain classes among professional men is one, not of opportunity of accumulation, but of a decent living, "a living wage" as it is called in the case of a non-professional worker. But in the technical language of sociology, as Prof. Veblen of the University of Chicago states it in his treatise of "The Theory of the Leisure Class," the difficulty is this: "The high standard of pecuniary decency among members of the superior classes (pecuniarily), into contact with whom scholarly classes are unavoidably thrown, is transfused among the latter with but little mitigation of its rigor; and, as a consequence, there is no class in the community that spends a larger proportion of its substance in conspicuous waste"—that is, "an expenditure that does not enhance human well-being as a whole," apart from its relative utility to the person making the expenditure. The anomaly of the loss to society from this "waste," an expenditure demanded by a "standard of pecuniary decency" that cannot properly be called artificial, is that society forces its standard on the classes whose peculiar office it *is* to "enhance human well-being as a whole." Cannot society, then, be trusted, when it recognizes them, not to repudiate its obligations?

Indirect Etiquette

THAT the schoolmaster is abroad we know, almost to our sorrow. It may be wondered if there is any department of knowledge adapted to mind or hand that has not its richly endowed trade school. And if there may be any little crumbs of knowledge escaping the searching eyes of the Founders of Schools they are supplied by trade or class journals. We are ministered to on every hand, our intellectual wants are satisfied before we know they exist, while facilities for learning to "mend our manners" confront us on the ubiquitous news-stand.

That the public, the feminine public in particular, will accept and even seek multitudinous instruction along these lines the innumerable periodicals with departments devoted to "good form" abundantly testify. It is true that masculine cynics have questioned

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whether the elaborate answers to inquiring correspondents may not have been framed in the editorial office and appropriate questions prefixed; but that is beside the mark. It is evident that, large as the appetite for such information undoubtedly is, the supply is equal to any demand upon it. Nor can we complain when our instruction is confined to its proper department and conveniently labelled so that we can pass it by at our pleasure. But it is time to protest that we should be freed from constant attempts on the part of popular novelists to instruct us in matters of etiquette: the novel of manners is positively becoming the novel of social usages at the hands of some of our most enterprising writers. There is a curious simplicity in the way in which these writers share with us the delight they experience when certain discoveries as to how things are done in the great world first swim into their ken: it is unmistakably the note of surprise, it is Cortez and the Pacific over again. Notwithstanding an easy nonchalance of literary style we are not seriously deceived when we read that in the household of the American girl married to the younger son of an earl the butler passed the tea, and, in an anxious parenthesis, that they kept no footman. It it is clear to the most democratic reader that the parenthetical information is only due in part to a missionary spirit of desire that we familiarize ourselves with the etiquette of the English tea-table. If the women of our family have never harbored a lady's maid, and even more, perhaps, if they have, we look at one another with a wild surmise as to why any adult masculine writer should concern himself in detail with the duties and privileges of his heroine's Abigail. When without adequate excuse in a story's development we have the tasks of a great lady's secretary carefully tabulated for us, and the meals the great lady takes when dining alone as carefully described, we are tempted to ask for credentials. We recall the old dictum that there is just one perfect time to write successfully of a foreign country: not too soon, or we may be unduly impressed by unimportant novelties of custom. Are these pedagogic authors perhaps too newly "arrived" to make the desirable discriminations?

When Madame Waddington in her home letters, so full of distinction and individuality, describes to her intimate circle the subtle variations found in new courts as in new countries, we can share her frank interest in the differences existing between queen and queen as between woman and woman. We are ready to admit a certain excitement in the fact that Sir Alfred Paget kneeled to kiss the hand of the Crown Princess of Germany, the first time the initiated ambassadress had ever "seen a man kneel to anyone in a salon." This is the ripe fruit of experience and we cheerfully accept it. But, generally considered, are readers, even gentle readers, fond of covert hints on behavior coated with the syrup of fiction? If we have not learned our lesson in childhood from contact with well-bred elders, why not frankly apply ourselves to some "Guide to Good Manners"? Are we emerging from the densest shadow of the problem novel into its penumbra only to see before us a region invaded by the book of disguised etiquette? One feels like echoing the hopeless cry of the child surrounded by social obligations in ambush: "If I had known there were so many manners to learn I never should have begun." Need we be taught by our novelists? We could hardly have gained so composed and restful a picture of Miss Austen's day had she with malice prepense undertaken to show her contemporaries how well she was "up" in social usages. May we not as adult intelligences be supposed to have lost interest in the mere surfaces of life and to be ready to consider, in literature at least, its substance?

One turns with relief to Mr. La Farge's characterization of St. Catherine and St. Barbara in Memlino's painting, "the type of what we call 'the Lady,' with whom everything becomes refined, whose gestures and movements are guided by habit into accomplished rhythm. . . . One would say that nothing but the habit of a life under constant observation could give to these two personages such manners as rule every line, every modulation of their gestures."

On every height lies repose; it will surely be high civilization when we can rest in our manners.

Bret Harte

THE recent subscription in England in aid of one of his children has recalled Bret Harte to a quickly forgetting generation; and with renewed discussion evidences appear of the persistence of what has always seemed to me a curious error—the idea that Harte exhausted his vein of art in the very earliest years of his writing, and thereafter only wrote feeble imitations of his early successes and produced

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nothing of value. This invincible belief—I had almost said tradition, it is so accepted without thought or investigation—has the support of deliberate authority in many places. His latest critic and biographer, Mr. Boynton, whose book was published in 1903, begins by saying: "Though Bret Harte was not an old man when he died, the best of his life and work was lived and done a generation ago. He had one brilliant vision and spent the rest of his life in reminding himself of it." And later in the book we hear of "the artistic futility of trading upon his early success in the interpretation of Californian life"; and have this remark (apropos of the fact that "the man had not only no trouble in disposing of his wares; he had more 'orders' than he could fill"): "His most charitable epitaph would include, in some form, the statement that, although his inspiration was outlived by more than thirty years, that was not, directly, his fault." Others who write of him have a better temper than Mr. Boynton, who would certainly not be selected as the person to write his charitable epitaph; they are not so indignant with the undiscriminating buyers of the later stories, and do not commonly betray the same annoyance with "the man"; but undeniably the majority, with regret or otherwise, express the same general opinion, and look upon Harte's as a literary *carrière manquée*.

I believe this opinion to be, in its extreme statement, altogether wrong, and even in a qualified form largely so. The question can only be settled, of course, by an appeal to the reader who will consent to free himself from the tradition long enough to look at the later work with an open mind; there is no space here even for a citation of evidence. But the collected edition of Bret Harte's works consists of fourteen octavo volumes, containing more than a hundred tales, long and short, besides much other matter; fifteen or twenty at most in the first two volumes, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and the "Tales of the Argonauts," would perhaps constitute that earliest product of the time of Mr. Boynton's "brilliant vision." They will remain, of course, the accepted highest point of Harte's work, because they fixed themselves in the mind when the whole *genre* was new and unfamiliar; but it seems to me impossible that any really critical reader who, for experiment's sake, takes up his reading anew *after* those two volumes, shall not constantly be forced to say to himself almost to the end, "Here is just as good art as he ever gave us." That is the whole point of my contention—that he continued to do well the thing he began by doing well; and this is just what the prevailing view—adopted through the lazy acceptance of the tradition aforesaid—will have it that he did not. I am not talking of Harte's place in literature, but only speaking to the indictment of "literary futility," of "outlived inspiration." The fashion of the tale may have lost its freshness, as has happened, especially in the generation in which it arose, with many another fashion; but it is unjust that the artist should therefore be said to have lost his art.

I know others who have shared this disagreement with the accepted verdict; and one opinion of a few years back, while Bret Harte was still alive, has always seemed to me of such interest that I am tempted to quote it—the more because I have heard its author express it orally and with emphasis more than once. Writing at the end of 1894, apropos of a reference to Harte, Mr. John Hay said (in a personal letter): "I agree with you perfectly about Harte's present form. He was never better; his art is finer than ever and his invention equally active and fertile, his coloring as sure and as vivid as when he wrote his first stories."

Much may be said of Harte and his work that is sound hostile criticism, and estimates of his place and deserts may differ widely; but it is certainly time that we were rid of the legend that his powers, however they may be rated, did not outlast his first few years.

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THE FIELD OF ART

IS THERE AN ACADEMIC MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN ART?

SHIFTINGS of belief lead to curiously changing phases of the arts, and at present, while the more violent forms of protest have disappeared, the general distrust of the official and the academic persists, though there seem to be on our own shores some indications of a willingness to experiment with methods that are being discarded abroad. The risings against the conventionalities of authority are common in all countries; there is well known to be a peculiarity in the training in the fine arts that requires something of the academic and is gravely damaged by too much of it. This may perhaps be explained by the definitions of the word academy: "Pertaining to an advanced institution of learning, as a college, a university, or an academy; relating to, or connected with, higher education. Of, or pertaining to, an academy or association of adepts; marked by, or belonging to, the character or methods of such an academy; hence," says the Century Dictionary, "conforming to set rules and traditions; speculative; formal; conventional." "Nature is a goose," said Goethe to Chancellor von Müller; "one must make her into something." As to the evil effects of these "rules and traditions" on the methods of instruction in the arts, there are no end of authorities. "These products of dreaming indolence," says De Quincey contemptuously, speaking of the philosophers and rhetoricians of the post-Alexandrine era, "no more constituted a literature than a succession of academic studies from the pupils of a royal institution can constitute a school of fine arts." "Whether the education be that of a prince or an artist," says the more frivolous M. Raymond Bouyer, "the times are hard for all those banished for love of the ideal, who wish to free themselves from the double tutelage of the formula and the age. M. Jean Veber constantly recalls, not without terror, the ten years that he might have lost in the École Nationale des Beaux-Arts if his temperament had not gotten the better of his docility. . . . This mocking poet of the crayon would have come under the influence of the professors of the university, who are among the most dangerous because they work in perfect good faith; in all sincerity and ingenuousness they believe themselves to be the heirs of the incomparable stylists of the Roman school and the inimitable purists of that of Athens; heedless of the Attic smile of Pallas herself they have introduced into the arts the notion of respectability, preferring the stencil to the imagination; in order to regulate the flight they cut off the wings." "When I was a student in the Academy in St. Petersburg," says the Russian sculptor Antocolsky, "we only knew of Winckelman, Flaxman, Overbeck; we were enthusiastic over Kaulbach, we admired Knaus and Vautier. As to French art, our knowledge was only from hearsay; we were told it was *chic*."

Of these official institutions, one of the "dreadful examples" is the Royal Academy of London, founded, says a contemporary, "by George III in 1768 at Somerset House. Its two objects are to establish a school of design and to hold an annual exhibition." These exhibitions, now held in Burlington House, can hang only some two thousand pictures of the fifteen thousand or so annually submitted. The claims which have been put forward for this institution as a national one, for the development of the national art, have been met by counter-assertions that it is no more than a private society which, finding itself in the enjoyment of more wall space than its members can fill, invites a limited number of works from outside artists, under conditions that these works do not differ too widely from those of the members. Owing to this divergence of views, the institution occupies a somewhat anomalous position, and its usefulness is impaired. Complaint is made of the indifference of the public, the artists become discouraged—in 1899, the figure painters almost completely refrained

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from exhibiting. The "stone-wall indifference" of the R. A. to "the newer ideals and newer methods of expression" has led to numerous revolts against its authority and the establishment of more independent institutions which, in their turn, have frequently become conservative—the Grosvenor Gallery, which gave way to the New Gallery, both under the instigation of Mr. Burne-Jones; the English Art Club, which originally outdid in eccentricity the Paris Salon des Indépendants and ultimately quite lost its individuality; the International Society, which grew out of what has been called the English secession, and is the most formidable rival the Academy has ever had, though its annual exhibition, held in January of this year, under the presidency of M. Rodin, succeeding Whistler, was only its fifth. *Extra muros*, in the kingdom at large, there have arisen the "Newlyn School" and the "Glasgow School" of landscape painters, fostered by the Glasgow Institute, founded about 1861, and which, in 1897, became the Royal Glasgow Institute. In the north and west, the authority of the R. A. has also been much impaired by the influence and the annual exhibitions of the Royal Scottish and the Royal Hibernian Academies; and in the metropolis its great exhibition is supplemented by a number of minor ones—more, even, than in Paris, it is claimed, as many as ten or a dozen important ones being frequently open at one time. The usual tone of the press is fairly exemplified in this comment of the *London Chronicle* on the national exhibit at the Paris Exposition of 1900: "The British rooms in the Palais des Beaux-Arts are nothing more or less than the Royal Academy on a small scale, with the usual academic trivialities well to the fore. It is a question whether the Glasgow men will ever again be willing to show as British artists, so badly have they been hung. The New English Art Club, to judge by the official catalogue, is entirely unrepresented. The decorative arts are, as in the academy, unrecognized. As for illustration, with one or two exceptions, no place has been found for the most distinguished illustrations in England to-day."

The North German Empire, owing to the decentralization which characterizes its culture, notwithstanding the political unification of the fatherland, has never fallen under the sway of one, single capital of the arts, though this authority has been claimed at different times by Berlin, Munich and Düsseldorf. Consequently, the various "secession" movements, revolts against academical and official rule, have been at least three in number in these cities, not including the school of the Worpswediens (1895), which takes its name from its natal village. The fine old historical school of Piloty is now considered to be as obsolete as that of the "Nazarenes," in the time of Cornelius and Overbeck; the influence of the academies has been but slight on many of the painters now held in high honor, as Ludwig Knaus, who "was never, in any pulse-beat of his existence, a Düsseldorfian," and the veteran Menzel, lately deceased, who was practically self-taught, having spent but a short time, in 1833, in the Academy of Berlin. The influence of some of the older masters of the national school is still, however, strong, and Berlin, especially, under the direct supervision of the Kaiser, suffers from the atrophy of officialism. The reform movement in the Art Academy of this capital took place in 1875, under the leadership of Knaus and others; and among the useful art institutions of the city are various more or less independent ones, the Museum-Verein, Schulte's Art Gallery, and others. In Munich, the revolt against the old Academy broke out in 1893, very largely due, according to the authorities, to that very unacademical painter Franz Stuck ("German art, as it now is," says Professor Schultze-Naumburg, "would be inconceivable without Franz Stuck"); and similar societies of independents were formed in Dresden, Berlin, and even Düsseldorf, long the very seat of the conventional and academic. Breslau, the capital of Silesia, has a triennial exhibition of Silesian artists; Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the "Free Union of Darmstadt Artists," which provides "Hessian Art Exhibitions," and these local organizations and exhibitions are considered to be very important factors in the development of the national art.

In Austria, the "secession" took place less than ten years ago, and the academic art attacked, having its chief seat and centre in Vienna, was asserted to be "*académisme* seen through North German spectacles—that is to say, an imitation of a conventionalism." The leader, "the creator of our modern conception of art"—according to the introduction of the official catalogue of the

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Austrian section in the department of fine arts of the Paris Exposition of 1900—was the not very revolutionary painter Waldmüller. Notwithstanding the central authority of the capital in all matters of taste and culture the revival has spread through the empire, manifesting itself particularly in cities like Prague and Cracow which have always been the seats of an art activity. In the former city, for example, was held in December, 1899, the first exhibition of the *Jednota umělců výtvarných*, an association, the latest to be formed by artists of Czech nationality, for the development of the marked individuality and character of the national art.

The northern countries, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, partly through their poverty and their comparative isolation, have suffered less from the rule of academies, though in the first named the regulation Academy of the Fine Arts was established in 1754, the painter Abildgaard being appointed its director in the latter part of the century. "The public were cold and indifferent toward his too-learned illustrations of the least popular of the classic authors, produced in a shape showing a thorough study, no doubt, of the merits of the old masters, but absolutely wanting all signs of a fresh observation of nature." The art of Spain and Portugal, in addition to the usual burdens, long groaned under the tyranny of the Inquisition; and it is perhaps owing to the natural rebound of the emancipated that the representative contemporary artist of the Peninsula now appears to be, not the very good painter, Sorolla y Bastida, who has a large picture in the Luxembourg, but Zuloaga, that very enthusiastic delineator of Iberian ugliness.

In France, notwithstanding the non-continuance of the Académie Rodin, established in 1900 on the Boulevard Montparnasse, "*moins une académie qu'une école de vérité*," the active hostilities directed against all the high official art, and even against the practitioners whose names were formerly held in high honor, still continues. By a very important section of the press and the public, including many of the artists themselves, the abolition of the Academy in Rome, as a useless institution, has been long demanded; the methods of instruction in the national École des Beaux-Arts have been denounced as totally at variance with the spirit and tendencies and requirements of the present day; the "mental barrenness" of the average Salons deplored, even by the Saloniers. The new Academy, founded by the brothers Goncourt, has even gone so far as to exclude together *La Poésie* and *La Politique*, "very much surprised to find themselves in each other's company." As for such masters as Lefebvre, Bonnat, Gervex, J.-P. Laurens, Roll, Dagnan-Bouveret, Benjamin-Constant, Detaille, and Falguière, whom we have been accustomed to revere as the great lights in the national art, their talent is disputed and their works condemned in the most sweeping terms by what seems to be the modern movement in criticism. So that, abroad at least, the great centripetal nationalistic movement, so inevitable in international politics, seems to be alien to art.

At home, however, various movements are on foot tending toward a centralization, the establishment of a quasi-official art, speaking with the authority of academies and institutes—as much as our habitual irreverence for authority will permit. The members of the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, at a meeting held in this city in May of this year, unanimously adopted a resolution advocating the establishment of a department of fine arts in Washington—if necessary, only a bureau at first—to have supervision of the national buildings, national parks, designs for national monuments, and the fostering and developing of the fine arts of the country itself. It was the opinion of the proposer of this motion that "the time had come when there should be some recognition of the fine arts by the national authorities in this country, similar to that accorded in France and other countries on the Continent." The American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, founded on that of France, providing a post-graduate course for architects, sculptors, painters, and musicians, was incorporated by Act of Congress in February of this year (1905), the eleventh of its existence, and will soon move into its permanent home in the Villa Mirafiori, on the Via Nomentana. Its influence upon the practising art of the day, backed though it has been to some extent by the press and by the authority of a few of the leading mural painters of the metropolis, has not as yet, apparently, been very strongly felt, and one of its earliest graduates, Mr. Breck, has left these seemingly fruitless fields to return to the Eternal City as director of

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the institution. It is proposed to fuse all the various art societies and art interests of this city into one great, central, semiofficial institution and building—to establish, in fact, one grand annual exhibition of painting, sculpture, and design, which shall attain, as nearly as possible, to the dignity of the annual Paris Salons, taking the place, more or less, of the usual annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, the two Water Color Societies, the Architectural League, and the occasional ones of the National Sculpture Society. It is hoped, and thought, that the mere bulk and avoirdupois of this annual American, or, perhaps, only Manhattan, Salon would capture the attention of the intelligent classes to the extent, even, possibly, of the Horse Show. At the annual meeting of the Academy of Design, May 10, 1905, the question of amalgamation with the Society of American Artists, which had been referred to a joint committee of both bodies, did not come up, the committee not being ready to report, but at this meeting the Council of the Academy was authorized to accept the proposal made by the President of Columbia University to unite with that scholastic institution in the administration of its art schools. On payment by the Academy to the University, within a year, of the sum of $500,000 a school building is to be erected on a site owned by the University, and the faculty of fine arts is to consist of the presidents of Columbia and of the Academy and of the professors of cognate branches in the two institutions.

The grounds on which the opposition to this plan was based were numerous—the minority contended that this practical abandonment of the control of its own schools, which had been maintained for seventy-four years, was doing violence to the best traditions of the Academy; and they might indeed have quoted from the minutes of their parent society, the New York Drawing Association, January 14, 1826, providing for the formation of the Academy: "To the professed and practical Artists belong the management of all things relating to schools, premiums and lectures, so that Amateurs and Students may be most profited. The Amateurs and Students are those alone who can contend for the premiums, while the body of professional Artists exclusively judge of their rights to premiums and award them;" and from the Academy's formal introduction to the public, written by Samuel F. B. Morse: "The National Academy of the Arts of Design is founded on the common-sense principle, that *every profession in society knows best what measures are necessary for its own improvement*" (italics in the original). This principle, that "artists can only be made by artists," was indeed admitted by the president of the university in proposing his plan to the Academy.

The possibility of dispensing with institutions and societies altogether is, as will be seen, far from being, as yet, contemplated; that ideal state of affairs—dreamed of by the painter possibly somewhat more than by the sculptor—in which there is no "sending to exhibitions," no dusty struggle for medals and honors and the loud voice of popular approval, but peace and quiet and the loving working out of each man's mission in the silence of his own atelier—this, being ideal, is impossible. Even without it there might seem to be something more for those who doubt that, because of the accident of the present age being that one in which we live, it is therefore of more importance than any other to the art in which we are interested. To these, the academical training offers greater knowledge, and, perhaps, inspiration, but its hold upon the traditions of the past may lead to error. Molière's eulogy of Mignard, that he was "a perfect Roman," is generally cited as an example of total misconception of the province of a painter; but Alma-Tadema, for example, might approve. Of course it is not forbidden to seek inspiration in the twentieth century; though no technical improvement in two at least of the three great allied arts be thought possible over the methods of those who have gone before, yet the progress of the suns will probably still bring much widening to the thoughts of man. In France, at the present day, it is even said that the great modern school of landscape is being supplanted by that of *intimisme;* and one hardy critic even avers that in Paris, Glasgow, and New York these *intimistes* are seeing a new light, that the low tones of the palette are vanishing, and that "painting *se dewhistlerise!*"

WILLIAM WALTON.

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"GLAD."

—"The Dawn of a To-Morrow," page 656.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

SOMETHING MADE HIM TURN AND GO WITH HER.

—"The Dawn of a To-Morrow," page 653.

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